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# WAR AND PEACE



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SLAVIC AND BALTIC DIVISION

# WAR AND PEACE

*A HISTORICAL NOVEL*

BY

COUNT LÉON TOLSTOÏ

*TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH*

BY A RUSSIAN LADY

AND

FROM THE FRENCH BY CLARA BELL

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BORODINO, THE FRENCH AT MOSCOW

— EPILOGUE —

1812 — 1820

TWO VOLUMES — VOL. I.

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## TRANSLATOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

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IN translating this novel from the French version, I have adhered to the 'spelling of Russian' words adopted by the "Russian Lady." And on the whole, with a single exception, I find that the system is that followed by many good authorities. The exception is the use of *w*, borrowed from the German, at the end of words where the English letter should—or might—be *f*. Still, the spelling *Gortchakow* and *Romanow* may be met with, and is accepted.

The transliteration of Russian into English presents many difficulties; the alternative lies between a ponderous array of letters and the adoption of a code of foreign sounds, for the vowels more especially. Mr. Schuyler, in his work on Turkistan (London, 1876), gives the letter *u* the value of the English *oo* (as in German and Italian); he writes *pud*, at the risk of its being made to rhyme with *mud*, instead of with *mood*; and it is this risk which has led many good authorities to modify the *u* into *ou*, with the sound the diphthong has in *could*. In French it is written *ou*, as the letter *u* has a sound unlike any that can be written in English.

The Russian alphabet is rich in consonants; the sounds written in Western languages, as *tz*, *sh*, *shtch*,

etc., are each represented by a single character, and there are besides two *semi-vowels*, one hard and one soft, which modify consonants in a way which no transliteration could represent — much as the  $\tilde$  in  $\tilde{n}$  modifies the Spanish  $n$ ; and a particular sound, known as *mouillé* (or wet), is produced in some French words by the juxtaposition of *ille*. The Russians have too a single letter, X, to represent the sharp aspirate *ch* — as in the Scotch word *loch*, and the German *Fach*, *Buch*; this is best represented by kh — as in Bésoukhof — though in fact this is a little too hard.

In the face of these subtleties, the best method, as it seems to me, is to adopt a code of equivalents and not to attempt precise transliteration. I can only regret that I did not meet with Mr. Schuyler's works before beginning my translation; I should have followed his scheme of spelling.

CLARA BELL.

MAY, 1886.

# WAR AND PEACE.

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## BORODINO, THE FRENCH AT MOSCOW

### — EPILOGUE —

1812 — 1820.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE fight at Schevardino had taken place on the 5th September; on the 6th not a gun was fired on either side; the 7th was the fearful day of Borodino. Why and how were these battles fought? We ask in amazement, for no great advantage could result either to the Russians or the French. For the Russians they were a step further towards the loss of Moscow, which was the catastrophe they most dreaded; and for the French a step nearer to the loss of their army, which no doubt filled them with equal apprehension. However, though both these consequences were self-evident Napoleon offered battle and Koutouzow accepted the challenge. If any really good reasons had ruled the strategy of the rival commanders, neither ought to

have fought then and there; for Napoleon ran the risk of losing a quarter of his men at 2,000 versts inside the frontier—the straight road to ruin, and Koutouzow, while exposing his army to the same danger, would lay Moscow open.

Before the fight at Borodino the proportion of Russians to French in the respective armies was as 5 to 6; after it as 1 to 2; or as 100,000 to 120,000 before, and as 50,000 to 100,000 after; and yet Koutouzow, an intelligent and experienced veteran, made up his mind to the struggle, in which Napoleon, an acknowledged military genius, sacrificed a quarter of his men. Though some writers have tried to prove that he believed he should close the campaign by taking Moscow as he had taken Vienna, it would be easy to demonstrate the contrary. Contemporary historians tell us that as soon as he had reached Smolensk he was anxious to find an opportunity of stopping, for while, on one hand, he was fully aware of the danger of extending his line over too wide an extent of country, on the other, he foresaw that the occupation of Moscow would not give him a favorable position. He could judge of that by the state in which he found the evacuated towns, and by the silence which met his repeated attempts to reopen negotiations for peace. Thus both commanders—one in offering battle and the other in accepting it—acted absurdly and on no preconceived plan. Historians, reasoning from accomplished facts, have drawn plausible conclusions in favor of the genius and foresight of the two leaders,

while, of all instruments ever employed by the Almighty to work out events, they were certainly the most blind.

When we come to the question as to how the battle of Borodino was fought, the explanation given by historians is again entirely false, though they affect extreme exactitude. According to them this double engagement took place somewhat as follows: "The Russians retiring and concentrating after the struggle at Smolensk sought the most favorable position for coming to a stand and giving battle, and found it in and round Borodino; they fortified it to the left of the high-road from Smolensk to Moscow in a line between Borodino and Smolensk, while, to watch the movements of the enemy, they threw up an earthwork on the mamelon of Schevardino. This was attacked and taken by Napoleon on the 5th, and on the 7th he fell upon the Russian forces in the plain of Borodino." — This is what history tells us; but by giving a little careful study to the matter it is not difficult to convince oneself of the inaccuracy of the statement. It is not true that the Russians were seeking a better position; on the contrary, in their retreat they passed several very superior to Borodino; but — Koutouzow would not adopt one that he had not chosen himself; but — the desire of the country for a pitched battle was not yet strongly expressed; but — Miloradovitch had not yet effected his junction. And there were numerous other *but*s, too many to enumerate. The fact remains that there were other preferable positions, and that at Borodino was no better than any other that might be

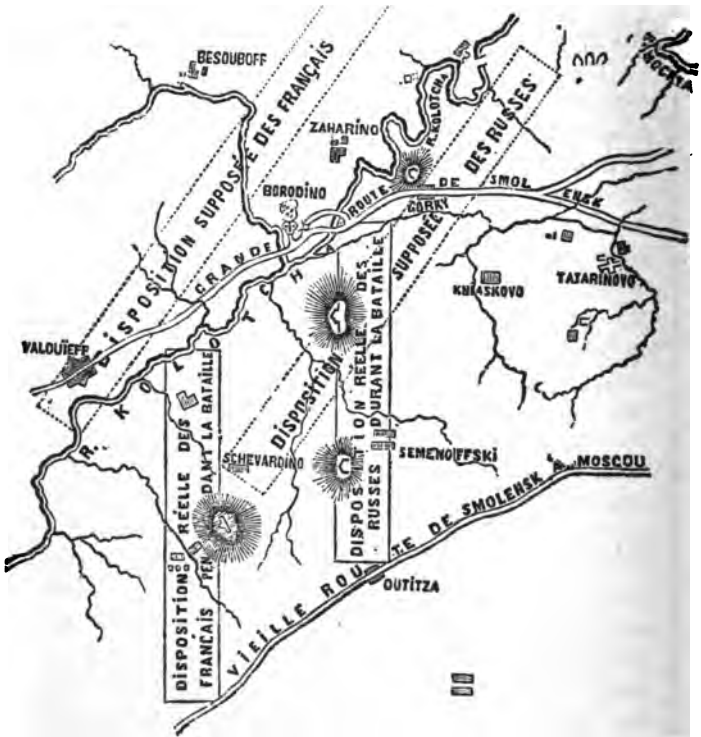
pitched upon by chance on the map of Russia. Again, not only had not the Russians strengthened Borodino on the left—that is to say at the point where the battle was ultimately fought—but on the morning of the 6th no one had any idea that it would prove to be the scene of an engagement. As evidence on this point it may be said: 1st, That the redoubt in question did not exist on the 6th. It was only begun on that day and was not finished on the following day. 2d, The spot said to have been chosen for the works at Schevardino, in advance of the spot where the battle was fought, was perfectly absurd. Why should that point be strengthened rather than any other? And why, again, during the night of the 5th, should the available forces have been weakened by detaching 6,000 men to watch the enemy's movements when a patrol of Cossacks would have been amply sufficient for the purpose? 3d, Do we not know that on the 6th, the day before the battle, Barclay de Tolly and Bagration regarded the redoubt at Schevardino not as an advanced work but as the left flank of the position? And Koutouzow himself in his first despatch, written while the engagement was fresh in his mind, speaks of it in the same way. Is not this a sufficient proof that it had not been chosen or studied beforehand? Subsequently, when detailed reports of the affair were drawn up, the inconceivable statement was put forward that the works at Schevardino were an advanced defence, while, in point of fact, it was only the extreme angle of the left flank; but this was said to cover the

blunders of the commander-in-chief who must at any cost be proved infallible; and it was stoutly maintained that the Russians had prepared to fight in a position chosen and fortified beforehand, while in truth, the battle was quite unexpected and took place in a very exposed spot, almost undefended.

The real course of events was as follows: The Russian right rested on the river Kolotcha, which crossed the high-road at an acute angle; its left flank lay towards Schevardino and its right by the village of Novoïé; the centre facing Borodino at the meeting of the Kolotcha and the Voïna. Any one studying the battle of Borodino and forgetting the circumstances under which it was fought will perceive that the sole object of this position on the Kolotcha must have been to intercept the enemy's advance towards Moscow along the high-road from Smolensk. Historians tell us that Napoleon, marching towards Valouïew on the 5th, did not discover the Russians in their position between Outitza and Borodino nor their advanced posts. It was only when in pursuit of their rear that he accidentally ran against the left flank and the redoubt at Schevardino, and made his troops cross the river, to the great surprise of the Russians. Consequently, even before fighting had begun; they were compelled to withdraw the left wing from the point it was meant to defend, and retire into a position they had not strengthened nor intended to occupy. Napoleon, marching along the left bank of the river, between it and the high-road, forced the Russian army round



from right to left into the plain between Outitza, Sémé-  
novski and Borodino, and here it was the battle was  
actually fought on the 7th.\*



\* A sketch map is given showing the positions as described, and the real positions of the hostile armies.

If Napoleon had not crossed the Kolotcha on the evening of the 5th, and if he had at once insisted on a pitched battle instead of giving orders to storm the redoubt, no one could have said that this outwork was not on the left flank of the position, and the engagement would have been fought as was proposed. In that case the Russian left would of course have resisted more obstinately; Napoleon's centre and right would have been attacked at once, and the great battle would have been fought on the 5th, and on the spot where it had been planned. But as the Russian left was attacked in the evening in consequence of the retirement of their rear, and as the Russian general would not, and indeed could not engage so late in the day, the first and the most important half of the battle of Borodino was actually lost on the 5th, and the inevitable result was a defeat on the 7th. By the 7th the Russians had only thrown up slight defences, and they were not finished. The generals aggravated the disaster by not attaching due importance to the loss of the left wing, which necessitated an entire reorganization of their line, and by leaving their troops spread out between Novoié and Outitza, which involved them in a movement from right to left after the fighting had begun. In this way the French strength was concentrated all the time on the Russian left which was not half as strong.

Poniatowski's attack on the French right between Outitza and Ouvarova was quite independent of the general scheme of action.

Thus the battle of Borodino was fought in a way quite unlike the descriptions given of it, which were written merely to cover the faults of the Russian generals; and this imaginary picture in fact only dimmed the glory of the army and the nation. It was not fought on a spot carefully selected and strengthened, nor with a small numerical difference: it was forced upon them on an exposed plain, after the redoubt had been taken, against forces twice as great as their own; and under conditions which did not even give them a hope of struggling for ten hours and leaving the day undecided, for it was obviously certain that they could not hold their own for three hours before they would be utterly defeated.

Pierre left Mojaïsk on the morning of the 6th. At the bottom of the steep street that leads to the suburbs he left his carriage on a rise to the right, by the church where mass was being performed. A regiment of cavalry led by its singers was following close behind him, and meeting these, came a long row of carts bringing in the men wounded in the fray of the 5th. The peasants leading them were storming at their horses, cracking their whips, and running from one side to the other; the wagons, each carrying three or four men, were desperately shaken over the stones flung down at random to represent a pavement. The wounded men, with limbs tied up in rags, pale, pinching their lips and knitting their brows, held on to the bars, jostling each other; almost all stared curiously at Pierre's white hat and green coat.

His coachman roughly ordered the peasants to keep on one side of the road; the regiment coming down the hill occupied the whole of it and drove the carriage to the very edge; Pierre himself had to stop and stand aside. At this spot, just above a bend in the road, the hill formed a brow which screened it from the sun. In the shade it was damp and chill, though it was a fine, bright August morning. One of the carts full of wounded drew up within a few steps of Pierre. The driver in his bast shoes ran up out of breath, picked up a stone to scotch the hind wheel, and arranged the harness; an old soldier with his arm in a sling, who was following on foot helped with his sound hand, and turning to Pierre said:

“I say, mate, are we to be left to die here, or to be dragged on to Moscow?”

Pierre, lost in thought did not hear the question; he looked first at the cavalry regiment, checked by the carts, and then at the wagon that was standing near him. In it were three soldiers. One of them was wounded in the face; his head was wrapped in rags leaving one cheek bare, swelled to the size of a child's head; his eyes were fixed on the church, and he was crossing himself fervently. The second was a fair raw recruit, so pale that he seemed not to have a drop of blood left in his thin face; he looked down at Pierre with a pleasant gentle smile. The third was half lying down and his face was invisible. At this moment the singers of the marching regiment came close to the wagon, their cheering strains mingling with the noisy

ringing of bells. The bright sun shone on the platform at the top of the hill and brightened all the landscape; but where the wagon had drawn up, the wounded men and the panting horse, and Pierre standing by them, were in shadow and mist and gloom! The soldier with the swelled cheek looked at the singers out of the corner of his eye.

“Well, what a lot of dandies!” he murmured reproachfully.

“I have seen something besides soldiers to-day — I have seen peasants driven to the front,” said the man who was leaning against the cart, with a melancholy smile. — “They are not so particular now; they are going to throw the whole nation at their head. — It has got to be done somehow.”

In spite of the incoherence of this statement Pierre gathered the sense of it and nodded affirmation.

The road presently cleared; Pierre went down the hill and got into his carriage again. As he drove on he looked out on both sides of the road for some one he knew, but he saw none but strangers, and all stared in astonishment at his white hat and green coat. After travelling about four versts he at last saw a face he recognized, and at once hailed it: it was one of the physicians to the commander-in-chief accompanied by an aide-de-camp; his britzska met Pierre's; he knew him at once, and signed to the Cossack who was seated on the box by the side of the coachman to desire him to stop.

“Monsieur le Comte! What brings you here, Excellency?”

“A wish to see what is going on, that is all.”

“Aye, aye! Well, you will see plenty to satisfy your curiosity.”

Pierre got out to talk more at his ease, and expressed his intention of taking part in the battle. The doctor recommended him to speak to the commander-in-chief. “Otherwise you will not be recognized and get lost God knows where . . . . His Highness knows you and will receive you gladly. Take my advice; you will find it to your advantage.” The doctor looked weary and hurried.

“Do you think so?” said Pierre. “Tell me how our position lies.”

“Our position? Oh! that is not in my line; when you have passed Tatarinovo you will see; they are carrying loads of earth; go up the hill and you will have a view of the whole plain.”

“Indeed; but if you . . . .”

The doctor broke off and went towards his carriage. “I would have shown you the way with pleasure, I assure you,” he said. “But,” he added with an energetic gesture, “I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels . . . . I am on my way now to the general of the corps, for do you know how we stand? To-morrow we fight a pitched battle; out of 100,000 men we must look for 20,000 wounded let us say. — Well, we have neither stretchers, nor hammocks, nor officers of health, nor surgeons even for

6,000; we have 10,000 wagons to be sure, but, as you may suppose, we require something besides that; and we are told to manage as we can."

Pierre stood thinking; out of those hundred thousand healthy men, young and old, some of whom at that moment were gazing in wonder at his white hat, twenty thousand were doomed irrevocably to death or suffering; the thought was acutely painful: "They may be dead to-morrow! — How can they think of anything but that?" said he to himself, and a natural association of ideas brought up the picture of the steep street of Mojaïsk, the carts full of wounded, the jangling of bells, the flood of sunshine, and the soldiers' marching chorus. "And the cavalry regiment met all those wounded as it rode on to battle? Each man salutes and goes on, and never thinks of himself or of what is awaiting him? — It is strange!" And he went on his way towards Tatarinovo.

On the left stood a handsome country-house, with sentries on guard, and a crowd of carriages, fourgons and military servants waiting in front. This was the residence of the commander-in-chief; he was absent at the present moment, and had left no representative at home; he and his staff had all gone to a *Te Deum* service. Pierre went on to Gorky; having reached the top of the hill, as he went along the narrow village street he saw for the first time, a party of militia-men in their white shirts, and caps with the badge of the cross, streaming with heat as they toiled, laughing and talking loudly, at a large earthwork covered with tall

grass on the right of the high-road. Some were digging, others carrying the soil in wheelbarrows running on boards, while some looked on with their arms crossed. Two officers standing on the top of the mound directed the work. These peasants, who evidently were enjoying the novelty of military employment, reminded Pierre of the old soldier's speech: "They are going to throw the nation at the enemy's head!" These bearded laborers, in the heavy boots to which they were not yet accustomed, with their sunburnt necks and collar-bones showing under their open shirts, made a stronger impression on Pierre than anything he had yet seen or heard, and brought home to him all the solemnity and importance of the crisis.

Pierre mounted this hill as the doctor had advised. It was now eleven o'clock the sun, almost overhead, flooded the wide and varied panorama that spread before his eyes in the pure calm atmosphere. On his left the high-road to Smolensk zigzagged up a slope and traversed a village nestling with its white church at about five hundred paces from the foot of the mamelon: this was Borodino. A little further on the road was carried across a bridge, still mounting to the village of Valouiew five or six versts away; beyond this village, held just now by the French, it was lost in a dense wood which reached to the horizon. Out of this mass of birches and firs rose a belfry, and a gilt cross twinkling in the sun: these marked the position of the convent of Kolotski. In the blue distance, to the right and left of the forest and the high-road, the



smoke of bivouacs could be seen, and the confused masses of Russian and French troops. To the right the undulating ground that bordered the Kolotcha and the Moskva formed a succession of hillocks in which lay the hamlets of Besoukhov and Zaharino; on the left waved endless fields of wheat, surrounding the smoking ruins of Séménovski.

The scene on which Pierre looked down on either hand was so ill-defined that nothing answered to his expectations; there was no field of battle such as his imagination had pictured, but meadows, clearings, troops, copses, the smoke of camps and villages, hills, brooks — all so mingled that he could not, in all the smiling landscape, discover exactly what the Russian position actually was, or distinguish their forces from those of the enemy. "I must ask," thought he; and he turned to an officer who was examining this huge and unmilitary stranger with some curiosity.

"Would you have the goodness to tell me," said Pierre, "the name of the village opposite."

"Bourdino, I believe," said the officer, referring to a comrade.

"Borodino," corrected the other.

The officer, charmed at having an opportunity of talking, went towards Pierre.

"And where are our troops?"

"Out there, further off, and the French, too; don't you see them out there?"

"Where, where?"

"Why, you can see them with the naked eye."

And the officer pointed to the smoke rising on the left bank of the river, while his face assumed the grave expression which Pierre had already seen on so many others.

“ Yes, those are the French ? — But down there ?” and he pointed to the left of the hill where they stood.

“ Well, those are ours ?”

“ Ours ? But beyond again ?” And he waved his hand in the direction of a more distant height on which a single tree stood out against the sky, by the side of a village huddled into a hollow where black patches were moving about among thick clouds of smoke.

“ ‘ He,’ again \* ” replied the officer: It was in fact the outwork of Schevardino. “ We were there yesterday but ‘ He ’ is there to-day.”

“ Then where is our position ?”

“ Our position ?” said the officer with a polite smile. “ I can show you exactly, for it was I who planned the entrenchments. — Follow me carefully. Our centre is here, at Borodino,” and he pointed to the village. — “ There is the bridge over the Kolotcha. Do you see a bridge in that little meadow where the hay is lying strewed in heaps ? Well, that is our centre. Our right flank is here,” and he pointed to the valley on the right ; out there is the Moskva ; you see we have three strong redoubts there. As to the left flank, it is a little difficult to explain,” and he seemed embarrassed. “ Yes-

\* Napoleon was very commonly spoken of as “ *Lui*,” both by his enemies and his admirers. A poem of Victor Hugo’s begins “ *Toujours Lui, Lui partout.*”

terday it held Schevardino, where you see that single oak; but we have retired on the left as far as that burnt village and this height," indicating the hill of Raïevsky. "But God alone knows whether the battle will be fought there. 'He,' to be sure, has brought his forces forward on that side, but it is a ruse: he is sure to turn to the right by the Moskva . . . However, come what may, there will be many missing at the roll-call to-morrow!"

An old sergeant who had come up to them was waiting in silence till his chief had ended his harangue; now, distressed by his last words, he interrupted him, saying gravely: "The gabions must be fetched up."

The officer looked slightly abashed, conscious, no doubt, that though he might be thinking of those that would be missing on the morrow it did not do to speak of them.

"Very well, send down the third company," he said sharply. "And who are you?" he went on. "Are you a doctor?"

"No, I only came out of curiosity," said Pierre; and he went down the hill again, past the militia party once more.

"Here she comes! They are bringing her! She is coming!—Here she is!" shouted a number of voices.

Officers, regulars, and militia, all rushed to the high-road. A procession was coming towards them, up the slope from Borodino.

“ It is our Holy Mother, our Guardian, our Mother of Iverskaia !”

“ No, no, it is our Holy Mother of Smolensk,” said another.

The militia, the villagers, the fatigue party at work on the battery, all flung down their spades and ran to meet the procession. At the head of it marched the infantry, bare-headed and with arms reversed, along the dusty road ; behind them rose a solemn chant. Then came the clergy in full canonicals, represented by one old priest, some deacons, sacristans, and choristers. Some soldiers and officers were carrying a large image with a blackened face in a silver reliquary ; this was the Holy Virgin that had been brought away from Smolensk, and that had ever since followed the army. On all sides, before and behind, came the mob of soldiery, marching or running and bowing to the earth.

At last the procession reached the top of the slope. The bearers were relieved by others ; the sacristans swung their censers, and the *Te Deum* was chanted. The scorching sun shone straight down, and a light fresh breeze played in the hair of the uncovered heads, and fluttered the streamers that garnished the image ; the chant rose heavenward in a soft murmur. A space was left between the officiating priest and the deacons, and here, in the foremost rank, stood the superior officers. One bald general, wearing the cross of St. George, stood stiff and motionless, almost touching the priest,—presumably a German, for he did not cross himself, and seemed to be waiting patiently till the ceremony was

ended, though he considered it indispensable as reviving the patriotic enthusiasm of the people; another general, a martial figure, crossed himself incessantly while he looked about him.

Pierre recognized some of the faces, but he did not think of that; his whole attention was absorbed by the look of rapt devotion with which the soldiers and militia gazed at the miraculous image in their fevered excitement. When the choristers began the invocation to the Virgin — wearily enough, for this was at least the twentieth *Te Deum* they had sung — and the priests and deacons responded in chorus: “Most Holy Virgin, our invisible Bulwark and divine Mediatrix, deliver us thy slaves from disaster when we cry unto Thee!” every face wore that look of solemn feeling which Pierre had already noticed in almost every one he met. Heads were bent, hair thrown back, the men sighed and beat their breasts more vehemently.

Suddenly the whole mass of people moved backward, almost upsetting Pierre. A man, of high dignity no doubt to judge from the eagerness with which all made way for him, came straight up to the image: this was Koutouzow on his way back to Tatarinovo, after reconnoitring the ground. Pierre knew him at once. Wrapped in a long military cloak, round-shouldered and bent, with his blind eye, and his broad, fat cheeks, he walked unsteadily into the midst of the circle, paused just behind the priest, crossed himself mechanically, touched the ground with his hand, and bowed his grey head with a deep sigh. Benningsen and the staff

came behind him. Notwithstanding the presence of the commander-in-chief, which had distracted the attention of the generals, the privates and militia continued their prayers without allowing themselves to be disturbed. When the service was over Koutouzow stepped forward, knelt down with difficulty, touched the earth with his forehead and then tried to rise; but his weight and weakness rendered his efforts futile, and his head shook with short jerks. When at last he had got himself up, he put out his lips as children do and kissed the image. The generals followed his example, then the rest of the officers, and after them the privates and militia-men, pushing and jostling each other.

Pierre, borne forward by the crowd, looked vaguely about him.

“Count Pierre Kirilovitch! what brings you here?” said a voice. Pierre looked round and saw Boris Droubetzkoï who came up to him smiling, while he beat off the dust that had clung to his knees in his genuflections. His dress, though suited to a soldier on service, was nevertheless elegant; he wore a long cloak like Koutouzow’s, and like him, a whip hanging by a shoulder strap. Meanwhile the commander-in-chief had gone into the village of Gorky and was sitting in the shade of a cottage, on a bench that a Cossack had hastily brought out and that another had covered with a rug. His numerous and splendid suite were standing about him; the procession had gone on its way accompanied by the crowd; and Pierre, talking to Boris, found himself within thirty yards of Koutouzow.

“Take my word for it,” said Boris to Pierre, who had been telling him of his wish to see the fight, “I shall be happy to do the honors of the entertainment, and the best thing you can do, in my opinion, is to keep with Benningsen; I am his orderly officer and I will tell him you are there. If you want to get a good idea of the position come with us; we are going down to the left flank, and when we come back pray put up at my quarters for the night. We might get a little party together—you know Dmitri Serguéievitch; he lodges there,” and he pointed to the third house in the village street.

“But I wanted to see the right wing. It is said to be very strong; and then I should like to go along the Moskva and see the whole position.”

“You can do so of course, but the left is the most important.”

“Can you tell me where to find Prince Bolkonsky’s regiment?”

“We shall pass it. I will take you to him.”

“What were you going to say about the left?” asked Pierre.

“Between ourselves,” replied Boris lowering his voice in a confidential manner, “the left flank is wretchedly placed. Benningsen had a quite different plan: he was anxious to fortify that mound, out there—but his Highness would not have it, for. . . .”

Boris did not finish his sentence; he had just seen Koutouzow’s aide-de-camp, Kaïssarow, coming their way.

“Paissi Serguéiévitich,” said Boris with an air, “I am trying to explain our position to the count; and I admire his Highness’s acumen in having guessed the enemy’s purpose so well.”

“The left flank, you mean?” said Kaïssarow.

“Just so; the left flank is formidable.”

Though Koutouzow had reduced his staff, dismissing all the useless members, Boris had contrived to keep his place by attaching himself to Count Benningesen; who, like every one else under whose orders Boris had served, entertained a high opinion of him.

The army was indeed divided into two parties — the party of Koutouzow, and that of Benningsen as head of the staff-corps. Boris managed very skilfully, while he made a show of the greatest respect for Koutouzow, to insinuate that the old man was incapable of the conduct of affairs, and that it was Benningsen who carried everything with a high hand. They were now on the eve of a decisive event which must either crush Koutouzow and place the command in Benningsen’s hands, or else, if the Russians gained the day, good care would be taken to make it understood that the honor was due to Benningsen. In either case rewards of every kind would be rife after the battle, and a number of obscure individuals would be brought to the front. The anticipation put Boris into a state of feverish excitement.

Pierre was soon surrounded by several officers of his acquaintance who had followed Kaïssarow; he could scarcely answer all their questions about Moscow,



or follow the stories of all kinds that were poured into his ear. The faces round him were anxious and agitated; but it struck him that this agitation was due to matters of purely personal interest, and he involuntarily compared it with that other deep and absorbed expression that he had observed on so many faces;—the look of those who, throwing themselves heart and soul into the national interest, understood that this was a question of life and death to all.

Koutouzow, noticing Pierre, sent his aide-de-camp to call him; Pierre obeyed the summons, but at the same moment a militia-man, slipping in front of him, also approached the commander-in-chief. This was Dologhow.

“And how on earth did that fellow get here?” asked Pierre.

“That creature sneaks in everywhere,” was the answer. “He was degraded, but he comes up again like a cork . . . he has fifty different schemes in his head, and he made his way as far as the enemy’s outposts. He is brave enough, that there is no denying.”

Pierre respectfully took off his hat as he stood in front of Koutouzow, but Dologhow had got the commander-in-chief’s ear.

“I thought,” he was saying, “that if I warned your Highness you would pack me off, or say the whole thing was known already?”

“Yes, very true,” said Koutouzow.

“But, on the other hand, if I should succeed I

should be doing a service to my country, for which I am ready to die! If your Highness should happen to want a man who is not particular about keeping a whole skin, I beg you will remember me; I might be of use to you."

"Yes, yes," said Koutouzow, looking at Pierre out of his one eye, with a smile.

At this instant Boris, with his courtier-like ease, came forward and stood by Pierre, addressing him as if they were in the midst of a conversation: "And you see, Count, the militia have got into white shirts to prepare for death. — Is not that heroism?"

Boris had spoken with the evident intention of attracting attention; and he had gained his point, for Koutouzow turned to him and asked what he was saying about the militia. He repeated his remark.

"Yes, they are an incomparable race!" said Koutouzow, closing his eyes and nodding his head. "Incomparable!" he murmured once more. — "So you want to smell powder?" he went on addressing Pierre. "A very pleasant smell, I have nothing to say against it! — I have the honor to stand on the list of your wife's admirers; how is she? — My camp is at your service."

As often happens with old people, Koutouzow looked away in an absent manner; he seemed to have forgotten all he had to say, and all he ought to do. Suddenly remembering that he had an order to give, he beckoned André Kaïssarow the aide-de-camp's brother.

“What are those verses by Marina, the lines about Ghérakow?” he asked. “Repeat them to me.”

Kaïssarow repeated them, and Koutouzow nodded his head to the rhythm. When Pierre moved away, Dologhow followed him and held out his hand.

“I am delighted to meet you here, Count,” he observed in a distinct voice, not in the least abashed by the presence of strangers. “On the eve of such a day,” he went on with firm solemnity, “of a day when God only knows what awaits each of us, I am glad to have the opportunity of telling you how sorry I am for the misunderstandings that have arisen between us, and I beg you to efface all hatred of me from your heart. — I sincerely ask your pardon.”

Pierre looked at Dologhow with a smile, not knowing what to say. Dologhow, with tears in his eyes, threw his arms round him. Just then Count Benningesen, at a hint from Boris, proposed to Pierre to accompany a reconnoitring party along the line. “It will interest you,” he added.

“Certainly it will,” said Pierre; and half an hour later Koutouzow made his way home to Tatarinovo, while Benningesen with his staff and Pierre, set off on his round of inspection.

Benningesen went along the high-road towards the bridge of which the officer had spoken as forming the centre of the Russian position; the hay, lying cut in the meadows on both sides of the river, perfumed the air. Beyond the bridge they rode through the hamlet of Borodino, and then, turning to the left, passed an

immense train of soldiers and ammunition wagons coming down in front of a height on which the militia were throwing up earthworks. This redoubt was subsequently known as that of Raïevsky, or the mamelon battery. Pierre took no particular note of it; he could not guess that this spot would presently be the most memorable point in the battle of Borodino.

They then crossed the hollow that divided it from Séménovski: the soldiers were carrying away such timbers as were left of the cottages and barns, and down over the undulating ground they crossed a field of rye, beaten and trampled as if it had been hailed upon, and followed in the path left by the artillery over a ploughed field, to reach the advanced works which were as yet incomplete. Benningsen stopped and glanced at the redoubt of Schevardino which had been lost only the day before, and on which a few figures stood out against the sky. — Napoleon, the officers declared, or Murat with a staff, and Pierre, like them, tried to make out which might be Napoleon. A few minutes later the party went down and disappeared in the distance.

Benningsen, addressing one of the generals in his suite, explained for all to hear, the position of the Russian forces. Pierre did his utmost to comprehend what were the combinations that had given rise to this engagement, but to his great regret he felt that his intelligence was not equal to the task, and that he understood nothing about it. Benningsen observing his deep attention presently said :

"This cannot interest you I am afraid?"

"On the contrary," said Pierre.

Leaving the outworks behind them they got into the high-road which went on to the left, winding its way through a wood of birch-trees of dense growth but not very tall. In the midst of this wood they started a hare which sprang into the road at their feet and ran on in front of them for some distance to their great amusement, till it was scared by the sound of horses or of voices, and bolted into a thicket. Two versts further on they came out on a clearing where Touthkow's corps were placed to defend the left flank. Having come to the limit of the position Benningsen stood talking with much vehemence, and Pierre concluded that he had come to some supremely important decision. In front of Touthkow's division there was a knoll which was not occupied by the Russians, and Benningsen criticised the oversight in strong terms, saying that it was absurd to leave such a commanding spot undefended and to be satisfied with placing a force in the low ground. Some of the generals agreed with him. One, especially, maintained with military energy that they were exposed to certain death. Benningsen took upon himself to order the corps to occupy the hillock.

This fresh arrangement of the left wing made Pierre feel more than ever his incapacity for understanding the subtle ties of strategy; as he listened to Benningsen and the generals discussing the question he entirely agreed with them, and was astounded that

such a blunder should ever have been committed. Benningsen, not knowing that the division had been placed there, not to defend the position but to fall upon the foe unawares at a certain juncture, changed the plan without first informing the commander-in-chief.

## CHAPTER II.

PRINCE ANDRÉ, that same afternoon, was lying down in a dilapidated cart-shed in the village of Kniaskovo, at the extreme end of the camp occupied by his regiment. Propped on his elbow he was looking out vaguely, through a crack between the boards, at the line of pollard birches that fenced in the farm, at the field where sheaves of oats lay scattered, and where the smoke rolled up from the fires over which the men's supper was stewing. Sad, dreary, useless, as life now seemed to him, he felt — as seven years since he had felt before Austerlitz — excited and deeply moved. He had given his orders for the morrow; he had nothing more to do; his mind was agitated by curiously vivid, and consequently most gloomy presentiments. He foresaw that this engagement would be the most terrific in which he had as yet borne a part, and the possibility of death rose before him in all its cruel nakedness, apart from its bearings in relation to his present life and from any prospect of the effect it might produce on others. All his past life seemed to present

itself, as in a magic lantern, in a long array of pictures which he had never before seen in the true light which now appeared to flood the scenes. "Yes, I see them all, — a series of delusive mirages which cheated my excited fancy!" thought he, looking at them in the cold relentless glare cast by the presence of death. "I see them plainly now, coarse counterfeits that I once could think beautiful and mysterious. — Glory, the public weal, the love of woman and even the love of my country! How grand, how all sufficing they seemed! — but in truth everything is colorless, squalid, contemptible, in comparison with the dawn of that day which, I feel, is rising for me!" He dwelt particularly on the three great sorrows of his life: his love for a woman, his father's death, and the French invasion. — Love! That little girl with her halo of charm! — "How I loved her! and what poetic dreams did I not indulge as I thought of the happiness we were to have together? I believed in an ideal love which would keep her faithful to me during my twelve months' absence, like the pigeon in the fable! — My father, again, was working and building at Lissy-Gory, confident that everything was absolutely his own: the serfs, the soil, the very air he breathed. Napoleon came, and without even dreaming of his existence swept him out of his path like a wisp of straw; Lissy-Gory was engulfed, carrying him with it in its ruin. — And Marie persists in saying that it is a trial sent from Heaven! Why a trial — since he is no more; whom is it to try? — And Russia, and Mos-

cow — lost! Who knows? — To-morrow I may be killed by one of our own men, just as I might have been yesterday by that private who accidentally discharged his gun close to my ear. Then the French will come and take me head and heels, and pitch me into a grave that the smell of my carcass may not make them sick; and then life in general will go on under new conditions, just as natural in their turn as the old ones, — and I shall not be there to see!" He looked again at the row of birches whose silvery bark, standing out from the duller tints, shone in the sun: "Well, well, let them kill me to-morrow; there will be an end of it, and no more of me!" He pictured the world without himself; the waving, shadowy birches, the fleecy clouds, the camp-fires; everything suddenly took a terrible and sinister aspect; he shivered and started up to go out and walk about.

He heard voices: "Who goes there?" he cried.

Timokhine, the red-nosed captain, formerly the captain of Dologhow's company and now for lack of officers, promoted to be head of a battalion, came up shyly, followed by the aide-de-camp and the paymaster of the regiment. Prince André listened to their report, gave them instructions, and was about to dismiss them, when he heard a well-known voice:

"Deuce take it!" said the voice.

Bolkonsky turned round and saw Pierre, who had knocked himself against a water-spout. It was always distressing to Prince André to come across any one who reminded him of the past and the sight of Pierre,



who had been so much mixed up with the unhappy events of his last stay at Moscow, was keenly painful.

"What! You?" he said. "By what strange chance? I certainly did not expect to see you!" As he spoke his eyes and face assumed a hard, almost a repellent expression; Pierre could not fail to observe it, and it changed the warmth of his address into embarrassment.

"I came — well, you know — in short, I came because it is extremely interesting," he replied, using the same phrase for the hundredth time that day: "I wanted to see a battle."

"And your brethren the freemasons? What will they say to that?" said Prince André ironically. "What is doing at Moscow, and what are my people about? Have they got there at last?" he added more gravely.

"They were there, Julie Droubetzkoï told me so. I went at once to call, but missed them: they had gone on, into the country."

The officers were about to leave Prince André with his friend, but Bolkonsky, not caring for a tête-à-tête, detained them, offering them a glass of tea. They looked with some curiosity at Pierre's herculean proportions, and listened without any excitement to his account of the state of Moscow and of the position of the troops he had seen. Prince André kept silence, and his unpleasant expression led Pierre to address himself in preference to Timokhine, who listened to him with frank good-humor.

"And you really understood the arrangement of our troops?" said Prince André suddenly interrupting him.

"Yes. — So far, that is to say, as a civilian can understand such things. I got an idea of the general plan."

"Then you know more about it than any other man alive!" retorted Prince André in French.

"Eh...!" said Pierre much puzzled, and looking over his spectacles. "But what then do you think of Koutouzow's appointment?"

"It gave me great pleasure. That is all I have to say about it."

"And what is your opinion of Barclay de Tolly? God knows what they don't say of him at Moscow! — What do they think of him here?"

"Ask these gentlemen," replied his friend.

Pierre turned to Timokhine with the friendly smile that every one involuntarily wore when speaking to the worthy captain.

"His Highness's appearance at the head of the army threw daylight on the matter," replied Timokhine with a shy glance at his chief.

"How was that?" asked Pierre.

"For instance, as to wood and forage. — When we began our retreat after Svendziani we dared not take hay or fuel anywhere, and yet we were leaving it behind. It was all left for 'Him' — was it not, Excellency?" he added turning to 'his prince.' "And woe to us if we touched it! Two officers of our regiment

were tried for offences of that sort. But when his Highness took the command it was all as clear as day."

"But why was it forbidden?"

Timokhine, quite confused did not know how to answer this question; Pierre repeated it, however, turning to Bolkonsky.

"In order not to spoil the country for the enemy," said Prince André still sardonically. "It was a very wise measure, for pillage must be put down at any cost! And at Smolensk he \* judged equally wisely, that as the French were superior to us in numbers, they could no doubt turn us. — But what he could not understand," he suddenly broke out, instinctively raising his voice, "was that we were defending Russian soil for the first time, and that our troops fought with a spirit that I have never seen equalled. Though we had held out bravely for two days, and a success would have increased our strength tenfold, he nevertheless ordered a retreat all the same, and all our efforts and losses were rendered futile! Of course he did not mean to betray us, he had foreseen it all and did what he could for the best: But that is the very reason why he is good for nothing. He is good for nothing at all, because he thinks too much and looks at things too closely — all the Germans do. Besides — how shall I explain myself? — Supposing your father has a German servant, an excellent servant, who under ordinary circumstances does him a variety of service which you could not ren-

\* Barclay de Tolly.

der, — if your father falls ill you will send the man away and nurse your father with your own clumsy hands; and you will soothe your father's pain better than any stranger could, however clever. It is the very same thing with regard to Barclay: As long as Russia was well and flourishing a foreigner could do her work, but in the hour of danger she needs a man of her own blood! At your club, I believe, he was accused of treachery? And what will be the upshot of these fictitious calumnies? Why, we shall rush into the opposite extreme; we shall be ashamed of such an odious imputation, and to make amends we shall treat him as a hero which will be just as iniquitous. He is neither more nor less than a worthy and pedantic German."

"And yet," observed Pierre, "he is said to be a good commander."

"I do not know what that means," said Bolkonsky.

"Well," said Pierre, "a good commander is a man who leaves nothing to chance; who foresees all the enemy's plans . . . ."

"That is impossible," said Bolkonsky positively, as if this was a point he had settled long ago in his own mind. Pierre looked up in surprise.

"And yet," said he. "Do they not say that war is like a game of chess?"

"With this slight difference," said Prince André, "that in a game of chess you can take your time, quite at your ease. — Besides the knight is always stronger

than a pawn, and two pawns stronger than one ; while in war a battalion is sometimes stronger than a division, and sometimes weaker than a single company. The relations of the strength of two armies is always an unknown quantity. You may depend upon it that if the result were always directly due to the orders given by the staff, I would have remained a staff-officer and have given orders with as good a grace as any man ; instead of which, as you see, I have the honor to serve with these gentlemen, and command a regiment ; and I am firmly persuaded that the issue of to-morrow's engagement will rest with us rather than with them. Victory never can be, and never has been the outcome of position, or numbers, or the character of the arms."

"Of what then?" said Pierre.

"Of the feeling that dwells in me—in him," and he pointed to Timokhine — "in every soldier." Timokhine gazed in amazement at his chief, whose excitement at this moment was in singular contrast with his usual reserve and calm demeanor. It was evident that he could not help giving utterance to the thoughts that crowded on him. "The battle is always won by the leader who is most determined to win it. Why did we lose the battle of Austerlitz? Our losses were not greater than those of the French, but we were in too great a hurry to believe ourselves beaten ; and we believed it because we did not care about fighting out there, and were anxious to get away from the field of battle. 'We have lost the game ; let us be off,' — and off we went! — If we had not said that, God knows

what the issue might have been ; — we shall not say it to-morrow ! You say the left wing is weak and the right too much extended ? That is absurd, and not of the smallest consequence, but just think of what lies before us to-morrow. A thousand incalculable chances, any of which may prove decisive in an instant ! — Our men or theirs may turn and fly — this one or that may be killed ! — What has been done to-day is mere child's-play, and the men who went round with you to inspect the positions, can do nothing to help the march of events ; on the contrary, they hinder it if anything, for they look to nothing but their personal interests.”

“ What ! Now, at this moment ? ” said Pierre.

“ This moment,” replied Prince André, “ is nothing to them but the moment when it is most easy to supplant a rival and clutch at a ribbon or a cross. I, for my part, see just this : A hundred thousand Russians and a hundred thousand French will meet to fight to-morrow. The side that fights hardest and spares itself least will win the day ; nay more. I tell you this : Come what may, and whatever the antagonism of our generals may be, *we* shall win the day ! ”

“ That is the truth, and the whole truth, Excellency,” murmured Timokhine, “ we must not spare ourselves ! . . . Would you believe that the men of my battalion would not touch their brandy : It is not a time for that, they say.”

There was silence after this. The officers presently rose, and Prince André went out with them to give his

last orders. Just then horses' hoofs were heard approaching along the high-road. Prince André, looking round, recognized Woltzogen and Klauzevitz, followed by a Cossack; they passed so close that Pierre and Bolkonsky could hear them talking in German.

"The war must spread — that is our only hope."

"Yes," replied the other. "From the moment when the first point is to weaken the enemy the loss of a few men more or less cannot matter."

"To be sure," said the first speaker.

"Oh! Yes. — Spread the war!" said Prince André passionately. "That is how my father, my sister and my boy have gone down before it! Much he cares! — That is just what I was telling you: These German gentry are not the men to win the battle, take my word for it. All they will do is to shuffle the cards as much as possible; for that German's head contains nothing but a heap of arguments of which the best is no sounder than an egg-shell, while he has not in his soul one grain of the stuff that is in Timokhine and which will be needed to-morrow. They have handed over all Europe to 'Him,' and now they want to teach us! — A pretty lesson on my word!"

"And you think we shall beat them?"

"Yes," said Prince André, absently. "But there is one thing I would not have allowed if I could have prevented it, and that is giving quarter. Why take prisoners? It is mere Quixotism! The French have destroyed my home; they are about to destroy Moscow; they are my enemies, they are criminals! Timok-

hine and all the army feel the same; they can never be our friends, in spite of all they could say at Tilsit."

"Yes, certainly!" cried Pierre with sparkling eyes, "there I entirely agree with you."

The problem which had been tormenting him ever since he had left Mojaïsk had in fact found a clear and final solution. He now understood the meaning and solemnity of the war, and of the battle about to be fought. All that he had seen in the course of the day; the expression of gravity and devotion on the soldiers' faces, the latent heat of patriotism — to use a metaphor from physics — which glowed in each man, were now intelligible to him, and he no longer wondered at the calmness, the positive indifference even, with which they prepared to meet death.

"If no prisoners were taken," Bolkonsky went on, "the aspect of war would alter; and believe me it would be less cruel. But we have only been playing at war; that is where the mistake lies. We play the magnanimous, and such generosity and sensibility are on a par with those of a milksop who turns sick at seeing a calf killed: the sight of blood disgusts his instinctive delicacy; but dress the veal with a savory sauce and he will eat it with the rest of us. They preach at us about the laws of warfare, chivalry, flags of truce, humanity to the wounded, and what not! — But this is only throwing dust in each other's eyes. Homes are made desolate, false money is circulated, our fathers or our children are murdered—



and then we are to listen to a rhodomontade about the rules of war and generosity towards our enemies? — No quarter, I say. — Kill without ruth, and be ready to be killed! — The man who has come to this conclusion, as I have, through the most cruel suffering . . .” Prince André had worked himself up for a moment into a belief that he could bear to see Moscow fall as Smolensk had done; but he broke off. A spasm in his throat choked him and he walked on a few steps in silence; when he spoke again his eyes glittered fiercely and his lips were quivering.

“If there were no such false generosity in war it would not be undertaken but for weighty reasons, with the knowledge that it meant death; not because Paul Ivanovitch had given offense to Michael Ivanovitch! All these Hessians and Westphalians that Napoleon has dragged at his heels would never have come to Russia, and we should not have gone to fight in Austria and Prussia without knowing wherefore. The fearful necessity of war ought only to be taken seriously and sternly. There are lies enough in the world as it is. War should be treated as a hard fact; not as a game; otherwise it becomes a mere pastime for the idle and frivolous. There is no more honorable class than the military, and yet to what extremities they are driven to gain their ends! In fact, what is the aim and end of war? — Murder. — And its means? Treachery and spying. — Its procedure? Pillage and robbery for the maintenance of the men! . . . That is to say falsehood and dishonesty in every form, under the name of the

Art of War. — What, I ask you, is the rule to which military men are bound? To slavery, that is to say to a rigorous discipline which condones indolence, ignorance, cruelty, depravity, drunkenness — and yet they are universally respected. Every monarch in the world, except the Emperor of China, wears a military uniform, and the man who has killed the greatest number of his fellow-creatures wins the highest rewards. A million of men meet — as they will to-morrow for instance — to massacre and maim each other; and what follows next? Why, *Te Deums* and solemn thanksgivings for the great number of slain — though the figures, to be sure, are always exaggerated; and the victory is loudly boasted of, for the more men are killed the more brilliant it is thought to be. — And those prayers! How can they be acceptable to God, looking down on the world? Ah! my friend, life has been a grievous burden to me during these last months; I see too far into things, and it goes hard with a man when he has eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. However, it is not for long now! . . . But forgive me; my wandering talk will have wearied you — as it has me . . . It is late; go back to Gorky.”

“No, indeed!” exclaimed Pierre, fixing a scared but sympathetic look on his friend’s face.

“Yes, go; we must sleep before fighting,” said Prince André going up to Pierre and embracing him warmly. “Good-bye. — Shall we ever meet again? God knows!” He pushed him to the door and turned away.

It was now dusk and Pierre could not read the expression of his face. Was it tender or stern? He paused a moment in doubt; should he go into him again or return to headquarters?

"No, he does not want me; I know that this is our last meeting," he concluded; and with a deep sigh he set out for Gorky.

Prince André stretched himself on a rug, but he could not sleep. Among the medley of thoughts and memories that whirled through his brain he lingered over one with tender emotion: it was that of a certain evening at St. Petersburg when Natacha had told him, with wonderful spirit, of how, in the previous summer, she had lost her way one day when she had gone out to gather mushrooms in a vast forest. She had described in broken sentences the silence of the woods, her emotions, and her talk with an old man who kept bees, interrupting herself constantly to say: "No, not exactly that — I can never express precisely what I mean — I am sure you cannot quite understand! . . ." And in spite of Prince André's assurances, she was vexed with herself for not being able to give an adequate idea of the lofty and poetic feeling that filled her then. "The old man was quite charming, — and the forest was so dark — and he had such good, kind eyes! — but oh! I cannot tell you, I can never tell a thing properly!" and she blushed crimson. Prince André smiled at the recollection, as he had smiled at the time when he looked at her. "I understood her then," thought he. "I understood her simplicity and the ingenuousness of

her soul ; yes, it was her soul that was so dear to me, that I loved so perfectly, so fervently, with a love that made me exquisitely happy !" But he shuddered, suddenly remembering what the end had been. "*He* did not want all that ; He could not see nor understand. To him she was nothing but a pretty, fresh creature whom he disdained to link with his fate, while to me. — And *he* is still living and enjoying himself !" But at this reflection he winced as if he had been branded with a hot iron ; he started to his feet and again took to walking up and down his room.

### CHAPTER III.

ON the 6th of September, the eve of the battle of Borodino, arrived Monsieur de Beausset, Master of the Household to the Emperor of the French, and Colonel Fabvier, one from Paris, the other from Madrid ; they found Napoleon in his camp at Valouiew. Monsieur de Beausset, in court uniform, heralded his approach by sending in a packet addressed to the Emperor which he had been charged to deliver. He went into the outer room of the Imperial tent and undid the wrapper as he stood talking with the aides-de-camp. Fabvier, pausing at the threshold, was speaking to some one outside. Napoleon was dressing in the inner room, which was his bedroom, turning himself about for his valet to brush him — first his broad shoulders and then

his bulky person, with the enjoyment of a horse under the curry-comb. Another valet, holding his finger loosely over the mouth of a bottle, was sprinkling his master's fat person with Eau de Cologne, with intense conviction that he alone knew how many drops were needed, or exactly where to shed them. The Emperor's closely-cropped hair clung to his brow with the moisture and his face, though sallow and puffy, expressed physical welfare.

"Go on, harder, go on," he said to the valet, who brushed away with renewed vigor.

An aide-de-camp, who had come with a report of the engagement of the day before and of the number of prisoners was awaiting his dismissal in the doorway. Napoleon glanced at him with a sidelong scowl.

"What?" he said. "No prisoners! then they prefer to be cut to pieces? So much the worse for the Russian army!" Then, still turning his wide back and shoulders to the soothing friction of the brush.— "Very good; show in Monsieur de Beausset and Fabvier."

"Yes, Sire," said the aide-de-camp, hurrying off.

The two valets dressed their master in less than no time, in the dark blue uniform of the Guards, and he went into the larger room with a firm, quick step. Meanwhile Beausset had hastily unpacked the present from the Empress, and had placed it on two chairs in front of the door the Emperor must come in by; but Napoleon had finished his toilet so promptly that

Beausset had not had time to arrange it quite to his satisfaction. It was to be a surprise to his Majesty. Napoleon saw that he was embarrassed about something, but, pretending not to have noticed it, he signed to Fabvier to come forward. He listened with his brows knit and in utter silence to the colonel's laudatory report of the troops fighting at Salamanca—at the other side of the world—who, according to his description of them, had but one absorbing idea: that of proving worthy of their Emperor; and but one single fear: that of displeasing him! Nevertheless the result had not been victory; and Napoleon comforted himself by asking sarcastic questions which tended to show that he expected nothing better when he was not on the spot.

“I must make up for it at Moscow,” said Napoleon. “Good-bye for the present;” and he turned to Beausset, who had had time to throw a drapery over the Empress' gift.

Beausset came forward with an elaborate French bow, such as none ever learned to make but the old courtiers of the Bourbon days—and handed him a sealed letter. Napoleon sportively pinched his ear.

“You have made haste,” he said, “and I am glad of it. Well, and what is the news from Paris?” he added, suddenly looking grave.

“Sire, all Paris bewails your absence,” replied the courtier.

Napoleon knew perfectly well that this was merely skilful flattery. In his more lucid moments he also

knew that it was false ; but the phrase pleased him and again he pinched Beausset's ear.

" I am sorry," he said, " to have brought you so far."

" Sire, I fully expected to follow you to the gates of Moscow."

Napoleon smiled and glanced carelessly to the right. An aide-de-camp, with a graceful bow, offered him a gold snuff-box.

" Yes, you are in luck," said he taking a pinch. " You like travelling, and in three days you will be at Moscow. — You did not expect ever to see the Asiatic capital ?"

Beausset bowed in gratitude to his sovereign for having invented a taste for him of which he himself had no suspicion.

" Ah ! what is that ?" said Napoleon observing the attention of the suite directed to a hanging. Beausset, with the neatness of an accomplished courtier, deftly skipped round and whipped away the curtain saying :

" It is a present sent by the Empress to your Majesty."

It was a portrait, painted by Gérard, of the child born of the marriage of Napoleon with the daughter of the Emperor of Austria. The lovely little boy with curly hair and eyes like those of the Infant Christ in Sixtine Madonna, was playing with a cup and ball : the ball represented the terrestrial globe, while the cup, reversed, was a sceptre. Though it was hard to say why the artist should have painted the King of Rome

as piercing the globe with a spike, the conceit was thought as clear and subtle by all who had seen the picture at Paris, as, at this moment, it seemed to Napoleon himself.

“The King of Rome!” he exclaimed with a gracious movement. “Admirable!” — He had a peculiarly Italian facility in changing the expression of his face, and he went up to the portrait with a look of tender pathos. He knew that his every gesture and word on this occasion would be engraved on the page of history. Hence it struck him that, in contrast to such a height of power as could allow of his baby son being represented playing cup and ball with the world, simple paternal affection would be the happiest inspiration. His eyes dimmed with emotion, he stepped forward, glancing round for a chair; the chair was instantly placed and he seated himself in front of the picture. Then at a wave of his hand the bystanders all retired on tiptoe, leaving the great man to his feelings. After a few moments of silent contemplation he recalled Beausset and the aide-de-camp; he desired that the portrait should be displayed outside his tent, that the “Vielle Garde” might have the pleasure of gazing on the King of Rome, their adored sovereign’s son and heir! The result was as he had anticipated: while he was at breakfast — having done M. de Beausset the honor of inviting him to share the meal — an outburst of enthusiasm from the officers and soldiers of the Old Guard became audible outside.

“*Vive l'Empereur ! Vive le Roi de Rome !*”



When breakfast was over Napoleon dictated his order of the day to Beausset.

“Short, and to the point!” was his comment, as he read over the address which he had dictated without a pause.

“Soldiers!

“We are about to fight the battle you have so eagerly desired. Victory depends on you; but victory is indispensable—it will give us victuals in abundance, good winter quarters, and an early return to France. Behave as you behaved at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Vitebsk, at Smolensk, so that your remotest posterity may speak of your conduct this day, and say of each man among you: ‘He was at that great battle!’

“Napoleon.”

He invited M. Beausset—who was so fond of travelling—to accompany him, and went out of his tent towards the horses which had just been saddled.

“Your Majesty is too good!” said Beausset, though he desperately needed sleep and could not ride; but when Napoleon bowed his head Beausset had no choice but to follow.

As the Emperor appeared on the scene the shouts of the veterans who had crowded round the picture rose to frenzy. Napoleon knit his brows.

“Take him away,” he said, pointing to the portrait; “he is too young yet to look on at a battle.”

Beausset closed his eyes and bent his head with a

deep sigh, testifying by his reverential demeanor his appreciation of the Emperor's sentiments.

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Our historian of Napoleon has depicted him as spending the morning of that day on horseback, inspecting the ground, discussing the various plans submitted to him by his marshals, and giving orders to his generals.

The original line of the Russian army along the Kolotcha had been driven back and part of it, particularly the left flank, had retired after the capture of the redoubt of Schevardino. This wing was therefore no longer protected either by outworks or by the river; it faced an open, and level plain. It was as evident to a civilian as to a soldier that the attack must begin on this point. This, it would seem, could hardly need any very profound calculations, nor any minute elaboration by Napoleon and his marshals, nor that peculiar insight recognized as genius, which is so usually attributed to the Corsican; however, those who were about his person were not of this opinion, and the historians who have since described these events, have joined in the chorus.

While he rode over the whole position, examining every detail with anxious meditation, he shook his head — now doubtfully and now approvingly — and without communicating to his staff the profound reflections which led to his conclusions, he simply expressed those

conclusions in the form of commands. Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl, having hazarded an opinion that it would be well to turn the Russian left, Napoleon replied, without giving any reason, that it would be quite unnecessary. On the other hand he approved General Compans' plan, which consisted in an attack on the advanced works and then pushing forward through the woods, though Ney, Duke of Elchingen, ventured to remark that moving across the forest might be dangerous and disorder the ranks. As he studied the spot facing the redoubt at Schevardino, he reflected in silence for some minutes, and then pointed out two points where he wished batteries to be placed on the morrow to fire against the Russian works; also the position to be occupied by the field guns.

These various arrangements, which have given rise to the most unbounded admiration on the part of French historians, and unanimous approbation among foreigners, were laid down as follows:

“Two new batteries are to be thrown up during the night on the plain occupied by the Prince of Eckmühl, and to open fire, at daybreak, on the enemy's two batteries opposite.

“General Perneti, colonel of the 1st artillery corps, is to advance with 30 guns of Compans' division and all the howitzers of the Desaix and Friant divisions; he is to open fire, and throw his shells on the enemy's battery which will thus be attacked by

Guns of the artillery of the Guards,	24
Guns of Compans' division,	30
Guns of Desaix' and Friant's divisions,	8

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In all, 62

“General Fouché, in command of the 3d artillery corps, is to bring up the howitzers of the 3d and 8th corps, in all 16 guns, to flank the battery which is to bombard the works on the left, thus bringing 40 guns to bear on that redoubt.

“General Sorbier will remain in readiness to advance at the first word, with all the guns of the Artillery Guards against either of the enemy's entrenchments.

“During the cannonade Prince Poniatowski must march down on the village in the forest and turn the enemy's position.

“General Compans is to go through the forest and seize the first entrenchment.

“As soon as the action has fairly started on these lines, further orders will be issued according to the enemy's movements.

“The left wing is to open fire as soon as that of the right wing makes itself heard. Morand's division of sharpshooters and the Viceroy's division are to open fierce fire as soon as the attack on the right is begun.

“The Viceroy must seize the village,\* crossing its three bridges, and advancing on the same line as

\* Borodino.

Morand's and Gérard's divisions which, being led by him, will march on the redoubt and join the other troops.

“The whole to be carried out with strict good order and keeping some troops in reserve as far as possible.

“Given at the Imperial Camp at Mojaïsk, Sept. 6th, 1812.”

If the arrangements of such a man as Napoleon may be criticised independently of the influence of his genius, which was almost a superstition, it is very evident that these orders are deficient in conciseness and accuracy. They resolve themselves, in fact, into four lines of action neither of which could be—or was—carried out. First: the batteries placed on a spot selected by Napoleon, and strengthened by the guns under Perneti and Fouché, 102 in all, were to open fire and silence the advance works on the Russian side. Now it was impossible to effect this, because the French projectiles could not be thrown far enough to fall within the enemy's works, so that these 102 guns were firing in the air till one of the generals took upon himself to send them forward, against the Emperor's orders.

The second command, by which Poniatowski was to march down on the village through the forest, and to turn the Russian left, could not be obeyed, since Poniatowski was met in the forest by Toutchkow who barred the way and prevented his turning the position pointed out to him. The third instructed General Compans'

corps to go by the forest and seize the first entrenchment; but it failed to do so, because, on leaving the forest, it found itself obliged to reform under the fire of Russian musketry, a circumstance of which Napoleon could not be aware. With regard to the fourth arrangement, by which the Viceroy was to take the village of Borodino and, after crossing the river by the three bridges, to follow the same line of march as the divisions under Morand and Friant, it may be noted that what that line was to be is nowhere indicated. They were, however, to proceed to the redoubt, under his command, and form in a line with the other troops. So far as it is possible to make anything of this order by the light of the efforts made by the Viceroy to carry it out, it would seem that he was to make his way to the left towards the redoubt after passing through the village of Borodino, while Morand's and Friant's divisions advanced in front of the line. All this was impossible.

The Viceroy got through Borodino, but was beaten on the Kolotcha, and Morand and Friant, after experiencing the same fate, failed to take the redoubt which only yielded to the cavalry towards the end of the engagement. So that neither of these orders was carried into effect.

It was added that subsequent commands would be issued according to the movements of the enemy. It was, therefore, to be presumed that Napoleon would take the necessary measures during the progress of the engagement; but he did nothing of the kind; for, as afterwards transpired, he was himself so far from the

centre of the action that he could not follow it, and none of the orders he issued during the fight could possibly be executed.

Several historians have asserted that the Russians won the day at Borodino because Napoleon was suffering from a severe cold. But for that cold, his combinations would have borne the stamp of genius throughout, Russia would have lost, and the face of the world would have been changed. Such a conclusion may be held indisputable by writers who can maintain that the mere sovereign will of Peter the Great transformed Russia; or that the will of Napoleon alone metamorphosed the French Republic into an Empire, and bore the arms of France on to Russian soil. If it had indeed depended on him whether the action were fought or not, whether this or that decision were taken or not, that cold, by paralyzing his energies, would in fact have been the direct cause of Russia's escape; and the valet who, on the 25th of August, neglected to give him waterproof boots might be called her deliverer. Granting such logic as this, the inference is plausible as Voltaire's when in jest, he ascribed the massacre of St. Bartholomew to Charles IX. having a fit of indigestion. But to those who cannot accept this manner of argument, such a reflection is simply absurd, and in obvious contradiction to human reason. To the question as to what is the real causation of historical events, it seems to us much simpler to say that the course of this world is foreordained and depends on the coincidence of the wills of all those who are concerned in the issues; so

that the good pleasure of a Napoleon has only a superficial influence.

And though it may at first seem hard to believe that the great massacre decreed by the desire of Charles IX. was not the outcome of his will, or that the slaughter at Borodino of some 80,000 men was not the act and deed of Napoleon, though the orders were given by them, I feel justified in coming to this conclusion by a due consideration of the dignity of humanity, which convinces me that every man is as much a Man as Napoleon himself; and this is confirmed in many ways by the researches of historians. On the day of Borodino Napoleon neither aimed a gun nor killed a man. Everything was done by his soldiers, who killed their enemies, in obedience, not to his orders, but to their own impulse. The whole army — French, Germans, Italians and Poles — hungry, tattered, worn out by the marches they had made, felt, as they stood face to face with this other army stopping their way, that “the cork was out and the wine must be drunk.” If Napoleon had forbidden them to fight the Russians they would have murdered him and have fought afterwards, for it had become inevitable!

When Napoleon's address was read to the troops, promising them as a compensation for suffering and death, that posterity would say of them that “they too were at that great battle,” they had shouted “*Vive l'Empereur!*” as they had done just before in front of the picture of the child playing cup and ball with the world — as they had done at all the nonsense he had



ever talked to them. They had in fact no choice but to shout "*Vive l'Empereur !*" and then fight for the food and rest which, if they won the victory, awaited them at Moscow. They did not, then, kill their fellow-creatures by their master's orders ; the battle was not of Napoleon's ordering, since none of his commands were carried out, and he did not know what was going on ; hence the question as to whether Napoleon had a cold or no is of no more consequence to history than the cold of the rawest recruit.

Historians also ascribe to this legendary cold the weakness of his arrangements ; while we, on the contrary, think the plan was a better one than those by which he had won many another battle ; they only seem weaker on looking back because Borodino was the first action in which Napoleon was repulsed. The most learned and ingenious schemes always seem bad and give rise to the severest strictures when they have not resulted in victory, and vice versa. Weirother's plans of action at Austerlitz, for instance, were a model of exactitude, and yet they were criticised for this very exactitude and minuteness.

Napoleon played his part as representative of absolute power quite as well at Borodino as at his other battles — perhaps better. He had kept within the limits of strict sagacity. No confusion or contradiction can be imputed to him ; he did not lose his head ; he did not quit the field of action ; and his tact and great experience helped him to fill the part of supreme ruler, as it seemed, in this bloody tragedy, with calmness and dignity.

Napoleon was thoughtful as he returned from his tour of inspection. "The pieces are on the board," said he to himself. "To-morrow we play the game." He called for a glass of punch, and then sent for Beausset to discuss certain alterations to be made in the Empress's household; and he astonished the courtier by his accurate recollection of the smallest details of the court at home.

He took an interest in all sorts of trifles, and laughed at Beausset for his love of travelling, chatting with cool ease — as a great surgeon might as he turns up his cuffs and ties on his apron while the patient is bound to the operating-table: "This business is my affair," he seemed to imply. "All the wires are in my hands. When it is necessary to act I shall do it better than any one — for the present I like to amuse myself. The more I laugh and the cooler I am, the more confident and hopeful you may feel; and the more you ought to wonder at my genius!"

After a second glass of punch he went to lie down; the anticipation of the morrow would not allow him to sleep, and though the evening damp had increased his cold, he got up at about three in the morning, and went into the outer room of the tent, which he used as his drawing-room, blowing his nose noisily. He asked whether the Russians were still in position, and was told that the enemy's fires were burning on the same spots. The aide-de-camp on duty came in.

"Well, Rapp, do you think we shall make a good job of it to-day?"

“Not a doubt of it, Sire.”

The Emperor looked at him.

“Do you recollect, Sire, what you did me the honor to say to me at Smolensk: ‘The cork is drawn and the wine must be drunk.’”

Napoleon frowned and was silent.

“My poor army!” he said after a pause. “It has greatly diminished since Smolensk. “Fortune is a fickle hussy, Rapp; I always said so, and now I am learning it by experience. But the Guards — the Guards are complete are they not?”

“Yes, Sire.”

Napoleon put a lozenge into his mouth and then looked at his watch; he was not sleepy, and it would not be morning yet awhile; there were no orders to give to kill the time; everything was ready.

“Have the regiments of Guards had their biscuits given out?”

“Yes, Sire.”

“And rice?”

Rapp said that he himself had taken the necessary steps to that end, but Napoleon was not satisfied and shook his head: he seemed to doubt whether the order had been carried out. A valet brought some more punch and Napoleon ordered a glass for the aide-de-camp; as he sipped it he said; “I can neither taste nor smell; this cold is intolerable, and doctors and medicine are preached at me, when they cannot even cure me of a cold! — Corvisart has given me some lozenges, but they do me no good! The fact is they

do not know how to treat everything, and they never will. — Our body is just a living-machine. That is what it is made for and that is its nature. Leave life to take care of itself, and it will fight its own battles a great deal better than if you paralyze its powers by weighting it with remedies. Our body is like a good watch, made to go a certain time; but no watchmaker can open it; he can only treat it blindfold and feeling his way. — Our body is a living-machine, neither more nor less.”

Having started on definitions, for which he had a great weakness, he went on suddenly.

“Do you know what the Art of War is? It is the talent of being stronger than the enemy at a given moment.”

Rapp made no answer.

“To-morrow we shall have Koutouzow to deal with. He commanded at Braunau; do you remember? And for three weeks he has not once got on horseback to inspect his defences! — Well, we shall see.”

Again he looked at his watch; it was only four o'clock. He rose, walked up and down, put on a great coat and went out. It was a dark night; a thin fog filled the air. The bivouac fires of the Guards were hardly visible, through the smoke; those of the Russian outposts glimmered in the distance. All was still; nothing could be heard but the hollow tramp of the French troops making ready to march down to their positions. Napoleon went forward, studying the fires and listening

to the growing noise ; as he passed a tall grenadier, on guard in front of the Imperial tent — who stood upright and motionless as a pillar on seeing his Majesty — he stopped to speak to him.

“ How many years have you served ? ” he asked, with the kindly, military bluntness which he affected in addressing his soldiers. — “ Ah ! one of the old ones I see ! — And the rice ? Has it been served out ? ”

“ Yes, Your Majesty. ”

Napoleon nodded and walked on.

At half-past five he mounted his horse and rode towards Schevardino. Dawn was growing from grey to white, the sky brightening rapidly ; one cloud hung over the east. The deserted fires were dying out in the pale daylight. — Then, to the right, one deep, rolling cannon shot rang out and died away into silence again. Soon a second and a third rent the air, then a fourth and fifth echoed the knell from some nearer spot on the right. Their growl had not died away when a fiercer roar took it up on all sides. Napoleon and his suite made their way to Schevardino and dismounted, — the action had begun.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Pierre returned to Gorky after his visit to Prince André, he desired his servant to have his horses ready saddled and to wake him at daybreak ; then he

went soundly to sleep in the corner that Boris had so obligingly offered him. When he woke the cottage was empty, the little panes in the windows were trembling, and his man was shaking him to rouse him.

"Excellency, Excellency!" he shouted.

"Why — what is the matter? Is it begun?"

"Listen to the cannonade," said the man, who was an old soldier. "They have all been gone a long time; even his Highness."

Pierre hastily dressed and ran out. It was a brilliant, delicious morning, dew-drops sparkled everywhere; the sun sent level rays through the curtain of cloud, and a shaft of light fell across the roof and through the hanging mist, on the dusty road just moist with the night-dew, on the walls of the houses, the rough wood palings, and the horses standing saddled at the door. The roar of cannon grew louder and louder.

"Make haste, Count, if you want to be in time!" shouted an aide-de-camp as he galloped past.

Pierre started on foot, his man leading the horses, and made his way by the road as far as the knoll from whence he had surveyed the field the day before. This mamelon was crowded with military; the staff-officers could be heard talking French and conspicuous among them all was Koutouzow's grey head under a white cap bound with red, his fat neck sunk in his broad shoulders. He was studying the distance through a field-glass.

As he climbed the slope Pierre was struck by the

scene that spread before him. It was the same landscape that he had seen yesterday, but swarming now with an imposing mass of troops, wrapped in wreaths of smoke and lighted up by the low sun which was rising on the left and filling the pure upper air with quivering rose and gold while on the earth lay long masses of black shadow. The clumps of trees that bordered the horizon might have been hewn out of some sparkling yellow-green gem, and beyond them again, far away, the Smolensk road could be made out, covered with troops. Close to the knoll the golden fields and dewy slopes were bathed in shimmering light, and everywhere to the right and left were soldiers and still soldiers. It was animated, grandiose and unexpected; but what especially interested Pierre was the actual field of battle — Borodino and the valley of the Kolotcha through which the river ran.

Above the stream, over Borodino, just where the Voïna makes its way through vast marshes to join the Kolotcha, rose one of those mists which, melting and dissolving before the sun's rays, gives an enchanted aspect and color to the landscape it transforms rather than hides.

The morning light glowed in this mist, and in the smoke which mixed with it here and there, and sparkled on the water, the dew, the bayonets, even on Borodino. Through that transparent veil could be seen the white church, the hovel roofs of the village, and on every side serried masses of soldiers, green caissons and guns. From the valley, from the heights, and

the slopes, from the woods, from the fields, came cannon shots, now singly, now in volleys, followed by puffs of smoke which wreathed, mingled, and faded away. And strange as it may appear, this smoke and cannonade were the most attractive features of the spectacle. Pierre was chafing to be there among the smoke, and the sparkling bayonets, in the midst of the movement, close to the guns.

He turned to compare his own feelings with those which Koutouzow and his staff might be expected to feel at such a moment, and found on every face that suppressed excitement which he had noticed before, but which he had not understood until after his conversation with Prince André.

“Go, my friend, go,” said Koutouzow to a general standing near him, “and God go with you.” And the general who had taken the order went past Pierre down the hill.

“To the bridge!” he answered in reply to a question from another officer.

“And I, too,” thought Pierre, following him. The general mounted his horse which a Cossack was holding, and Pierre, going up to his servant, asked which of his two steeds was the quietest to ride. Then, clutching the beast’s mane, leaning over his neck and clinging on by his heels, off he started. He felt that his spectacles were gone; however, as he would not, and indeed could not leave go of the bridle or the mane, away he went after the general, past the rest of the officers who gazed at his headlong career.



The general led the way down the hill and turned off sharp to the left; Pierre lost sight of him and found himself riding through the ranks of an infantry regiment; he tried in vain to get out of the midst of the men, who surrounded him on all sides and looked with angry surprise at this fat man in a white hat, who was knocking them about so heedlessly, and at such a critical moment.

“Why the devil do you ride through a battalion?” asked one; and another gave the horse a prod with the butt-end of his musket. Pierre, clutching the saddle-bow and holding in his frightened steed as best he might, was carried on at a furious speed, and presently found himself in an open space. In front of him was a bridge guarded by infantry firing briskly; without knowing it he had come down to the bridge between Gorky and Borodino which the French, after taking the village, had come down to attack. On both sides of the river, and in the hay fields he had seen from afar, soldiers were struggling frantically; still Pierre could not believe that he was witnessing the first act of a battle. He did not hear the bullets that were whistling about his ears, nor the balls that flew over his head; and it did not occur to him that the men on the other side of the river were the enemy, or that those who lay on the ground were wounded or killed.

“What on earth is he doing in front of the line?” shouted a voice. “Left! left! turn to the left!”

Pierre turned to the right, and ran up against an aide-de-camp of General Raïevsky's; the officer looked

furious, and was about to abuse him roundly, when he recognized him.

“What brings you here?” said he, and he rode away.

Pierre, with a vague suspicion that he was not wanted there, and fearing he might be in the way, galloped after him.

“Is it here? May I follow you?” he asked.

“In a minute—wait a minute,” said his friend, tearing down into the meadow to meet a burly colonel to whom he was carrying orders. Then he came back to Pierre.

“Tell me what on earth you have come here for?—To look on I suppose?”

“Just so,” said Pierre, while the officer wheeled his horse round and was starting off again.

“Here, it is not such warm work yet, thank God!—but there, where Bagration is to the left, they are getting it hot!”

“Really!” said Pierre. “Where?”

“Come up the hill with me; you will see very well from thence, and it is still bearable.—Are you coming?”

“After you,” said Pierre, looking round for his servant; then, for the first time, his eye fell on the wounded men who were dragging themselves to the rear, or being carried on litters; one poor little soldier, with his hat lying by his side, was stretched motionless on the field where the mown hay exhaled its stupifying scent.

“Why have they left that poor fellow?” Pierre was on the point of saying; but the aide-de-camp’s look of pain, as he turned away stopped the question on his lips. As he could nowhere see his servant he rode on, across the flat as far as Raïevsky’s battery; but his horse could not keep up with the officer’s and shook him desperately.

“You are not used to riding, I see,” said the aide-de-camp.

“Oh! it is nothing,” said Pierre, “his pace is bad.”

“The poor beast has had his off leg wounded just above the knee — a bullet must have caught him there. Well, I congratulate you, Count — it is your baptism of fire.”

After passing the sixth corps they got, through dense smoke, to the rear of the artillery which held an advanced position and kept up an incessant and deafening fire. At last they found themselves in a little copse where the mild autumn air was clear of smoke. They dismounted and climbed the little hill.

“Is the general here?” asked the aide-de-camp.

“Just gone,” was the answer. The officer turned to Pierre; he did not know what to do with him.

“Do not trouble yourself about me,” said Bésoukhov. “I will go on to the top.”

“Yes do — and stay there; you will see everything and it is comparatively safe. I will come back for you.”

So they parted, and it was not till the end of the

day that Pierre heard that his companion had one arm shot off. He went up to the battery that held the famous knoll which came to be known to the Russians as the "Mamelon battery or Raïevsky's redoubt;" and to the French—who regarded it as the key of the position—as "the great redoubt," or "the fatal redoubt," or the "centre redoubt." At its foot fell tens of thousands.

The works were thrown up on a mamelon surrounded with trenches on three sides. Ten heavy guns poured forth death through the embrasures of a breast-work while other pieces, continuing the line, never paused in their fire. The infantry stood somewhat further back.

Pierre had no suspicion of the paramount value of this point, but supposed it to be, on the contrary, of quite secondary importance. He sat down on the edge of the earthwork that screened the battery and looked about with a smile of innocent satisfaction; now and then he got up to see what was going on, trying to keep out of the way of the men who were reloading the guns and pushing them forward each time, and of those who went to and fro carrying the heavy cartridges. Quite unlike the infantry outside whose duty it was to protect the redoubt, the gunners standing on this speck of earth that was enclosed by its semicircle of trenches, and apart from the rest of the battle seemed bound together in a kind of fraternal responsibility; and the appearance in their midst of a civilian like Pierre was by no means pleasing to them. They looked at him

askance and seemed almost alarmed at his presence ; a tall artillery officer came close up to him and looked at him inquisitively, and a quite young lieutenant, rosy and baby-faced, who was in charge of two guns, turned round and said very severely :

“ You must have the goodness to go away Sir ; you cannot remain here.”

The gunners continued to shake their heads disapprovingly ; but when they saw that the man in a white hat did not get in the way, that he was content to sit still, or walk up and down in the face of the enemy's fire, as coolly as if it were a Boulevard, that he stood aside politely to make room for them with a shy smile — their ill-humor gave place to sympathetic cordiality, such as soldiers are apt to feel for the dogs, cocks, or other animals that march with the regiment. They adopted him, as it were, and laughing at him among themselves gave the name of “ our Gentleman.”

A ball fell within a couple of yards of Pierre, who only shook off the dust with which he was covered and smiled as he looked round.

“ And you are really not afraid, Master ?” said a stalwart, red-faced artillery-man, showing his white teeth in a grin.

“ Well, are you afraid ?”

“ Ah but you know they will have no respect for you. — If one of them knocks you down it will kick your inside out ! — How can you help being afraid ?” he added with a laugh.

Two or three more had stopped to look at Pierre ;

they had jolly, friendly faces, and seemed quite astonished to hear him talk like themselves.

“It is our business, Master. — But as for you, it is not at all the same thing, and it is wonderful. . . .”

“Now then—serve the guns!” cried the young lieutenant, who was evidently on duty of this kind for the first or second time in his life, he was so extravagantly anxious to be blameless in his conduct to his chief and to his men.

The continual thunder of guns and musketry grew louder and louder, especially on the left, round Bagration's advanced work; but Pierre's attention was taken up with what was going on close to him, and the smoke prevented his seeing the progress of the action. His first impulse of gratified excitement had given way to a very different feeling, roused in the first instance by the sight of the little private lying in the hay field. It was scarcely ten o'clock yet; twenty men had been carried away from the battery, and two guns were silenced. The enemy's missiles fell thicker and faster, and spent balls dropped about them with a buzz and a thud. The artillery-men did not seem to heed them; they were full of jests and high spirits.

“Look out my beauty! Not this way, try the infantry!” cried one man to a shell that spun across above their heads.

“Yes, go to the Infantry,” echoed a second; and he laughed as he saw the bomb explode among the foot soldiers.

“Hallo! Is that an acquaintance of yours?” cried

a third, to a peasant who bowed low as a ball came past.

A knot of men had gathered close to the breast-work to look at something in the distance.

“Do you see? the advanced posts are retiring, they are giving way!” said one.

“Mind your own business,” cried an old sergeant. “If they are retiring it is because there is something for them to do elsewhere,” he took one of them by the shoulders and shoved him forward with his knee. They all laughed.

“Forward No. 5!” was shouted from the other end.

“A long pull and a pull all together!” answered the men who were serving the gun.

“Hallo! That one nearly had ‘our Gentleman’s’ hat off!” said a wag addressing Pierre. “Ah! you brute!” he added as the ball hit the wheel of a gun-carriage and took off a man’s leg.

“Here, you foxes!” cried another to the militia-men who had been charged with the duty of removing the wounded, and who now crept forward, bent almost double. — “This is not quite the sauce you fancy!”

“Look at those crows!” added a third to a party of the militia who had stopped short in their horror at the sight of the man who had lost his leg.

Pierre observed that every ball that hit, and every man that fell, added to the general excitement. The soldiers’ faces grew more fierce and more eager, as lightnings play round a thunder-cloud, and as though

in defiance of that other storm that was raging around them. Pierre felt that this glow was infectious.

At ten o'clock the infantry sharpshooters, placed among the scrub in front of the battery and along the Kamenka brook, began to give way; he could see them running and carrying the wounded on their gunstocks. A general came up the mamelon, exchanged a few words with the colonel in command, shot a wrathful scowl at Pierre, and went away again, after ordering the infantry men to fire lying down, so as to expose a smaller front. There was a sharp rattle of drums in the regiment below and the line rushed forward. Pierre's attention was caught by the pale face of a young officer who was marching with them backwards, holding his sword point downwards, and looking behind him uneasily; in a minute they were lost to sight in the smoke, and Pierre only heard a confusion of cries, and the steady rattle of well-sustained firing. Then, in a few minutes, the wounded were brought out of the *mêlée* on stretchers.

In the redoubt projectiles were falling like hail, and several men were laid low; the soldiers were working with increased energy; no one heeded Pierre. Once or twice he was told to get out of the way, and the old commanding officer walked up and down from one gun to another, with his brows knit. The boy lieutenant, with flaming cheeks, was giving his orders more incisively than ever; the gunners brought up the cartridges, loaded and fired with passionate celerity and zeal. They no longer walked; they sprang about as if they



were moved by springs. The thunder cloud was close overhead. Every face seemed to flash fire and Pierre, now standing by the old colonel, felt as if the explosion was at hand; then the young lieutenant came up to the chief and saluted with his hand to the peak of his cap.

“I have the honor to inform you that there are only eight rounds left. Must we go on?”

“Grape-shot!” cried the colonel, instead of answering him; and at that moment the little lieutenant gave a cry and dropped like a bird shot on the wing.

Everything whirled and swam before Pierre’s eyes. A rain of ball was clattering on the breastwork, the men, and the guns. Pierre, who had not thought much about it hitherto, now heard nothing else. On the right some soldiers were running and shouting Hurrah! — but backwards surely, not forwards. A ball hit the earth-work close to where he was standing and made the dust fly: at the same instant a black object seemed to leap up and bury itself in something soft. The militia-men made the best of their way down the slope again.

“Grape-shot!” repeated the old commander. A sergeant in much agitation ran to him and told him, in terrified undertones, that the ammunition was all spent. He might have been a house-steward telling his master that wine had run short.

“Rascals! what are they about?” cried the officer; he looked round at Pierre; his heated face streaming with perspiration and his eyes flashing with a fever of

excitement. "Run down to the reserve and fetch up a caisson," he added furiously to one of the soldiers.

"I will go," said Pierre.

The officer did not answer, but stepped aside. "Wait — don't fire!"

The man who had been ordered to fetch up the caisson ran against Pierre.

"It is not your place, master!" he said, and he set off as fast as he could go, down the slope. Pierre ran after him, taking care to avoid the spot where the boy lieutenant was lying. Two, three, balls flew over his head and fell close to him.

"Where am I going?" he suddenly asked himself when he was within a few feet of the ammunition stores. He stopped, not knowing where to go. At the same instant a tremendous shock flung him face downwards on the ground, a sheet of flame blinded him, and a terrific shriek ending in an explosion and rattle all round him, completely stunned him. When he presently recovered his senses he was lying on the ground with his arms spread out. The caisson he had before seen had vanished; in its place the scorched grass was strewn with green boards, half-burnt up, and with rags of clothing; one horse, shaking off the remains of his shafts, started away at a gallop; his mate, mortally injured, lay whinnying piteously.

Pierre, half crazy with terror, started to his feet and ran back to the battery, as being the only place where he could find shelter from all these catastrophes. As he went he was surprised to hear no more firing, and

to find the work occupied by a number of new-comers whom he could not recognize. The colonel was leaning over the breastwork as though he were looking down at something, and a soldier, struggling in the hands of some others, was shouting for help. He had not had time to understand that the commanding officer was dead and the soldier a prisoner, when another was killed under his eyes by a bayonet thrust in the back. Indeed he had scarcely set foot in the redoubt when a man in a dark blue uniform, with a lean brown face, threw himself on him, sword in hand. Pierre instinctively dodged and seized his assailant by the neck and shoulder. It was a French officer; but he dropped his sword and took Pierre by the collar. They stood for a few seconds face to face, each looking more astonished than the other at what he had just done.

“Am I his prisoner or is he mine?” was the question in both their minds.

The Frenchman was inclined to accept the first alternative, for Pierre's powerful hand was tightening its clutch on his throat. He seemed to be trying to speak, when a ball came singing close over their heads, and Pierre almost thought it had carried off his prisoner's, he ducked it with such amazing promptitude. He himself did the same, and let go. The Frenchman, being no longer curious to settle which was the other's prize fled into the battery while Pierre made off down the hill, stumbling over the dead and wounded and fancying in his panic that they clutched at his garments.

As he got to the bottom he met a dense mass of Russians, running as if they were flying from the foe, but all rushing towards the battery. This was the attack of which Yermolow took all the credit, declaring to all who would listen to him that his good star and daring alone could have carried it through. He pretended that he had had his pockets full of crosses of St. George, which he had strewn all over the mamelon. The French, who had captured the redoubt, now in their turn fled, and the Russians pursued them with such desperate determination that it was impossible to stop them.

The prisoners were led away from the spot; among them was a wounded general who was at once surrounded by Russian officers. Hundreds of wounded, French and Russians, their faces drawn with anguish, were carried off the mamelon, or dragged themselves away. Once more Pierre went up; but those who had been his friends there were gone; he found only a heap of slain, for the most part unknown to him, though he saw the young lieutenant still in the same place by the earth-work, sunk in a heap in a pool of blood; the ruddy-faced gunner still moved convulsively, but was too far gone to be carried away. Pierre fairly took to his heels: "They must surely leave off now," he thought. "They must be horrified at what they have done." And he mechanically followed in the wake of the procession of litters which were quitting the field of action.

The sun, shrouded in the cloud of smoke, was still

high above the horizon. Away to the left, and particularly round Séménovsky, a confused mass swayed and struggled in the distance and the steady roar of cannon and musketry, far from diminishing, swelled louder and louder; it was like the wild despairing effort of a man who collects all his strength for a last furious cry.

## CHAPTER V.

THE principal scene of action had been over a space of about two versts, lying between Borodino and the advanced works held by Bagration. Beyond this radius the cavalry at Ouvarow had made a short diversion in the middle of the day, and behind Outitza Poniatowski and Touthkow had come to blows; but these were relatively trifling episodes. It was on the plain, between the village and Bagration's entrenchment, a tract of open ground almost clear of copse or brush-wood, that the real engagement was fought, and in the simplest way. The signal to begin was given on each side by the firing of above a hundred cannon. Then, as the smoke rolled down in a thick cloud, the divisions under Desaix and Compans attacked Bagration, while the Viceroy's marched on Borodino. It was about a verst\* from Bagration's position to Schevardino, where Napoleon had posted himself; and more than two, as the crow flies, from those advanced works to Borodino.

\* Two-thirds of a mile.

Napoleon could not therefore be aware of what was going on there, for the whole valley was shrouded in smoke. Desaix's men were invisible as soon as they got into the hollow and when they had disappeared they could be seen no more as the opposite slope was hidden from view. Here and there a black mass, or a few bayonets, might be seen; still, from the redoubt at Schevardino no one could be certain whether the hostile armies were moving or standing still. The slanting rays of a glorious sun lighted up Napoleon's face, and he screened his eyes with his hand to examine the defences opposite. Shouts rose now and then above the rattle of musketry, but the smoke thickened and curtained everything from view. He went down from the eminence and walked up and down, stopping now and then to listen to the artillery, and looking at the field of battle; but neither from where he stood, nor from the knoll—where he had left his generals—nor from the entrenchments, which had fallen into the hands of the French and the Russians alternately could anything that was happening be discovered. For several hours in succession, now the French came into view and now the Russians—now the infantry and now the cavalry, they seemed to surge up, to fall, struggle, jostle, and then, not knowing what to do, shouted and ran forwards or backwards. Napoleon's aides-de-camp, orderly officers and Marshals rode up every few minutes to report progress; but these reports were necessarily fictitious because, in the turmoil and fire, it was impossible to know exactly how matters stood, and because most of the aides-de-camp were

content to repeat what was told them, without going themselves to the scene of action; because, too, during the few minutes that it took them to ride back again, everything changed, and what had been true was then false. Thus, one of the Viceroy's aides-de-camp flew to tell the Emperor that Borodino was taken, that the bridge over the Kolotcha was held by the French, and to ask Napoleon whether troops should be made to cross it or no. Napoleon's commands were to form in line on the other side and wait; but even while he was giving this order, and at the very time when the aide-de-camp was leaving Borodino, the bridge had been recaptured and burnt by the Russians in the conflict with which Pierre had got mixed up at the beginning of the engagement. Another aide-de-camp came riding up, with a scared face, to say that the attack on the advanced works had been repulsed, that Compans was wounded and Davoust killed; while, in fact, the entrenchments had been recaptured by fresh troops and Davoust had only been bruised.

As the outcome of these reports, which were inevitably inaccurate by the mere force of circumstances, Napoleon made fresh arrangements, which, if they had not been anticipated by prompt action on the spot, must have come too late. The marshals and generals in command, who were nearer to the struggle than he was and who now and then exposed themselves to fire, took steps without waiting to refer to the Emperor, directed the artillery, and brought up the cavalry on this side or the infantry on that. Often, however, their

orders were only half-executed, or not heeded at all. The ranks that were ordered to advance flinched and turned tail as soon as they smelt grape-shot; those who ought to have stood firm, fled or rushed on as they saw the foe rise up before them; and the cavalry, again, would bolt off to catch the Russian fugitives. In this way two regiments of cavalry charged across the ravine of Séménovski, dashed up the hill, turned right round and pelted back again, while the infantry performed much the same feat, allowing itself to be completely carried away. Hence all the decisions necessitated by the events of the moment were taken by those in immediate command, without waiting for orders from Ney, Davoust, or Murat — much less from Napoleon. They did not hesitate, indeed, to take the responsibility, since, during the struggle a man's sole idea is to escape with his life, and in seeking his own safety he rushes forward or back, and acts under the immediate influence of his own personal excitement.

On the whole, after all, these various movements resulting from mere chance neither helped, nor even altered, the attitude of the troops. Their attacks and blows did little harm: it was the round shot and shell flying across the wide plain that brought death and wounds. As soon as the men were out of range of the cannon their leaders had them in hand, formed them into line, brought them under discipline; and, by sheer force of that discipline, led them back into the ring of iron and fire, where they again lost their presence of mind, and fled headlong, dragging one another into the stampede.



Davoust, Murat and Ney had led forward their troops under fire again and again, in enormous masses and in perfect order, but instead of seeing the enemy take to flight, as in so many previous battles, these disciplined troops turned back disbanded and panic-stricken; in vain they reformed their ranks, their numbers perceptibly dwindled. About noon Murat sent a message to Napoleon to ask for reinforcements. Napoleon was sitting at the foot of the knoll drinking punch. When the aide-de-camp came up and said the Russians could certainly be routed if his Majesty would send a reinforcement, Napoleon looked stern and astonished :

“Reinforcements?” he cried, as if he did not understand the meaning of the request, and he looked up at the handsome lad with curly hair who had been sent on the errand. “Reinforcements!” he repeated to himself in an undertone. “What more can they want of me when they have half of the army at their disposal in front of the Russian left wing which has not even an entrenchment? — Tell the King of Naples that it is not yet noon and I do not see my way on the chess-board. — Go.” The handsome young fellow sighed, and with his hand still up to his shako rode back into the fire. Napoleon rose and called Caulaincourt and Berthier, with whom he discussed various matters not relating to the battle. In the middle of the conversation Berthier’s attention was attracted by seeing a general riding a horse covered with foam, and coming towards the mamelon with his staff. This was Belliard.

He dismounted and hastening towards the Emperor explained to him, in loud and positive tones, that the reinforcements must be sent up. He swore on his honor that the Russians would be utterly cut up if the Emperor would only send forward one division. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, still walking up and down, while Belliard vehemently expressed his opinions to the generals who stood round him.

"Belliard you are too hot-headed," said Napoleon. "It is so easy to make a mistake in the thick of the fray. Go back, look again, and then return!"

Belliard had hardly disappeared when another messenger arrived from the scene of action.

"Well, what now?" said Napoleon in the tone of a man who is worried by unlooked-for difficulties.

"Your Majesty, the prince. . . ."

"Wants reinforcements I suppose?"

The aide-de-camp bowed affirmatively. Napoleon turned away, went forward a step or two, turned back and addressed Berthier.

"We must send them the reserves—what do you think? Who can we send to help that gosling I hatched into an eagle?"

"Let us send Claparède's division, Sire," replied Berthier, who knew every division, regiment and battalion by name.

The Emperor nodded approval; the aide-de-camp went off at a gallop towards Claparède's division, and a few minutes later the regiment known as the Jeune Garde (in contradistinction to the Vielle Garde) which

stood in reserve behind the mamelon, began to move forward. Napoleon stood looking at it.

“No,” he said suddenly, “I cannot send Claparède — send Friant.”

Though there was nothing to be gained by moving the second rather than the first, and in fact, the immediate result was great delay, this order was carried out exactly. Napoleon, though he little suspected it, was dealing with his army like a doctor who impedes the course of nature by the application of remedies: a method he was always ready to criticise severely in others. Friant's division was soon lost to sight in the smoke, with the rest, while aides-de-camp came in from every point of the action, as if they had conspired to make the same demand. All reported that the Russians stood firm in their positions, and were keeping up a terrific fire under which the French were fairly melting away. M. de Beausset who was still fasting went up to the Emperor who had taken a seat on a camp-stool and respectfully suggested breakfast.

“I fancy I may congratulate your Majesty on a victory?” he said.

Napoleon shook his head. M. de Beausset, thinking that this negative referred to the assumed victory, took the liberty of remarking, in a half-jesting tone, that there could be no mortal reason against their having some breakfast as soon as it might be possible.

“Go — you. . . .” Napoleon suddenly began, and he turned away.

A smile of pity and dejection was Beausset's

comment, as he left the Emperor and joined the officers.

Napoleon was going through the painful experience of a gambler who, after a long run of luck, has calculated every chance and staked handfuls of gold — and then finds himself beaten after all, just because he has played too elaborately. The troops and commanders were the same as of old; his plans well laid; his address short and vigorous; he was sure of himself, and of his experience, his genius which had ripened with years; the enemy in front was the same as at Austerlitz and Friedland; he had counted on falling on him tooth and nail — and the stroke had failed as if by magic. He was wont to see his designs crowned with success. To-day, as usual, he had concentrated his fire on a single point, had thrown forward his reserves and his cavalry — men of steel — to break through the Russian lines, — and yet Victory held aloof. From all sides came the cry for reinforcement, the news that generals were killed or wounded, that the regiments were demoralized, that it was impossible to move the Russians. On other occasions, after two or three moves, and two or three orders hastily given, aides-de-camp and marshals had come to him beaming, to announce with compliments and congratulations that whole corps had been taken prisoners, to bring in sheaves of standards and eagles taken from the foe; trains of cannon had rattled up behind them, and Murat had asked leave to charge the baggage-wagons with cavalry! This was how things had gone at Lodi,

at Marengo, at Arcola, at Jena, at Austerlitz, at Wagram. To-day something strange was in the air—the Russian advanced works, to be sure, had been taken by storm;—still he felt it, and he knew that all his staff felt it too. Every face was gloomy; each man avoided catching his neighbor's eye; and Napoleon himself knew better than any one what was the meaning of a struggle that had lasted eight hours and had not yet resulted in victory, though all his forces had been engaged. He knew that it was a drawn game, and that even now the smallest turn of fortune might, at this critical moment, involve him and his army in ruin.

As he thought over this wierd campaign in Russia—in which, during two months fighting, not a battle had been won, not a flag, not a gun, not a company of men had been captured—the dismal faces of his courtiers, and their lamentations over the obstinacy of the Russians oppressed him like a nightmare. The Russians might at any moment fall on his left wing, or break through his centre! A spent ball might even hit him! All these things were possible. He had been used to look forward to none but happy chances; to-day, on the contrary, an endless series of chances, all against him, rose before his fancy. When he heard that the left wing was, in fact, attacked by the enemy, he was panic-stricken. Berthier came up and suggested that he should ride round and judge for himself of the state of affairs.

“What? What did you say? Ah! yes, to be

sure; call for my horse . . . ." And he started towards Séménovski.

All along the road nothing was to be seen but horses and men, singly or in heaps, lying in pools of blood: neither Napoleon nor his generals had ever seen so many slain within so small a space. The hollow roar of the cannon, which had never ceased for ten hours and of which the ear was weary, made a sinister accompaniment to the scene. Having reached the height above Séménovski he could see in the distance, across the smoke, close lines of uniforms of unfamiliar colors: these were the Russians. They stood in compact masses behind the village and the knoll, and their guns still thundered unremittingly all along the line: it was not a battle; it was butchery, equally fruitless to both sides. Napoleon stopped and relapsed into the reverie from which Berthier had roused him. It was impossible to put an end to the slaughter, and yet he it was who, to the world, was the responsible authority; this first repulse brought home to him all the horror and waste of such massacres.

One of the generals ventured to suggest that the Old Guard should be sent forward; Ney and Berthier exchanged glances and smiled in contempt for so preposterous a notion. Napoleon sat in silence, with his head down.

"We are eight thousand leagues from home," he suddenly exclaimed, "and I will not have my Guards cut to pieces!" Then turning his horse, he galloped back to Schevardino.

## CHAPTER VI.

KOUTOUZOW, with his head bent and sunk all into a heap from his own weight, sat all day where Pierre had seen him in the morning, on a bench covered with a rug; he gave no orders, but merely approved or disapproved of what was suggested to him.

“That is it — yes, yes, do so,” he would say or: “Go and see, my good friend, go and see!” or, again: “That is of no use; we must wait . . . .”

But he listened to all he was told, and gave the requisite orders without seeming to take any interest in what was said, though he was in fact alive to every tone and every change of expression in the speaker. His long experience and hoary wisdom had taught him that no one man can direct the movements of a hundred thousand others, fighting for life and death. He knew that it was neither the plans of the commander, nor the placing of the troops, nor the number of guns, nor the amount of slain which decide the victory, but that imponderable force called the Spirit of the Army, which he tried to control and guide as far as possible. The calm, grave expression of his face was in startling contrast to the weakness of his aged frame.

At eleven in the forenoon a messenger came to say that the redoubt taken by the French had been recap-

jured, but that Bagration was wounded. Koutouzow exclaimed loudly and shook his head.

“Go and fetch up Prince Pierre Ivanovitch,” he said to an aide-de-camp; then turning to the Prince of Wurtemberg he said: “Would your Highness at once take the command of the first division?”

The prince rode off; but before he reached the village of Séménovski he sent back his aide-de-camp to ask for reinforcements. Koutouzow frowned; then he sent Doctourow forward to take the command, instead of the prince, whom he begged to return, as he found that he could not dispense with his advice under such serious circumstances. When he was told that Murat had been taken prisoner he smiled; his staff eagerly congratulated him.

“Wait a little, gentlemen,” he said. “Wait. The battle is certainly ours and the news that Murat is taken is not so very astonishing; but we must not crow too soon.”

However, he sent an aide-de-camp to make the fact known to the troops. Somewhat later Scherbinine arrived to tell him that the out-works at Séménovski had been taken once more by the French, and Koutouzow understood from the expression of his face, and the rumors that reached him from the scene of action, that things were going but badly. He rose and led him aside.

“My good fellow,” he said, “go and see what Yermolow is doing — and what he can do.”

Koutouzow was at Gorky, the very centre of the



Russian position; Napoleon's attack on the left had been bravely repulsed again and again by Ouvarow's cavalry, but in the centre his troops had not got beyond Borodino. By three o'clock the French had given up attacking, and Koutouzow could read acute excitement on the faces of those who came up from the field, as well as of those who remained with him. The success was far beyond his hopes, but his strength was beginning to fail; his head drooped and he kept dropping asleep. Some dinner was brought to him; while he was eating, Woltzogen came to talk to him; it was he who had said in Prince André's hearing that the war must have room to spread, and who hated Bagration. He had come by Barclay's request, to report progress as to the military operations of the left wing. The wise-acre Barclay, seeing a crowd of fugitives and wounded, while the furthest line had given way, had come to the conclusion that the battle was lost, and had sent off his favorite aide-de-camp to carry the news to Koutouzow. The commander-in-chief was mumbling a piece of roast fowl, and he looked complacently up at Woltzogen who approached with an air of indifference and a superficial smile, and saluted with affected grace; he looked as though he would convey: "I, as an experienced and distinguished soldier, may leave it to the Russians to offer incense to this useless old dotard, whom I know how to estimate at his true worth!"

"The old gentleman" — the Germans always spoke of Koutouzow as "the old gentleman" — "is making

himself comfortable!" thought Woltzogen, glancing at the plate; and he proceeded to report on the situation of the left flank as he had been desired, and as he himself had believed that he had seen it.

"All the chief points of our position are in the enemy's hands; we cannot dislodge them for lack of men. Our troops are flying and it is impossible to stop them."

Koutouzow ceased eating and looked up astonished; he seemed not to understand the words. Woltzogen saw that he was much moved and went on with a smile.

"I do not think I should be justified in concealing from your Highness what I saw. The troops are completely routed."

"You saw!—you saw that?" cried Koutouzow, starting up with a fierce frown; with his trembling hands he gesticulated threats, and almost choking, exclaimed:

"How dare you, Sir, tell me such a thing as that? You know nothing about it! Go and tell your general that it is false, and that I know the true state of things better than he does."

Woltzogen would have interrupted him, but Koutouzow went on: "The enemy's left is driven back and his right badly damaged. If you saw wrongly that is no reason to tell a falsehood. Go and tell General Barclay that I intend to renew the attack to-morrow!" No one spoke; there was not a sound but the old man's hard breathing: "He is repulsed on all sides,"

he added, "and I thank God, and our brave troops! The victory is ours, and to-morrow we will cast him forth from the sacred soil of Russia." He crossed himself and ended with a sob.

Woltzogen shrugged his shoulders and smiled sardonically. He turned on his heel, not even attempting to conceal his astonishment at "the old gentleman's" wilful blindness. At this moment another officer—a particularly pleasant-looking man came up the hill.

"Ah! here is my hero!" said Koutouzow, waving his hand to him.

This was Raïevsky. He had been all day in the hottest place in the field. His report was that the Russians were holding their own, and that the French did not dare to renew the attack.

"Then you do not think, as some others do, that we are forced to retire?" asked Koutouzow in French.

"On the contrary, Highness. In a doubtful action the side that stands steady longest is the conquerer, and in my opinion. . . ."

"Kaïssarow!" exclaimed the commander-in-chief, "make out the order of the day for me.—and you," he added to another officer, "ride down the lines and say that we attack to-morrow."

Meanwhile Woltzogen had been to Barclay and came back again, and he now said that his chief begged to have the orders he had carried confirmed by writing. Koutouzow, without even looking at him, at once had the order written out which relieved the ex-commander-in-chief of all responsibility.

By that mysterious moral intuition which is known as *Esprit de corps* Koutouzow's order of the day was communicated instantaneously to the furthest corner of the field. Not, of course, that the original words were exactly repeated; in fact the expressions given to Koutouzow were not his at all; but every one understood their purport and bearing. They were not the utterance indeed of a more or less skilful orator, but they perfectly expressed the feeling of the commander-in-chief—a sentiment that found an echo in the breast of every Russian. All these weary doubting soldiers, when they were told that they were to attack the foe on the morrow, felt that the thing they hated to believe was false; this comforted them and revived their courage.

## CHAPTER VII.

PRINCE André's regiment was one of those kept in reserve and inactive till about two o'clock, behind Sémenovski, under heavy fire. At that time when the regiment had already lost more than 200 men, it was ordered forward on to the open ground between Sémenovski and the mamelon battery. Thousands had fallen in the course of the day on this spot, on which the fire of some hundred of the enemies' guns was now steadily directed. Without stirring an inch or firing a shot the regiment was soon reduced by a third more. In front, and especially on the right, the cannon were

thundering through a wall of smoke, and throwing out a hail of shot and shell without one instant of respite. From time to time the storm passed over their heads, the projectiles singing through the air; but then, again, several men were hit in the course of a few seconds—the dead were laid aside and the wounded carried to the rear. Each explosion diminished the chances of life for the survivors. The regiment was drawn up in columns of battalions, three hundred paces in length; but, in spite of this length of line, all the men were equally, and painfully impressed. They were all gloomy and silent; at most they spoke a few words in an undertone, and even those died on their lips as each ball took effect, and as they heard their comrades calling for the hospital men.

The officers had given orders that the men should keep their ranks sitting on the ground. One was carefully tying and untying the runner in the lining of his cap; another rolling the clay into a ball, polished up his bayonet with it; a third loosened and buckled the straps of his bag; a fourth was diligently turning down his boot-tops; and pulling them on and off; some were scraping out a hollow shelter in the earth, and some aimlessly plaiting straws. They all seemed absorbed in their occupations, and when a comrade rolled over close by, wounded or dead—when the litters touched their heads—when through the rolling vapor they had a glimpse of the foe, no one took any notice; only if they saw the Russian artillery or cavalry move forward, or fancied the infantry were being marched about, they

would all shout with joy. Then, the moment after, all their attention was centred once more on trifles that had nothing to do with the drama going on around them. It was as if their moral force was exhausted, and had to be revived by a return to the details of daily life. An artillery train presently passed by; one of the horses harnessed to a caisson had got his leg caught in the traces.

“Look out there, at one of your team — take care! He will be down! Have they no eyes!” was shouted on all sides.

Again, when a poor little dog, who had come no one knew whence, rushed, terrified out of its senses, in front of the line; a ball fell close to him, and he ran off with a melancholy yelp, his tail between his legs, the whole regiment roared with laughter. But such diversions only lasted a moment, and the men, whose anxious and pallid faces seem to grow greyer and more pinched as time went on, sat there for eight hours, without food, and in the very jaws of death.

Prince André, as pale as his men, walked up and down the meadow from end to end, his head bent and his hands behind his back; everything that had to be done was carried out without any orders from him: the dead were removed, the wounded taken to the rear, and the ranks closed up. At the beginning of the day he had thought it his duty to encourage his men and walk down the ranks: but he soon saw that he could teach them nothing. All the energies of his soul, like those of every soldier there, were directed to keeping

his thoughts off from the horrors of the situation. He dragged his feet over the trampled grass, looking mechanically at the dust on his boots; now and then, taking long strides, he tried to pace the ridges left by the mower's scythe; then he would calculate how many went to a verst; or he would pull the tufts of wormwood that grew by the hedgerow, and bruise them in his fingers, and sniff the bitter wild perfume. All the thoughts of the previous evening had left no trace in his mind; in fact he was thinking of nothing, and listened wearily to the unceasing noise, always the same — the crackling of shells and musketry. Now and then he looked round at the foremost battalion: "Ah! here it comes — straight at us," he would say to himself, as he heard the sharp whistle of a ball through the smoke. "Here is another. Down it comes!—No, it has passed overhead . . . There, that one has fallen!" and then he would count his paces once more — sixteen across to the edge of the meadow.

Suddenly a ball flew past and buried itself in the earth, not five yards away. He shuddered involuntarily, and looked down the line; several men had no doubt been struck for he saw a great bustle close to the second battalion.

"Tell the men not to huddle together so much!" he said to an aide-de-camp.

The order was transmitted and the aide-de-camp came back to Prince André at the very moment when the major rode up on the other side.

"Look out!" cried a terrified soldier, and a shell

came flying down like a bird alighting on the ground, whizzing and shrieking, just at the feet of the major's horse, and not two yards from Prince André. The horse did not pause to consider whether or no it were dignified to betray his fear; he reared, neighing with alarm, and flung himself on one side, almost throwing his rider.

"Lie down!" shouted the aide-de-camp.

But Prince André stood still, doubting; the shell spun round like an enormous top, the fuse smoking and fizzing, close to a shrub of wormwood between himself and the aide-de-camp.

"Can this really mean death?" thought he, looking with a vague feeling of regret at the wormwood plant and the black whirling object. "I do not want to die — I like life, I like this earth . . . ." These were the words in his mind and yet he understood only too well what it was that he saw.

"Monsieur l'aide-de-camp," he began, "I should be ashamed . . . ."

But the sentence was never finished. There was a tremendous explosion followed by a strange clatter like that of smashing glass; a fountain of fire leapt into the air, and fell as a shower of iron; the air was full of the smell of gunpowder. Prince André was jerked forward with his arms out, and fell heavily on his face. Some officers rushed up; on his right there was a pool of blood; the militia-men were called to help, but waited behind the group of officers; Prince André lay with his face in the grass, breathing hard.



"Come on — come!" said some one. The peasants drew near and lifted him by the head and feet; he groaned — the men looked at each other and laid him down again.

"Pick him up; it must be done!" said another.

They raised him once more and got him on to a stretcher.

"Good God! what has happened? In the stomach? Then he is done for!" said the officers.

"It actually grazed my ear!" said the aide-de-camp.

The bearers went off quickly, along a path they had kept open to the ambulance in the rear.

"Take care how you go, Fédor!" said one.

"All right, — now then!" said the other falling into step.

"Excellency, — My Prince?" murmured Timokhine in a tremulous voice, running by the stretcher.

Prince André opened his eyes and looked at the speaker; then he closed them again.

Prince André was carried into the wood where the ambulance carts stood, and the hospital tents, three in number, had been pitched close to a plantation of young birches. The horses were in harness and very contentedly munching their oats, sparrows fluttered down to pick up the seeds they let drop, and crows, scenting blood, flew from tree to tree croaking impatiently. All round the tents, sat, lay, or stood men in blood-stained uniforms; the litter bearers crowded about them and could hardly be persuaded to move.

They were staring at them with downcast looks; deaf to the commands of the officers, they leaned over the wounded, wondering, as it seemed, what could be the meaning of this appalling spectacle. Inside the tents sobs of rage or pain might be heard, mingled with more plaintive groans; now and then a surgeon rushed out to fetch water, and pointed out which were to be taken in next of the wounded men who were waiting their turn — screaming, swearing, weeping, or clamoring for brandy. Some were already delirious.

Prince André, as a commanding officer, was carried through this crowd to the first tent, and his bearers paused for further orders. He opened his eyes, not understanding what was going on around him: the meadow, the wormwood shrub, the mowed field, the whirling black top, the sudden longing to live that had come over him — all recurred to his mind. Quite near him a tall and finely-built corporal was talking very loud, and attracting everybody's attention; his black eyes shone from under a bandage which half-covered them, and he was propped up against the branch of a tree; he had been wounded in the head and in the foot. He had an eager audience.

"We gave him such a dose of it," he was saying, "that he made off, leaving everything behind!"

"We took the king himself prisoner," added a man whose eyes sparkled brightly.

"Ah! if the reserves had but come up, there would not have been a man of them left, I swear!"

Prince André heard too, and felt comforted.

“But what can it matter to me now?” he thought. “What has happened to me? And why am I here? — Why am I in such despair at the idea of dying? Is there something in life after all that I have failed to understand?”

One of the surgeons, whose hands and apron were covered with blood, came out of the tent; he held a cigar between his thumb and forefinger. He looked up and away, over the heads of the wounded men; it was evident that he desperately wanted a moment of breathing time; but he almost immediately looked down at the scene at hand. He sighed and half-closed his eyes.

“In a minute,” he replied to an assistant who pointed out Prince André, and he had him carried into the tent.

There was a murmur among the rest of the victims.

“Why, you might fancy these gentlemen were the only folks that have a right to live, even in the other world!”

Prince André was laid on an operating table that had but just been cleared; a surgeon was sponging it down. The prince could not clearly make out who was in the tent. The cries and moans on one hand, and the agonizing pain he felt in his back, paralyzed his faculties. Everything was mixed up in his mind into one single impression of naked, blood-stained flesh, filling the low tent; and that, again, was one with the scene he had witnessed, that scorching August day, in the pool on the Smolensk road. Yes, it was

this very "*chair à canon*" which had then filled him with sickening and prophetic horror.

There were three tables in the tent; Prince André was placed on one of them and left to himself for a few minutes, during which he was at leisure to look at the other two. On the nearest, a Tartar was sitting up — a Cossack it seemed from the uniform that lay near him. Four soldiers were holding him, while a doctor in spectacles was probing under the swarthy skin of his muscular back.

"Oh!" roared the Tartar, and suddenly raising his tanned face, with its wide forehead and flat nose, he gave a piercing yell and flung himself from side to side to shake off the men who held him.

The further table was surrounded with people. A tall, strongly-built man was stretched upon it, his head thrown back; there was something familiar to Prince André in the color of his curling hair, and the shape of his head. Several hospital attendants were leaning on him, with all their weight to keep him from stirring. One leg — fat and white — was constantly twitching with a convulsive movement, and his whole body shook with violent and choking sobs. Two surgeons, one quite pale and tremulous, were busy over his other leg.

Having finished operating on the Tartar, who was cowered up in his cloak, the surgeon in spectacles rubbed his hands and came across to Prince André; he glanced at him and turned away.

"Take his clothes off! What are you thinking of?" he exclaimed angrily to one of his assistants.

When Prince André felt himself in the hands of the attendant who, with his sleeves turned back, hastily unbuttoned his uniform all the memories of his childhood suddenly flashed upon his mind. The surgeon bent down examined his wound, and sighed deeply; then he called another to help him, and the next instant Prince André lost consciousness from the intense agony he suddenly felt. When he came to himself the pieces of his broken ribs, with the torn flesh still clinging to them, had been extracted from his wound, and it had been dressed. He opened his eyes; the doctor bent over him, kissed him silently, and went away without looking back at him.

After that fearful torture a feeling of indescribable comfort came over him. His fancy reverted to the happiest days of his infancy, especially to those hours when, after he had been undressed and put into his little bed, his old nurse had sung him to sleep. He was glad to be alive — that past seemed to have become the present. The surgeons were still busy over the man he had fancied he recognized; they were supporting him in their arms and trying to soothe him.

“Show it me — show it me!” he said; fairly crying with pain.

Prince André as he heard him felt ready to cry too. Was it because he was dying inglorious, or because he regretted life? Was it by reason of these memories of his childhood? Or because he had suffered so acutely himself that tears of pity rose to his eyes when he saw others suffer?

They showed the other man his amputated leg, with the blood-stained boot still on it.

“ Oh !” he exclaimed, and wept as bitterly as a woman.

Just then the doctor moved, and Prince André could see that the miserable creature who lay sobbing and exhausted by his side, was Anatole Kouraguine.

“ What — he ?” said he to himself, as he looked at him ; a hospital servant was lifting him, and holding a glass of water to the swollen and quivering lips that could not close on the rim. “ Yes, certainly it is he — that man, so close to me that I could almost touch him, is bound to me by some painful association — but what is it ?” He asked himself, but could find no reply, till suddenly, like a vision from an ideal world of love and purity, Natacha seemed to stand before him ; Natacha as he had first seen her at the ball in 1810, with her thin bust and arms, and her radiant, half-scared, enthusiastic face — and his own love and tenderness woke up, deeper, warmer than ever. Now he knew what the link was between himself and the man whose eyes, red and dim with tears, were fixed on him. Prince André remembered everything, and tender pitifulness rose up in his heart which was full of peace. He could not control those tears of compassion and charity which flowed for all humanity, for himself, for his own weakness, and for that of this hapless creature. “ Yes,” said he to himself. “ This is the pity, the charity, the love of my neighbor, the love of those that hate us as well as of those who love us, which God

preached on earth, and which Marie used to talk about, — but I did not understand it then. This was what I had yet to learn in this life and what makes me regret it. But now, I feel, it comes too late !”

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE terrible sight of the battle-field strewn with corpses and wounded men, the crushing responsibility that weighed upon him, the news that reached him every few minutes of so many generals being killed or severely wounded, together with the loss of his prestige, all made an extraordinary impression on the Emperor Napoleon. He, who was usually glad to look on the dead and dying, and fancied that his callousness was a proof of his magnanimity and fortitude, felt morally defeated; and he hastened to quit the field of battle and return to Schevardino. His face was yellow and puffy, his eyes bloodshot, and his voice hoarse;—seated on his camp-stool he could not help listening to the noise of the guns, but he did not raise his eyes. He was awaiting with agonized impatience the end of this business in which he had been the prime mover, and which he now was impotent to stay. For a moment, a natural and human impulse had risen superior to the mirage which had so long bewitched him, and for once he brought home to himself the keen apprehension of suffering that had come over him on the battle-field.

He thought of the contingency for himself of death and anguish, and he ceased to long for Moscow, for glory, for conquest, he sighed but for one thing: rest, quiet, liberty. Nevertheless, when he had reached the height above Séménovski, and the general in command of the artillery proposed to bring up a few batteries to support the firing on the Russian troops drawn up in compact masses in front of Kniaskow, he had agreed at once, and desired to be informed of the result. Not long after an aide-de-camp came to tell him that two hundred cannon had been turned on the Russians, but that they held their own: "Our fire mows them down in rows and they do not stir!"

"Do they want any more?" said Napoleon huskily.

"Sire? . . . ." said the aide-de-camp, who had not heard.

"Do they want any more?" repeated Napoleon. "Well, if they do, give it them."—And so he came back into the false world of Chimaeras that he had created for himself, and resumed the painful, cruel and inhuman part that he was destined to fill.

This man, who was no doubt more directly responsible than any one else for the events of his time, was, till his dying day, disabled by his darkened intellect and conscience, from understanding the real bearing of the acts he committed, opposed as they were to the eternal laws of truth and right; and as half the world approved of these acts, he could not repudiate them without being illogical. To-day was not the first time



that he had felt a secret satisfaction at comparing the number of Russian corpses with the French; it was not the first time that he had written to Paris that the field of battle was a glorious sight.— Why should he say this? Because there were 50,000 dead lying there; and even at St. Helena, where he spent his leisure in recording his past achievements, he could dictate as follows :

“The war with Russia ought to have been the most popular war of modern times: it was on the side of good sense and sound interests, of the peace and security of Europe; it was purely pacificatory and conservative.

“It was, for the great cause, the end of hap-hazard and the beginning of security. A new horizon and new scenes were about to unfold themselves, bright with ease and prosperity for all. The European system was actually established; all that was wanting was to organize it.

“I myself, satisfied on these great questions and tranquil on all sides, I, too, should have had my Congress and my Holy Alliance. Those ideas were stolen from me. In that great council of sovereigns we should have discussed matters as family interests, and settled accounts with the nations with a high hand.

“In this way Europe would soon have been but one people, and every one, travel where he might, would have still been in the common fatherland. I should have insisted on all the navigable rivers being

free to all, on common rights in all seas, and on the great standing armies being reduced merely to an efficient guard for the various sovereigns.

“On my return home, having made France great, strong, magnificent, glorious and tranquil, I should have defined her immutable frontier; thenceforth every war would have been purely defensive, and all aggrandizement would have been regarded as anti-national. I should have made my son the partner of my throne; my dictatorship would have been at an end; his constitutional sovereignty would have begun. Paris would have been the capital of the world, and France the envy of all nations.

“Then my leisure and old age would have been dedicated during my son’s apprenticeship to making a tour with the Empress — driving our own horses and taking our time like a country couple — visiting all the nooks of Europe, receiving petitions, redressing wrongs, sowing good seed wherever we went, and founding monumental benefactions.”

Yes, he — the torturer of the nations, foreordained by Heaven to fill that part — racked his brain to prove that his sole aim had been to do them good, that he could control the destinies of millions and load them with benefits by his arbitrary volition!

“Of 400,000 men who crossed the Vistula,” he wrote, “half were Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Poles, Bavarians, Wurtembergers, Mecklenburgers, Spaniards,

Italians, and Neapolitans. The Imperial army, properly speaking, contained about one-third of Dutch, Belgians, Rhinelanders, Piemontese, Swiss, Genevese, Tuscans, Romans, natives of the 32nd military district, of Bremen, Hamburg, etc.; there were hardly 140,000 men who spoke French. The invasion of Russia cost France itself less than 50,000; the Russian army lost four times as many men as the French army, in the course of the retreat, and various actions between Vilna and Moscow; the burning of Moscow cost the lives of 100,000 Russians who perished of cold and misery in the forests; and then, in the march from Moscow to the Oder, the Russian army also suffered from the severity of the season. Only 50,000 men reached Vilna, and less than 18,000 got as far as Kalisch."

So he really believed that the war in Russia had depended solely on his will and pleasure, and yet the horrors of the accomplished fact caused him no pang of remorse!

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Heaps of men in every variety of uniform were lying in confusion, tens of thousands of them, in the fields and meadows belonging to M. Davydow and the crown serfs. On those fields and meadows, for hundreds of years the peasants of the neighborhood had pastured their beasts and harvested their crops. Near the ambulance tents, for about a dessiatine\* the ground and grass were soaked in blood; crowds of soldiers, some

\* Nearly three acres.

sound and some wounded, and of different arms, were making their weary way in terror towards Mojaïsk or Valouïew; others, hungry and worn out with fatigue, mechanically formed in line and followed their officers; while others again stayed on where they had been posted and went on firing. Over the field where, a few hours since, all had looked bright and smiling, where bayonets had glittered and the iridescent mists of morning had veiled the scene, there now hung a dense fog made heavy by smoke and exhaling a strange reek of powder and blood. Black clouds had gathered overhead, a fine drizzle was bedewing the dead, the wounded and the utterly weary. It seemed to be saying to them: "Enough, enough, hapless wretches! Bethink yourselves. — What are you doing?" Then a thought seemed to dawn in the minds of the poor creatures, and they began to ask themselves whether they were to go on with this butchery. The idea did not, however, gain ground till the evening; till then, though the struggle was drawing to a close, and the men felt all the horror of their position, a mysterious and inexplicable impulse had guided the hand of the gunner who had survived of the three told off to serve each cannon; and who stood faithful, though covered with sweat, powder and blood. He alone carried the cartridges, loaded the gun, aimed it, and lighted the slow match! — The balls met and crossed, carried death to numberless victims, and still the fearful work went on, the outcome, not of any human will, but of the Will which governs men and worlds.

Any one looking on at the fast dispersing French and Russian armies, might have thought that a very slight effort on the part of one or the other would have sufficed to annihilate the foe. But neither side made that last effort, and the battle died away by degrees. The Russians did not take up the offensive because, having been collected on the road to Moscow, from the first, and charged to defend it, they stayed there till the end. Indeed, if they had decided on attacking the French the disorder of their ranks would not have admitted of it, for even without quitting their position they had lost half their numbers. The effort could only have been possible — or perhaps indeed easy — to the French, who were kept up by the traditions of fifteen years of success under Napoleon, by their confidence of victory, the comparative smallness of their loss—not more than a quarter of the whole efficient force — the knowledge that behind them lay a reserve of more than 20,000 fresh troops, besides the guards who had not charged, and their wrath at having failed to dislodge the enemy from his positions. Historians have said that Napoleon might have decided the day in his favor if only he had brought up the "*Vieille Garde*;" but to say this is to assume that winter may suddenly become spring. The failure cannot be imputed to Napoleon. Every man, from the commander-in-chief to the humblest private, knew that such an effort was out of the question; in point of fact the spirit of the French army was thoroughly quelled by this formidable foe, who, after losing half his force, was as resolute at last as at first.

The victory, won by the Russians was not indeed one of those which are bedizened with those rags nailed to a pole which are dignified as flags, or which derive their splendor from extent of conquest; but it was one of those triumphs which carry home to the soul of the aggressor a two-fold conviction of his adversary's moral superiority and of his own weakness. The invading army, like some wild beast broken loose, had been mortally wounded; it was consciously rushing on to ruin; but the first impetus had been given, and now, come what might it must reach Moscow. The Russian army, on the other hand, though twice as weak, was no less inexorably impelled to resist. At Moscow, still bleeding from the wounds inflicted at Borodino, these efforts were to lead inevitably to Napoleon's flight — to his retreat by the way by which he had come, to the almost total destruction of the 500,000 men who had followed him, and to the annihilation of his personal influence, overpowered as it was, even at Borodino, by an adversary whose moral force was so far superior.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE human intellect is incapable of understanding *à priori* the idea of unceasing movement in a body; it can only apprehend it when it is at leisure to analyze the component factors and study them separately; at the same time, it is this subdivision into definite units

which gives rise to many errors. For instance, a well-known sophism of the ancients tended to prove that Achilles could never overtake a tortoise crawling in front of him even though he walked ten times as fast as the animal; for, every time Achilles should have picked up the distance between them, the tortoise would have got ahead by a tenth of the space; and when Achilles had covered that tenth the tortoise would again have gained a hundredth, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The ancients regarded this as an unanswerable dilemma; its absurdity lies in the fact that the progress of Achilles and the tortoise is calculated on units with stoppage between, while it is in fact continuous.

By assuming the minutest units of any given motion as a basis of calculation we may constantly approach a solution without ever reaching it; it is only by admitting infinitesimal quantities and their progression up to a tenth, and adopting the total of this geometrical progression that we can attain the desired result. The modern science of the value of the infinitesimal solves questions which of old were regarded as insoluble. By admitting these infinitesimals it restores motion to its primary condition of inherent perpetuity, and so corrects the errors which the human mind is led to commit by regarding the separate units of motion instead of motion as a whole.

In our search for the laws of history the same rule must be observed. The onward march of humanity, while it is the sum total of an infinite multitude of in-

dividual wills, is nevertheless uninterrupted; the study of these laws is the object of history, and in order to account for those which govern the sum of the wills causing that uninterrupted movement, the human mind admits the theory of independent and separate wills. The first process in history is to take at random a series of successive events, and then to examine them apart from all others; but, in fact, there can be no beginning to them and no end, since each event is the necessary outcome of that which preceded it. In the second place, history studies the actions of a single man — a king or a general — and accepts them as the result of the wills of all men, while this result is never summed up in the actions of a single man, however lofty his position. However minute the units may be which the historian takes into account with a view to getting as near as possible to the truth, we cannot but feel that by isolating them, by assuming an independent cause for each phenomenon, and by supposing that human wills can find their expression in the acts of one single historic personage, he remains in error.

No such historical conclusion can bear the scalpel of criticism, because criticism selects a more or less extensive general view of facts — as it has a perfect right to do. It is only by studying the differential quantities in history, together with the homogeneous currents that carry men onwards, and then finding the integer, that we can ever hope to master its laws.

The first fifteen years of the present century exhibit



an unwonted stir among many millions of men. They are seen to quit their avocations, to rush from one side of Europe to the other, to plunder and kill each other, to triumph for a while, and then in their turn be beaten. During this period all the course of daily life undergoes a complete change, till suddenly this ferment, which at one time seemed as though it must go on increasing, utterly subsides. "What was the cause of this phenomenon? What laws did it follow?" are the questions asked by human reason.

By way of a reply, historians narrate the deeds or report the speeches of a few score of men in a building in the city of Paris; to these acts and speeches they give the name of the Revolution; they next give us an elaborate biography of Napoleon Bonaparte, and of certain other persons who became his friends or his foes; they tell us of the influence these personages exercised on each other, and then they say: "These are the causes of the movement; these were its laws." But human reason refuses to accept such an explanation; nay, it pronounces it faulty, because the cause is obviously inadequate to the effect produced. It is the sum of human energy which entailed the Revolution and Napoleon, as it was that which maintained them, and overthrew them.

"Where there is conquest," says the historian, "there is a conqueror, and every subversion of an empire brings forth great men." — Very true, — answers human reason, — but this does not prove that conquerors are the cause of war, or that the laws which

govern war lie in the power of individual action. Whenever the hand of my watch points to X, I hear the neighboring clocks strike; but I should not therefore infer that the hand of my watch tolls the bell of the church clock. Again, when I see a steam locomotive in motion, I hear it whistle, I see the valves open and shut, and the wheels go round; but I do not conclude that the whistle and the valve make the engine move on. Country people will tell you that at the end of spring a cold wind blows because the oaks are budding; now, though I do not know why the cold wind blows, I cannot agree with the peasants in ascribing it to the budding of the oak-trees. All I find in these phenomena, as in all others, is a concurrence of conditions; and I may study the hand of the watch, or the valve of the engine, or the buds of the oak as long as I live, without discovering the cause of the chimes, of the motion, or of the cold wind. To ascertain these I must altogether change my point of view, and study the laws of steam, of acoustics, and of meteorology! The historian must do likewise — indeed attempts have been made in this direction — and instead of studying only kings and emperors, ministers and generals, must take into account the homogeneous elements and infinitesimal differentials which influence the masses. No one can foresee the degree of truth he may attain by following this method; it is certainly the only right one, and hitherto the human intellect has not given to it the millionth part of the pains it has devoted to the description of sovereigns, warriors and ministers, and

the analysis of the combinations their deeds have suggested.

The united forces of European nations had thrown themselves on Russia; the Russian army and population retired before them, avoiding a collision, from the frontier to Smolensk, from Smolensk to Borodino, and the French troops bore on for Moscow with a momentum of increasing ratio, as a body dropped from a height falls more quickly as it approaches the earth. Behind them lay thousands of versts of devastated and hostile country. Every soldier in Napoleon's army felt and obeyed the impetus that pushed him forward. Among the Russians, the more decisive the retreat became the more did their hatred of the invader increase and rankle in every heart. We have seen the terrific collision between the two hostile forces that took place at Borodino. Still, neither yielded; and after that conflict the Russians continued their retreat as inevitably as a ball which, in its flight through the air, has struck against another.

The Russians withdrew to a hundred and twenty versts behind Moscow; the French entered the capital, and halting there as a wild beast squats to lick its wounds when driven into a corner, they spent five weeks without offering battle, to fly afterwards, without any reason, home by the road by which they came. They crowded the road to Kalouga, and in spite of a victory at Malo-Yaroslavetz made the best of their way back to Smolensk, Vilna, the Bérésina and so on.

By sunset on the 7th of September Koutouzow and the Russian army were convinced that the battle of Borodino was a victory for them. The commander-in-chief announced it to the Czar, and issued orders to the troops to hold themselves in readiness for another action, which should finally crush the enemy; but in the course of the evening and next day reports came in of losses that had not been suspected. The army was diminished by half, and a second engagement out of the question. How could they think of fighting again before they had even received complete information, rescued the wounded, carried off the dead, appointed fresh officers and given the men time to breathe and to eat? Meanwhile the French, propelled by that fatal momentum, were driving them back. Koutouzow eagerly desired to renew the struggle on the morrow; but something more than the wish was necessary. It had to be possible, and it was absolutely impossible. On the contrary, a retreat was indispensable;—from day to day, from stage to stage till the army arrived under the walls of Moscow, and then it was compelled by circumstances to retire even further, notwithstanding the vehement feeling against it which was seething in the ranks. Thus Moscow fell into the hands of the foe.

Those who fancy that the plan of a campaign, or of an engagement, is elaborated by the generals in the silence of a study, forget or misunderstand the inevitable conditions under which a commander-in-chief carries on his operations. These are not in the least as we

imagine them ; we suppose him to be engaged in working out a campaign on a map of this or that district, with a known number of troops on each side, on familiar ground, and planning every movement at leisure. The commander-in-chief never enjoys such opportunities. Surrounded by conflicting interests, anxieties, orders, threats, schemes and advice — a perpetual hum on every side — though he may be well aware of the gravity of events, he cannot possibly control them to carry out his plans.

Military writers tell us quite seriously that Koutouzow ought to have got his troops on the Kalouga road before they had marched so far as the village of Fili ; and that such a scheme was actually suggested to him ; but they overlook the fact that a commander-in-chief has, in such critical junctures, ten or a dozen schemes proposed to him, each based on theoretical tactics and strategy, and all diametrically dissimilar. It might seem, no doubt, that his task would be to select one among them ; but even that becomes impossible, for time and events do not stand still. Supposing for instance that on the 9th it is suggested to Koutouzow that he should get the troops together on the Kalouga road, while, at the same time an aide-de-camp comes up from Miloradovitch to enquire whether he is to attack the French or to retire ; he must answer at once, and if he orders the attack, that takes him away from the high-road. The commissariat officers ask him where the stores are to be sent ; the head of the hospital department wants to know which way the

wounded are to go; a courier rushes in from St. Petersburg with a letter from the Czar refusing to admit the possibility of abandoning Moscow, while a rival — for every commander-in-chief has rivals — comes to submit to him a scheme exactly the contrary of that which he has decided on. Add to this external pressure the minor facts that the commander-in-chief is in need of rest and sleep to recruit his exhausted strength; that he has to attend to the complaint of a general who considers himself slighted — to the petitions of the residents who think they are being abandoned to their fate — to the report of an officer who has been sent to inspect the neighborhood and who exactly contradicts the last account — while a spy, a prisoner, and another officer give him various pictures of the enemy's position — and the reader may understand that those who fancy that at Fili, within five versts of the capital, Koutouzow was free to decide as to the defence or loss of Moscow, are utterly mistaken.

When was the question really settled? Why, at Drissa, Smolensk, and irrevocably, at last, at Schevardino on the 5th of September, and at Borodino on the 7th. After that every day, every hour, every minute of the retreat sealed the fate of the Capital.

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN Yermolow, who had been sent by Koutouzow to study the position, came back to tell him that it was vain to make a stand under the walls of Moscow, the commander-in-chief gazed at him in silence.

“Give me your hand,” he said presently, and he felt his pulse. “You are ill, my friend; think of what you are saying.—” For he could not acknowledge the necessity of withdrawing beyond this point without another engagement.

Koutouzow got out of his carriage on the hill of Poklonnaïa, six versts from the Dorogomilow gate of the city, and seated himself on a bench; a crowd of officers gathered round him, among them Count Rostoptchine who had just arrived from Moscow. This brilliant party divided into several knots, discussing the advantages and disadvantages of their position, the situation of the troops, the various plans proposed, and the temper of the Muscovites. All were well aware that it was in fact a council of war, though it was not called so. The conversation was confined to generalities; private news was exchanged in an undertone; not a jest, not a smile relaxed these anxious faces, and each one was evidently striving to be equal to the situation. The general-in-chief listened to all the opinions put forward, questioned this one and that one, but took no

part in the discussion, and expressed no views of his own. Now and then, after listening to some speaker, he turned away, disappointed at not hearing what he had hoped to hear. Some were talking over the position now chosen, some not merely criticising the choice, but abusing the choosers; a third opined that the mistake lay further back, that an action should have been risked two days since; while a fourth was giving an account of the battle of Salamanca, of which the details had just come to hand through a Frenchman, named Crossart.

This Frenchman, who wore a Spanish uniform, was present with a German prince in the Russian service, and in anticipation of the possible defense of Moscow was describing, at some length, all the vicissitudes of the siege of Saragossa. Count Rostoptchine declared that he and the militia were ready to die under the walls of the ancient capital, and he could not help regretting the obscure inaction to which they had been left; he added that if he could have foreseen the turn affairs had taken he would have acted differently. Some of these gentlemen, making a parade of their deep-laid strategical plots, argued over the direction in which the troops ought to move; the greater number however talked mere nonsense. From all he heard, Koutouzow could draw but one conclusion: namely, that it was impossible to hold Moscow. An order to make a stand and give battle would only have led to dire disorder; for not only did the generals regard the position as untenable, but they had already begun to consider



the possibility and consequences of a further retreat, and this feeling pervaded the whole army. While almost all had abandoned the idea, Benningsen, to be sure, continued to favor it; but the question itself had ceased to be the real point — it was no more than a pretext for discussion and intrigue. Koutouzow quite understood this, and estimated at its true value the patriotic feeling of which Benningsen made a display with a persistency calculated to provoke the commander-in-chief to the last degree. In case of failure the blame would recoil on him, Koutouzow, for having led his army without a fight, as far as the Sparrow hills; or, in the event of his refusing to carry out Benningsen's scheme, that officer would wash his hands of the crime of abandoning Moscow.

But all these intrigues were not prominent in the old man's mind; another and far more sinister problem rose before him, to which no answer had suggested itself: "Am I, in fact, responsible for Napoleon's advance to the very gates of Moscow? Which of my movements can have led to such a result?" he asked himself a hundred times. "Was it last evening, when I sent to desire Platow to retire — or the day before, when I was half asleep, and told Benningsen to act as he thought best? — Well, Moscow must be left to its fate, the army must retreat, we can but submit!" And he felt it equally terrible to have to pronounce this decision or to have to resign his authority; for he not only loved power which he was accustomed to wield, but he firmly believed himself destined to be the de-

liverer of his country; indeed was not this what the country had expected of him when it insisted on his being appointed, in opposition to the wishes of the Czar? He believed that he alone could command the army in these critical circumstances, that he alone could face the invincible conqueror without a qualm, — but now a decisive step must be taken; at any rate the empty babble of these gentlemen must be put an end to. He called the seniors to him and said:

“For good or for evil I must trust my own judgment —” he got into his carriage and returned to Fili.

A council of war was held at two o'clock in the more roomy of two cottages belonging to a man named André Sévastianow. A crowd of peasants, women, and no end of children stood round the door of the other cottage; only the proprietor's little daughter Malacha, a child of six, on whom his Highness had bestowed a kiss and a lump of sugar, had stayed in the big room, perched above the stove and staring with shy curiosity at the uniforms and orders of the staff-officers who came in one by one, and seated themselves under the Holy Images. “The Grandfather,” as Malacha called Koutouzow, was sitting apart in a dark corner by the stove. He was huddled together in his camp-chair and working off his irritation in muttered exclamations, nervously tugging at the collar of his uniform, which seemed to throttle him though it was open at the throat. He shook hands with some of those who came in, and bowed to others. Kaïssarow

was about to open the curtain of the window facing his chief, but an impatient gesture warned him that Koutouzow wished to sit in the half-light, so that his features might not be too plainly visible. So many officers gathered round the deal table spread with plans, maps, paper and pencils, that the orderlies had to bring in another bench, on which the last comers took their seat: Yermolow, Kaissarow and Toll. The place of honor, exactly under the images was filled by Barclay de Tolly, wearing the cross of St. George. His pale, sickly face, with a wide forehead that was all the more conspicuous from being bald, betrayed the ravages of a fever of which the ague fit was at this moment making him shiver. Ouvarow, who sat by him, was telling him something in a low voice with jerky gesticulation; no one indeed spoke above his breath. Doctourow, a short fat man with his hands folded over his stomach, was listening eagerly. Facing him sat Count Ostermann-Tolstoï, his elbow on the table and his head on his hand — a handsome head with large features and bright eyes — lost in thought. Raïevsky, as usual, kept combing his black hair over his temples with his fingers and twisting it into ringlets, while he glanced impatiently now at Koutouzow, and now at the door. Konovnitzine's charming and interesting face was lighted up by a pleasant smile; he had caught Malacha's eye and was amusing himself by making little signs to her, to which she shyly replied.

They were waiting for Benningsen, who, under pretence of reconnoitring the position once more, was in

fact taking his time over a capital dinner ; thus they spent two hours, from four till six, chatting in undertones, without coming to any determination.

When Benningsen at last made his appearance Koutouzow went up to the table, but still so as to avoid placing himself in the full light of the candles which had just been lighted. Benningsen opened the proceedings by formally proposing this question :

“ Are we to abandon without a struggle the ancient and holy capital of Russia, or are we to defend it ? ”

There was a long and breathless silence. Every brow was knit, every eye turned on Koutouzow, who, frowning too, was clearing his throat and trying to speak without betraying his agitation. Malacha, too, was watching him.

“ The old and holy capital of Russia ! ” he suddenly exclaimed loudly and angrily, emphasizing the words so as to accentuate their fallacious plausibility. “ Allow me to remind your Excellency that the phrase conveys absolutely no meaning to Russian hearts. This is not the way to formulate the question which I have invited these gentlemen here to discuss. It is simply a military problem, to be stated as follows : Since the safety of the country depends on the army, is it more advantageous to risk its destruction and the loss of Moscow by fighting a pitched battle, or to withdraw without resistance and leave the city to its fate ? That is the point on which I ask your counsel. ”

Discussion at once recommenced ; Benningsen who would not take a beating, sided with Barclay, who

thought that it was impossible to hold Fili; he consequently proposed that during the night the Russian right should be marched across to strengthen the left, and then attack the enemy's right. On this point votes were divided and the *pros* and *cons* were warmly argued; Yermolow, Doctourow, and Raïevsky supported Benningsen. Was it that they thought some sacrifice must be made before Moscow was abandoned, or had they other and personal ends in view? They did not seem to understand that their combination could no longer check the fatal march of events. Moscow was, to all intents, already abandoned. The other officers saw it clearly, and only debated as to the line to be taken by the retreating army.

Malacha, looking on, wide eyed, understood the matter quite differently; She thought that "the grandfather" and "the long-coat" as she called Benningsen in her own mind were having a quarrel. She saw that they were certainly irritating each other, and at the bottom of her little heart she was sure that "the grandfather" was right; she caught his keen and cunning glance on its way to Benningsen, and was charmed to see the old man set his antagonist down. Benningsen reddened and walked across the room; Koutou-zow's words, though calm and few, expressed entire disapproval.

"I could not possibly adopt the count's plan, gentlemen. To change the disposition of an army in the immediate proximity of the enemy is always a dangerous manœuvre; History proves it. Thus, for instance," he

paused as if to recall some facts, and then, with a look of affected candor straight into Benningsen's face he went on — “for instance, at the battle of Friedland — which, as you no doubt remember, count, went against us — the disaster was due to precisely such a change.” A silence, lasting perhaps a minute but which seemed never ending, weighed on the meeting. Presently the discussion began again, but it was fragmentary; the subject was practically exhausted.

Koutouzow suddenly sighed deeply; the others understanding that he was about to speak turned to listen.

“Well, gentlemen, I see that I must take it on my own shoulders. I have listened to every one's opinion; I know that some of you will never agree with me; nevertheless . . .” and he rose — “in virtue of the power placed in my hands by the Czar and my country, I command that we shall retreat.”

The meeting broke up in solemn silence; it might have been a mass for the dead. Malacha, who had long since been due at supper, crept carefully down backwards from her perch, placing her little bare feet on the projections of the stove; then, gliding almost between the officers' legs, she vanished through the half-open door.

Koutouzow remained a long time with his elbows on the table, thinking over this cruel dilemma; wondering again how and when the loss of Moscow had become inevitable, and to whom it could be imputed.

“I did not expect it to come to this,” he said to

Schneider, the aide-de-camp who came in to see him late at night. "I never could have believed it possible!"

"You must get some rest, Highness," said the aide-de-camp.

"Well, we shall see! I will make them eat horse-flesh yet, as I did the Turks," cried Koutouzow, thumping the table with his fist. "They shall eat it, they shall eat it!" he repeated.

In contrast to Koutouzow, and to digress to a far more serious catastrophe than the retreat of the army: — the desertion and burning of Moscow — Count Rostoptchine is generally and very unjustly regarded as responsible for it. All Russia — animated at this day by the spirit which then stirred our forefathers — might have prophesied these events which, after Borodino were inevitable.

At Smolensk, and in every town and village in the empire, the same spirit prevailed as at Moscow, though they did not come within the influence of Count Rostoptchine and his proclamations. The whole nation simply sat waiting for the enemy with stolid indifference, without excitement or disorder of any kind. They awaited him calmly, feeling that when the time came they should act as duty required. As soon as the enemy was known to be near the well-to-do classes withdrew, carrying with them all that they could, and the poor burnt and destroyed what was left. A conviction that it was the finger of fate, and that this was and must ever be the course of

events, was, and still is, deeply rooted in every Russian heart. This conviction — nay, I may say a prophetic certainty that Moscow would be taken, pervaded every grade of society in the town. Those who left in July and August, abandoning their homes and half their possessions, proved that this was so, for they acted under the influence of that latent patriotism which finds no utterance in speeches, or in sacrificing our children for our country's good, or in other actions contrary to human nature, but which is expressed simply and unpretentiously, and so leads to great results.

“It is disgraceful,” said Count Rostoptchine's addresses, “to fly before danger; only cowards will desert Moscow!” and nevertheless they fled, in spite of being stigmatized as cowards. They fled because they felt that it was to be. Rostoptchine had not frightened them with tales of the horrors committed by Napoleon in the countries he had conquered. They knew very well that Berlin and Vienna had not suffered, but that during the French occupation those capitals had been gay with the fascinating conquerors who had bewitched the men, and even the women of Russia. They fled because, as Russians, they could not remain under French supremacy — good or bad; they could not accept the fact. They fled without dreaming that there was any magnanimity in leaving a splendid and wealthy city to be burnt and plundered — as they knew it certainly would be at once — for it is only too true that to abstain from burning and plundering forsaken homes is a virtue quite out of the ken of the Russian populace.



Hence a great lady, who in the month of June moved away from Moscow with her negro servants and her buffoons to take refuge on her estate near Saratow, in spite of the risk of being arrested by Rostoptchine's orders, was instinctively determined never to be Napoleon's subject, and in our opinion she was really and truly helping in the great work of saving the country.

Count Rostoptchine, on the contrary — who blamed the fugitives, and sent the courts of justice to sit out of town; who served out bad weapons to tipsy brawlers; who ordered a procession one day, and forbid it the next; who seized all the private carriages and carts; who announced that he would set Moscow in flames and his own house first, and an hour after contradicted himself; who appealed to the inhabitants to seize all spies, and then abused them for doing so; who drove out all the French and left Mme. Aubers-Chalmé, whose house was the great meeting-place for the French colony in Moscow; who without a shadow of a reason, exiled Klutcharew the worthy old head of the post-office; who assembled a mob on the Three Hills, as he said to repel the enemy, and then, to get rid of them handed over a man to their fury; who declared that he should not survive the overthrow of Moscow, and sneaked away by a back staircase, humming a contemptible French verse\* to divert suspicion from him-

\* Je suis par naissance Tartare  
 Je voulus devenir Romain:  
 Les Français m'appellent Barbare,  
 Et les Russes Georges Dandin.\*\*

\*\* I was born a Tartar, I wanted to become a Roman. The French call me a barbarian and the Russians call me Georges Dandin (a noodle).

self. — Such a man had no conception of the moral strength underlying the events going forward under his eyes. His one idea was to act independently, to startle the world by some heroic stroke of patriotism, and he laughed like a mischievous boy at the desertion and burning of Moscow, while he tried to promote or to check, with his puny arm, the irresistible current of national feeling which bore him, like others, down on its tide.

## CHAPTER XI.

HELEN, when she returned with the court from Vilna, found herself in a delicate position. At St. Petersburg she rejoiced in the protection of a magnate holding one of the most important offices of State ; but at Vilna she had made friends with a young foreign prince, and as the two gentlemen each claimed her particular favor her business was to solve the difficult problem of how to keep up both intimacies without offending either rival. However, what would have seemed perplexing, if not impossible to any other woman, she accomplished without a moment's hesitation ; instead of concealing facts or stooping to subterfuge in order to extricate herself from a false position— which must have been fatal to her success by proving her guilt, she at once took the bull by the horns and, like a skilful diplomatist, put herself in the right.

When the young prince on his first visit loaded her with jealous reproaches, she tossed her handsome head, looking at him over her shoulder.

“That is just like a man’s cruelty and selfishness,” she said haughtily. “I expected as much: a woman sacrifices herself for you; she is to suffer, and this is her reward. And pray what right have you to exact an account of my friendships? This man has been more than a father to me. Of course,” she hastily added to prevent his interrupting her, “he may not feel towards me as towards a daughter, but that is no reason for turning him out of my house. I am not a man, that I should be so ungrateful. I would have you to know, Monseigneur, that I account for my private feelings only to God and my conscience;” and she laid her hand on her beautiful bosom which heaved with emotion as she raised her eyes to heaven.

“But listen to me, I entreat you. . . .”

“Marry me and I will be your slave!”

“But it is impossible. . . .”

“Ah! you will not stoop so low,” and she burst into tears.

The prince tried to comfort her, while she, through her sobs, argued that a divorce was obtainable, that cases had been known — but there had as yet been so few that she could only name Napoleon and some other royal personages — that she and her husband had never been anything to each other, that she had been sacrificed. . . .

“But religion, law! . . .” objected the young man half-persuaded.

“Religion! Law! what would be the use of them if they could not help in such cases?”

The young prince was startled by this suggestion, simple as it seemed; he asked counsel of the Reverend Fathers of the Society of Jesus with whom he was on intimate terms. A few days later at one of the brilliant entertainments which Helen was in the habit of giving at her suburban house in Kammennoi-Ostrow, a fascinating Jesuit priest was introduced to her, a Monsieur de Jobert, whose glittering black eyes were in strange contrast to his hair which was as white as snow. They sat talking together for a long time in the garden, in the poetic light of a splendid illumination, to the exciting strains of an inspiring orchestra, discussing the love of the creature for the Creator, for the Redeemer, for the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and of the consolations in this life and the next promised by the only true faith, the Roman Catholic religion. Helen, deeply touched by these truths, felt her eyes moisten more than once as she listened to M. de Jobert's voice, tremulous with pious emotion. The conversation was interrupted by a partner who came to find her for a waltz; but on the following day her future director spent the evening with her alone, and from that time frequented the house.

One day he escorted the countess to the Catholic church, where she remained on her knees for a long time in front of one of the altars. The French priest,

who though no longer young was a compound of saintly attractions, laid his hands on her head, and at that imposition she felt as she afterwards stated — a pure, fresh air that seemed to touch her heart . . . It was the operation of Grace!

Then she was brought into contact with a superior ecclesiastic, who heard her confession and gave her absolution; and the next day carried to her, in her own house, a gold vessel containing the sacred Host. He congratulated her on having entered the bosom of the holy Catholic church, assured her that the Pope would be informed of her conversion, and that she would ere long be favored by him with an important communication.

All that was going on around her and in her behalf, the attention of all these priestly personages with their subtle elegance of speech, the dove-like innocence she was supposed to have recovered — figured forth in her person by dresses and ribbands of immaculate whiteness — all afforded a delightfully new amusement. At the same time she kept her main object in view, and, as always happens in an affair where the motive force is cunning, the weaker brain stole a march and outwitted the stronger.

Helen perfectly understood that the real end of all these fine speeches and strenuous efforts was merely to convert her to Romanism and extract money for the use of the Order; hence she never failed to insist on the hastening of the formalities needed to procure her

divorce, before acceding to any demands on her purse. So far as she was concerned, all she asked of religion was that it should help her to satisfy her desires and whims within the limits of certain conventional proprieties. So one day, in talking to her confessor she urged him to tell her precisely how far she was bound by her marriage tie. It was twilight; they were sitting by the open window, and the evening air brought in the scent of flowers. A dress of India muslin scarcely veiled the whiteness of Helen's shoulders; the abbé, plump and clean shaved, with his white hands modestly clasped on his knees, gazing at her beauty with decorous rapture, explained to her his views on this delicate and interesting question. Helen smiled a little uneasily; it might have been thought that she feared, from her director's look of admiration, lest the conversation should take an embarrassing turn. But, though he felt the spell of the lady's charms the abbé evidently also enjoyed the pleasure of working out his arguments with art.

"In your ignorance of the duties to which you were pledging yourself," said he, "you swore to be faithful to a man who, on his part, by entering into the bonds of matrimony without recognizing its religious solemnity, profaned the sacrament. Consequently, such a marriage is not of full and perfect effect: nevertheless your vow was binding. You have broken it.—What then is your sin? Mortal or venial? Venial, beyond a doubt, since you committed it with no evil intent. If in marrying another man you hope to have

children, your sin may be forgiven you; but here a fresh question arises . . . .”

“But,” interrupted Helen impatiently, “what I ask myself is this: How, after being converted to the true Faith, can I remain bound by pledges taken under the false one?”

This remark had the same kind of effect on the father confessor as the solution of the problem of the egg had on Columbus; he was astounded at the simplicity with which the difficulty had been settled. Though amazed and delighted at his catechumen’s rapid progress, he would not at once give up his chain of argument.

“Let us quite understand each other, Countess, . . .” he said trying to find some answer to his spiritual daughter.

Helen was perfectly aware that the affair was entirely free from all obstacles from the religious point of view, and that the objections raised by her directors were based solely on their fear of the secular authorities. So she made up her mind that society must be gradually prepared for it. She began by exciting her old protector’s jealousy, and played the same farce with him as with the prince. He, no less astounded at first than the younger man had been, at the suggestion that he should marry a woman whose husband was still living, was, thanks to Helen’s imperturbable impudence, not long in coming to the idea that it was a quite natural possibility. Helen would certainly never have gained her point if she had shown the slightest misgiv-

ing, the slightest scruple, or made the smallest mystery; but she told all her intimate friends — that is to say all St. Petersburg — without the faintest reserve and with the most matter-of-course frankness, that both the prince and the old Excellency had proposed to marry her, that she was equally fond of them both and that she did not know how she could bear to hurt the feelings of either. The rumor of her divorce soon gained a hearing; many good people would have been up in arms at the idea, but, as she had taken care to mention that interesting detail as to her indecisions between her two adorers, those very people did not know what objection to raise. She had shifted the whole question to another footing: it had ceased to be whether such a thing could be, and was now only which of her two suitors offered the greatest advantages, and how the Court would take her choice. Here and there, of course, there were prejudiced persons who were incapable of rising to such sublime heights, and who spoke of the whole business as a profanation of the marriage sacrament; but they were few, and they demurred only in an undertone. As to whether or no it were right for a woman to marry a second time during the life-time of her first husband, no one hinted the doubt; that part of the matter, it was said, had been settled by superior authorities and no one would risk looking like a fool or an ill-bred ignoramus.

Marie Dmitrievna Afrassimow was the only person who allowed herself to express a contrary view for the benefit of the public. She was in St. Petersburg that



summer to see one of her sons. She met Helen at a ball, stopped her in the middle of the room, and said in her hard, loud voice, in the midst of a general silence :

“So you are going to marry again while your husband is alive ? And do you suppose you have invented a novelty ? Not at all, my dear, others have thought of it before you, and it has long been the custom in . . .” She spoke, rolled back her wide sleeves — an old habit of hers — looked at her sternly and turned her back on her.

Though every one was afraid of Marie Dmitrievna, it was often said that she was crazy ; her scolding was soon forgotten, all but the insult at the end, and this was repeated in whispers, as if all the salt of the discourse resided there.

Prince Basil, who lately had very much lost his memory and was constantly repeating himself, would say to his daughter, whenever he met her :

“Helen, I have a word to say to you ; I have heard of some scheme, some arrangements — hey, you know ? Well, my dear child, you know that I have a father’s heart and should be rejoiced to think — you have had so much to bear — dear child, consult your own heart. That is all I have to say —” and to conceal his affected emotion he would clasp her in his arms.

Bilibine had not lost his reputation as a man of parts ; he was one of those disinterested allies which a woman of the world not unfrequently attaches to herself, a man to be trusted never to change his attitude.

One day as they were sitting together he gave her his views on this important subject.

"Listen, Bilibine," said Helen, who commonly called her friends of this type by their surnames, and she laid her white hand with its blazing rings on his shoulder: "Tell me, as you would tell your own sister, what I had better do — which of the two?" Bilibine frowned and reflecte

"You do not take me by surprise," he said. "I think of it constantly. If you marry the prince you have lost the chance of marrying the other forever; and you will displease the Court for he is, you know, in some way connected. — If, on the other hand, you take the old count you will make his last days happy, and then, as the widow of so great a man, the prince would marry an equal in marrying you."

"You are a true friend!" cried Helen, radiantly. "But the thing is that I like them both so much; I should not like to pain either — I would give my life to make them both happy!"

Bilibine shrugged his shoulders; he evidently saw no remedy for this misfortune.

"What a woman! One of a thousand!" said he to himself. "That is what I call putting things plainly. Why she would like to marry all three at once."—"Tell me," he said, "what will your husband say to the matter? Will he consent?"

"Oh! he is much too fond of me to refuse to do anything for me," said Helen, convinced that Pierre too was in love with her.

"Fond enough of you to divorce you?" asked Bilibine. Helen laughed heartily.

Helen's mother was also one of those who ventured to doubt the legality of the proposed marriage. She was always gnawed by envy of her daughter, and she could not bear to think of such good fortune falling to her lot; so she enquired of a Russian priest as to the possibility of a divorce. The priest assured her, to her great satisfaction, that the thing was impossible and supported his opinion by a text from the Gospel. Armed with these arguments, which she regarded as incontrovertible, the princess went off to her daughter very early in the morning to be sure of finding her alone. Helen listened quietly, and smiled with gentle irony.

"I assure you," said her mother, "marriage with a divorced woman is expressly prohibited."

"Oh! Mamma, do not talk nonsense; you know nothing about it. I have duties, in my position. . . ."

"But, my dear child. . . ."

"But, Mamma, do you really suppose that the holy Father, who has the power to grant dispensations. . . .?"

At this instant her lady companion came to announce that the prince was in the drawing-room.

"Tell him I will not see him; I am very angry with him for not keeping his word. . . ."

"Oh! Countess, every sinner hopes for mercy!" exclaimed a fair man with marked features who now appeared in the doorway.

The elder lady rose and made a respectful curtsey, of which the new-comer did not take any notice; she glanced at her daughter and majestically quitted the room. "She is right," said the princess to herself—her scruples had melted in the presence of his Serene Highness: "Yes, quite right. Why did we never think of such things when we were young? And it is so simple too!" and she got into her carriage.

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By the beginning of August Helen's affairs were settled and she wrote to her husband—who was so fond of her—a letter announcing her intention of marrying N., and her conversion to the true faith. She also requested him to carry out the formalities needed for the divorce, and which the bearer of her note was competent to explain to him. "So, praying to God to have you in his holy and mighty keeping I remain your friend.

"Helen."

This note reached Pierre's house in Moscow on the day of the battle of Borodino.

## CHAPTER XII.

FOR the second time since the fighting had begun Pierre fled from the battery with the soldiers as far as

Kniazkw. As he crossed the hollow he went past the ambulance tents ; but, seeing nothing but blood and hearing nothing but shrieks and groans, he ran off as fast as he could. He wanted one thing only : to forget as soon as possible all the dreadful scenes he had gone through, to relapse into the groove of common life, and find himself in his room and in his bed ; there alone, he knew, could he ever get a clear idea of all he had seen and felt.

But how was he to get there ? Balls and shells were not singing along the road he was going, it is true ; but at every yard he came on fresh scenes of suffering ; he saw the same figures, exhausted or dully indifferent, and in the distance he could still here the angry growl of musketry.

He walked about three versts on the way to Mojaïsk and then sat down choked with dust. Night was falling, the roar of cannon had ceased. Pierre, resting his head on his hand, remained a long time watching the shadowy figures that filed past him in the dark ; at every moment he fancied that a ball was dropping on him, and he started and half rose. He never knew how long he had been there when, in the middle of the night, he was roused from his lethargy by three soldiers who lighted a fire close to him and put on their pot. They crumbled their biscuit into it and stirred in some dripping, and a savory odor of frying mingled with the wood smoke that rose from the camp-stove. Pierre sighed, but the men paid no heed to him, and went on talking.

“And who are you?” said one of them, suddenly addressing him; he wished no doubt to convey that they would give him a share of their mess if he could prove himself worthy of it.

“I!” said Pierre, “I am a militia officer; but my detachment is not here — I lost it on the field.”

“Hm!” said one of the men, and another shook his head — “Well, here, have some if you like!” and he handed to Pierre the wooden ladle which he had just been eating with. Pierre went up to the fire and ate with a will; he never had thought anything better. While he swallowed large spoonfuls of the stew the soldier sat staring at his face, lighted up by the blaze.

“Where are you going to, tell me that?”

“To Mojaïsk.”

“Then you are a gentleman?”

“Yes.”

“What is your name?”

“Pierre Kirilovitch.”

“Well, Pierre Kirilovitch, we will go with you if you like,” — and they set out together.

It was cock-crow before they reached Mojaïsk and slowly climbed the steep hill. Pierre, in his bewilderment, had entirely forgotten that his inn was at the bottom of the street, and might never have remembered it if he had not happened to meet his servant who was wandering about looking for him. He recognized his master by his white hat visible in the gloom:

“Excellency!” he cried, “we could not think what

had become of you. Are you walking? Why, where are you going? Come this way."

"To be sure!" said Pierre stopping short. The soldiers stopped too.

"Hallo! so you have found your people?" said one of them. "Well, good-bye, Pierre Kirilovitch."

"Good-bye!" said they all in chorus.

"Good-bye," said Pierre turning back — "I ought to give them something, perhaps," he thought, putting his hand into his pocket. "No, it is of no use," said a voice within him.

The inn rooms were all full, so Pierre went to sleep in his travelling-chariot.

Hardly had he laid his head on the cushion than he fell asleep; suddenly, with a vividness that seemed almost real, he heard the thunder of guns, the flight of shells, the groans of wounded men; he even smelt blood and powder, and was seized with irrational panic. He opened his eyes and raised his head. All was quiet. An orderly was standing outside talking to the inn-porter; just overhead, in an angle formed by the roughly-squared beams of the coach-house, a party of pigeons scared by his moving were flapping their wings; through a crack in the roof he could see a clear starry sky, and the strong smell of hay, tar and manure wafted vague suggestions of peace and rustic toil.

"Oh! thank God it is over; what a shameful thing is fear, and what a disgrace to me to have given way to it! — And they — they stood firm and cool to the last

moment." 'They' were the soldiers — the men in the battery, the men who had given him food, the men he had seen praying to the holy image. In his imagination they stood out, apart from other men.

"Ah! to be a soldier, a private!" thought Pierre, "to live that life in common, to throw myself into it heart and soul, to feel and understand what they feel! — But how can I get rid of the infernal and useless burthen that weighs upon me? I might have done so some time ago; I might have run away from my father's house; even after my duel with Dolohow. I might have become a soldier!" and his thoughts went back to the dinner at the club, to Dolohow's insult, to his meeting with the "Benefactor," at Torjok, to Anatole, and Nesvitsky, and Denissow; all the men who had figured in his life flitted past in confusion. — When he again woke the blue twilight of dawn was peeping under the roof, and a slight frost was sparkling on the beams outside. "Daylight already!" thought Pierre, and he went to sleep again, hoping to find comprehension of the words that the "Benefactor" had spoken in his last dream. They had made so strong an impression on him that he remembered them long after, and he felt all the more convinced that they had been actually spoken to him because he did not feel himself capable of giving such a form to his ideas: "War," said the mysterious voice, "is the most painful act of submission to divine law that can be required of the human will. Singleheartedness consists in submission to the will of God and 'they' are singlehearted. They



do not argue, they act. Speech is of silver, silence is of gold. — So long as man dreads death he is a slave; he who does not dread it is lord of all. If there were no such thing as suffering man would know no limits to his own will — he would not know himself . . . .” He was still murmuring incoherent words when his servant called him and asked if he should put the horses to.

The sun was shining full in Pierre's face. He glanced across the yard which was full of mud and muck with a well in the middle; round the well stood soldiers, giving water to weary horses harnessed to carts which were now quitting the inn-yard one after another. Pierre turned away with a revulsion of feeling, closed his eyes and rolled over on the cushions of his chariot. “No,” he thought, “I will not behold all these hideous objects; I want to follow out the things revealed to me in my sleep. One moment more, and I should have understood! What is to be done now?” — And he was horrified to perceive that all that had seemed so clear and satisfactory in his dream had vanished. So he got up, on hearing from his servant and the gate-keeper that the French were advancing on Mojaïsk, and the inhabitants quitting the town. He ordered his man to follow him with the carriage and went forward on foot. The troops were in full retreat, leaving behind them 10,000 wounded, who were to be seen on all sides in the streets, and the court-yards, and at the windows of the houses. Nothing was to be heard but lamentations and oaths. Pierre, meeting a wounded general of his acquaintance, offered him a

seat in his carriage and they went on together towards Moscow. On his way Pierre was informed that both his brother-in-law and Prince André were among the slain.

He got into Moscow on the night of the 30th August (September 10th); he had hardly passed the city gate when he was met by an aide-de-camp of the governor's.

"We have been looking for you everywhere," said the officer, "the count wants to speak with you on a matter of importance, and begs you will go to him at once." Pierre sent his carriage home and himself took a hackney coach in which he drove to the governor's residence; Rostoptchine himself had just come in from the country. The anteroom was full of people. Vasilitchikow and Platow had seen Rostoptchine, and had assured him that it was impossible to defend Moscow, and that the city must be left in the hands of the enemy. Although this was still kept a secret from the inhabitants, the civil functionaries and heads of departments had come to ask for orders from the governor so as to escape responsibility. At the moment when Pierre entered the anteroom a courier from the army came out of Rostoptchine's private room. To the questions which besieged him this officer only replied by a gesture of despair, and he hurried through the room without stopping. Pierre gazed with tired eyes on the various groups of officials, civil and military, old and young, who were waiting their turn; they were all anxious and agitated. He went up to two who were

talking together, and whom he happened to know. After a few commonplace remarks the conversation resumed its course.

“It is impossible to answer for anything in the present state of affairs,” said one.

“And yet he has just written such words as these,” said the other, holding up a printed paper.

“That is quite a different thing!—That is for the populace.”

“What is it?” asked Pierre.

“Look at it.—It is his last poster.”

Pierre took it and read it.

“His Highness, the commander-in-chief, with a view to effecting an earlier junction with the force advancing to meet him, has traversed Mojaïsk and taken up a strong position where the enemy will not find it easy to attack him. Forty-eight cannon with ammunition have been sent to him from here, and his Highness declares that he will defend Moscow to the last drop of his blood, and is ready to fight even in the streets of the city. My friends, do not let the closing of the Courts of law occasion any alarm; it was necessary to remove them beyond all danger. The scoundrel will find some one here to talk to him, all the same! When the moment is come I shall call on the brave youth of town and country alike. Then I shall shout forth a ringing war-cry; till then I am silent. A hatchet is a good weapon, a boar-spear is a better; best of all is a pitchfork, and a Frenchman is no heavier than a sheaf of rye. To-morrow afternoon our Lady of Iverskaïa will

be carried to visit the wounded in St. Catherine's Hospital. They will be sprinkled with holy water, and get well all the sooner.—I am well. I have had a bad eye, but I can see out of both now."

"But military authorities have assured me," said Pierre, "that fighting in the town is out of the question, and that the position . . . ."

"That is exactly what we were saying," observed one of his friends.

"And what does this mean about his eye?"

"The count had a sty in his eye," said an aide-de-camp, "and was annoyed when I told him that there had been enquiries made as to his health. — By the way, Count," added the officer with a smile, "we heard you had been going through a domestic crisis and that your wife the Countess . . . ."

"I know nothing about her," said Pierre with indifference. "What have you heard?"

"Oh! so many things are invented you know; I only repeat what I hear said. — They say . . . ."

"Well, what do they say?"

"That your wife is going abroad."

"Very possibly," said Pierre looking about him inattentively. — "Who is that man?" he added, pointing to a tall old man whose white eyebrows and beard were in strong contrast to his florid complexion.

"He? Oh, he is an eating-house keeper, named Vérestchaguine. Do not you know the story of the proclamation?"

"Is that the man!" said Pierre, looking at the reso-

lute calm face which was certainly not suggestive of treason.

“He did not write the proclamation, it was his son, who is in prison, and I fancy will not get off cheap! . . . . It is a very complicated story. The proclamation was brought out about two months since. The count had it enquired into. — Gabriel Ivanovitch, here, was in charge of the matter; the paper had been passed on from hand to hand. — ‘Where did you get it?’ he asked a man. — ‘I had it from so and so.’ — Off he went to the person named and so by degrees traced it back to Vérestchaguine, an innocent-looking youth who was asked who had given it to him. We knew perfectly well that he could only have had it from the head of the post-office and it was quite clear that they had a secret understanding. — ‘No one,’ says he, ‘I wrote it myself.’ — He was threatened and coaxed but nothing would make him tell a different story.

“Then the count sent for him: ‘Where did you get that proclamation?’ — ‘I wrote it myself.’ — You may fancy what a rage the governor was in; but you must allow that such an obstinate lie was enough to provoke him.”

“Yes, I understand,” said Pierre. “What the count wanted was that they should betray Klutcharew!”

“Not at all, not at all,” said the aide-de-camp somewhat scared. “Klutcharew had other sins on his conscience, and for those he was dismissed. — However, to return to the story, the count was furious. —

‘How could you have written such a thing? It is a translation, for here is the Hamburg paper that contains it—and what is more you have translated wrongly, for you do not know French! — Simpleton!’ — ‘No,’ says he, ‘I did not read it in a newspaper, I wrote it myself.’ — ‘If that is the case you are a traitor and I will have you tried; then you will hang for it.’

“There the matter stuck. The count sent for the old man and he answered as his son had done. Judgment was given; he was condemned I believe to penal servitude, and the old man has come to ask for his pardon. He is a thorough blackguard, a spoilt rascal and a loose fish in every way; he has picked up a little learning somewhere and thinks himself a cut above everybody. His father keeps an eating-house near the Stone Bridge; there is a picture representing God the Father holding a sceptre in one hand and the world in the other. — Well, would you believe it, he has moved it to his own house and a wretched painter . . . .”

The aide-de-camp had reached this point in his narrative when Pierre was called to go into the Governor’s room. At the moment when Pierre entered Count Rostoptchine was passing his hand over his frowning brow and eyes.

“Ah! good-day, doughty warrior!” said he. “We have heard of your deeds of prowess; but they are not in print at this moment. — Now, between you and me, my dear fellow, are you a freemason?” he added in a stern tone, conveying at once reproof and forgiveness.

Pierre made no answer.

"My information is trustworthy," Rostoptchine went on. "However, there are, I know, masons and masons; and I only hope you are not one of those who are ruining Russia under pretext of saving humanity."

"I am a mason," Pierre said.

"Well, my dear fellow, you know I suppose that Messieurs Spéransky and Magnitzky have been sent — you can guess where — with Klutcharew and a few others, whose avowed object was the establishment of Solomon's Temple and the destruction of the National Church. You may be very sure that I should not have dismissed the postmaster if he had not been a dangerous man. — Now, I know that you smoothed his journey for him by giving him a carriage and that he left some important documents in your hands. I have a great regard for you; you are younger than I am, so listen to my paternal advice: break off with that set and take yourself off as fast as you possibly can."

"But what was Klutcharew's crime?" asked Pierre.

"That is my business and not yours!" exclaimed Rostoptchine.

"He is accused of having diffused Napoleon's proclamations. — But it was not proved," Pierre went on, without looking at the count. "And Vérestchaguine . . ."

"Ah! There you are!" interrupted Rostoptchine in a rage. "Vérestchaguine is a traitor, and will get what he deserves. — I did not send for you to pass

judgment on my actions, but to advise you—or to order you, if you will have it so—to leave as soon as possible and break off all connection with Klutcharew & Co.” Then, feeling that he had spoken too hotly to a man who was in his own eyes perfectly guiltless, he took his hand and changed his tone. “We are on the eve of a public catastrophe, and I have no time for civil speeches to all who come to speak with me—my brain is in a whirl.—Well, my friend, and what will you do?”

“Nothing,” said Pierre without looking up, but he seemed anxious.

“Take a friend’s advice, my dear fellow; make off as soon as you can: That is all I have to say to you. A word to the wise, you know . . . Good-bye.—By the way, is it true that the countess has fallen into the clutches of the reverend Fathers of the Society of Jesus?”

Pierre did not answer but left the room looking gloomy and annoyed.

At his own house he found several people waiting to see him, the secretary of a committee, the colonel of a battalion, his steward, his bailiff and others. Every one had something to ask him. Pierre could not take in what they said, he felt no interest in their business and only answered their questions in order to get rid of them. When at last he was left alone, he opened his wife’s letter which was lying on his table.

“Singleness of heart consists in submission to the will of God. They are an example of this,”—thought



he after reading it.. — “ We must learn to forget and to understand! — So my wife means to marry some one else. . . .” He threw himself on his bed and instantly fell asleep without even undressing.

When he woke he was told that a police agent had come from Count Rostoptchine to enquire whether he had left; also that several persons were asking to see him. Pierre made a hasty toilet and then, instead of going into the drawing-room, he went down the back stairs and out at the carriage gates. From that moment till after the burning of Moscow he disappeared, and in spite of every enquiry no one saw him or could discover what had become of him.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE Rostows did not leave Moscow till the 13th, the day before the enemy entered the city.

The countess had been absolutely panic-stricken after Pétia had joined the Obolensky regiment of Cossacks and started for Biélaïa-Tserkow. The thought that both her sons were engaged in the war and liable to be killed gave her not a moment's peace. She first tried to persuade Nicolas to return; then she proposed to fetch Pétia and place him in safety at St. Petersburg but both schemes failed. Nicolas, whose last letter had described his unexpected meeting with Princess Marie, gave no further sign of life for a long time; this added

to the countess's terrors and she ceased to sleep at all. The count racked his brain to soothe her anxiety and succeeded in getting his youngest son transferred from the Obolensky regiment into Bésoukhov's company which was being formed at Moscow; at this the countess was enchanted and looked forward to watching over her Benjamin. So long as only Nicolas was in danger she had fancied that she loved him best of all her children, and had reproached herself bitterly for favoritism; but when the youngest — that idle monkey Pétia, with his mischievous bright eyes, his rosy, downy cheeks and snub nose — was suddenly taken from her, to live among rough coarse soldiers who were fighting and killing and being killed, she imagined it was he that was her darling and could think of nothing but the moment when she should see him once more. In her impatience even those nearest and dearest to her only irritated her nerves: "I only want Pétia," she would say to herself. "What do I care for the others?"

A second letter came from Nicolas at the end of August, but it did not soothe her anxiety, though he wrote from Voronej, whither he had been sent to buy horses. Knowing that he was for the time out of danger her alarms for Pétia increased. Almost all their acquaintance had left Moscow and urged the countess to follow their example as soon as possible. Still, she would not think of moving before the return of her darling Pétia, who came at last, on the 9th. But, to her great surprise, the officer of sixteen seemed little touched by his mother's extravagant and morbid devo-

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and that there was nothing for it but to try and see what they could do for the moment: however, all the while they were struggling with the change; Minnie by sheer force of habit, led a usual life, as a criminal scours about him at the very gallows, in spite of the catastrophe which was to shake it to its very foundations.

These two days were spent by the husband in fine and sense of packing. While he was so occupied, Mary had to pick up her own and make every possible plan in leaving, the countless responsibilities which were always at the back of Minnie's mind were now in front of her eyes, always present in her mind, now when it could not be put out, now when she could not think of her family who were to be left behind and in the hands of Providence. For some time she had been well as usual, but now she was in a state of nervousness and anxiety. Minnie's letter, in which she had written that she would have had her own way, had been enough to tell her that she was in a state of nervousness and anxiety. She had had a letter from Minnie, in which she had written that she would have had her own way, had been enough to tell her that she was in a state of nervousness and anxiety. She had had a letter from Minnie, in which she had written that she would have had her own way, had been enough to tell her that she was in a state of nervousness and anxiety.

tion: She took good care not to let him suspect her purpose of never allowing him to fly again from beneath her maternal wing. Pétia, however, was instinctively aware of it, and to guard himself against being moved by it — “against being made a molly of,” he said — he returned her demonstrative caresses with elaborate coolness, kept out of her way, and spent most of his time with Natacha to whom he had always been fondly attached.

The count's easy going indolence was the same as ever; on the 9th, the day fixed for their start, nothing was ready, and the conveyances sent to fetch them from the country-houses at Riazan and the neighborhood of Moscow never arrived till the 11th. From the 9th till the 12th all Moscow was in a state of feverish excitement; day after day thousands of carts came in bringing in the wounded from Borodino, or went out carrying the townsfolk and all they were able to take with them, meeting at the gates of the city. In spite of Rostoptchine's declarations — or perhaps by reason of them — the most extraordinary rumors were afloat. It was said that every one was forbidden to leave the capital, or, on the other hand, that the sacred images and relics had been placed in safety and that the inhabitants were to be forced to go; or, again, that a battle had been fought and won since Borodino; it was also asserted that the army had been cut to pieces; that the militia were to go to the Three Hills, the clergy at their head; that the peasants were in revolt; that some traitors had been arrested, and so forth. They were all false reports,

but those who left and those who remained were equally convinced that Moscow must be abandoned, and that there was nothing for it but to fly and save what they could. It was felt that a total smash was imminent ; however, till the 12th there was no conspicuous change ; Moscow by sheer force of habit lived its usual life, as a criminal stares about him on the way to the gallows, in spite of the catastrophe which was about to shake it to its very foundations.

These three days were spent by the Rostows in the fuss and bustle of packing. While the count was running about to pick up news and make vague general plans for leaving, the countess superintended the sorting of their effects, always at the heels of Pétia, who tried to keep out of her way, always jealous of Natacha, from whom he could not be parted. Sonia was the only member of the family who set to work to pack with care and intelligence. For some time she had been sad and depressed. Nicolas's letter, in which he spoke of his interview with Princess Marie, had been enough to fill his mother's head with hopes which she had not tried to make a secret of before Sonia, for she regarded their meeting as a direct dispensation of God. "I never was particularly happy," she said, "to think of Natacha's marrying Bolkonsky, while I have always longed to see Nicolas married to Princess Marie, and I have a presentiment that it will take place. — That would be a happy thing!" And poor Sonia was forced to admit that she was right, for was not a rich marriage the only means of raising the fallen fortunes of the Rostows ?

Her heart was full, and to divert her mind from her sorrow she had undertaken the tiresome and fatiguing work of the move ; in fact the count and countess referred to her when any orders were to be given. Pétia and Natacha, on the contrary, did nothing to help, but got in every one's way and hindered progress. Then shouts of laughter and flying steps were to be heard all over the house. They laughed without knowing why, simply because they felt light-hearted and everything provoked laughter. Pétia, who had been but a boy when he left home, gloried in having come back a young man ; and he gloried even more in having been brought from Biélaïa-Tserkow, where there was not the smallest hope of a fight, and in being at Moscow where he would be sure to smell powder. Natacha was gay because she had too long been sad and there was nothing at this moment to remind her of her grief, and because she had recovered her former brilliant health ; nay, and they were gay because war was at the gates of the city and fighting was close at hand ; because arms were being given out, because there were plunderers about, people going and coming, bustle and excitement, and the stir of extraordinary events, which always produces high spirits, especially in the very young.

By Saturday, the 12th September, everything was topsy-turvy in the Rostow's house ; doors were set open, furniture packed or moved from its place, looking-glasses and pictures taken down, every room littered with hay, paper and cases which the servants and serfs were carrying away with slow heavy steps, the court-

yard was full of carts and chariots, some loaded and corded, others waiting empty, while the voices of the busy and numerous household echoed in every corner of the house and yard. The count was out; the countess, who had a sick headache as a result of all the noise and turmoil, was sunk in an arm-chair in one of the drawing-rooms, bathing her forehead with vinegar and water. Pétia had gone off to see a comrade, with whom he hoped to exchange from the militia into a marching regiment. Sonia was in the big drawing-room, superintending the packing of china and glass, while Natacha sat on the floor in her own dismantled room in the midst of a heap of gowns, ribbons and sashes, with an out-of-fashion ball dress on her lap which she could not take her eyes off—it was that which she had worn at that first ball at St. Petersburg. She had been vexed with herself for being idle in the midst of all this excitement, and several times in the course of the morning she had tried to do something to help, but it was work that bored her, and she had always been incapable of doing any kind of work that did not captivate her, heart and soul. So after a few futile attempts, she had left the glass and crockery to Sonia, to arrange her own belongings. At first she found this amusing enough, giving away gowns and frippery to the maids; but when it came to packing everything she was soon tired.

“You will do it all for me, as nicely as possible, won't you Douniacha?” said she; and sitting down on the floor she fixed her eyes on the old ball dress, and fell



into a reverie that carried her far back into the past.

She was roused by the voices of the maids in an adjoining room and the noise of steps on the back stairs. She rose and looked out of the window. A long train of wounded soldiers had drawn up in front of the house. The women servants, footmen, and grooms, the housekeeper, and the nurse — all the household, in short — crowded out to look at them. Natacha, throwing a pocket-handkerchief over her head, and holding the corners under her chin, went out, too, into the street. The old housekeeper, now pensioned off, Mavra Kouzminichna, went a short way from the little crowd in front of the gate, to a *telega* with an awning of bast mats thrown over it, in which a pale young officer was lying. Natacha shyly followed to hear what she was saying to him.

“Have you no friends in Moscow?” asked the old woman. “You would be so much more comfortable in a room; here, for instance — we are all going.”

“But would they allow it?” said the wounded man in a weak voice. “You must ask the officer in charge.”— And he pointed to a stalwart major a few paces off.

Natacha gave the sick man a scared look but went straight up to the major.

“Can these wounded men stay in our house?” she asked.

“Which is the one you wish to have, Madem-

oiselle?" said the officer with a smile, raising his hand to his cap.

But Natacha quietly repeated her question ; her face and manner were so serious that, in spite of the quaintness of her appearance with the handkerchief thrown over her hair, the major ceased to smile.

"Certainly ; why not?"

Natacha bowed slightly, and went back to the old woman, who was still talking to the wounded lad.

"Yes, they may, they may," said Natacha, in a low voice.

The waggon in which the young officer was lying at once turned into the court-yard, and half a score or more of men were taken into houses in the neighborhood. This incident, so completely out of the daily monotony of life, was delightful to Natacha who made as many of the waggons come into the yard as it could hold.

"But, my dear, you must ask your father," said the old housekeeper.

"Is it worth while?" said Natacha. "It is only for one day, and we can surely go to a hotel and give them our rooms!"

"Oh! mademoiselle, that is just like one of your notions! Why, even if we put them in the servants' rooms we cannot do it without leave."

"Well, I will ask."

Natacha flew into the house and went on tip-toe into the drawing-room, where there was a strong smell of vinegar and ether.

“Mamma, you are asleep?”

“How can I sleep?” cried the countess, who had, however, been dozing.

“Mamma, sweet little angel!” exclaimed Natacha kneeling down by her side and laying her cheek against her mother’s. “I beg your pardon for waking you and I will never do it again.—But Mavra Kouzminichna sent me to ask you.—There are some wounded men here, men and officers, will you allow them to come in? They do not know where to take them, and I was sure you would” — she ran on, all in a breath

“What?—what officers? Who has been brought here? I do not understand?” said the countess.

Natacha began to laugh and her mother smiled.

“I knew you would be quite willing, and I will go and say so at once!” She jumped up, kissed her mother, and darted off; but in the next room she ran against her father who had just come in, brimful of bad news.

“We have dawdled about too long!” he began angrily. “The club is closed, and the police are moving out.”

“Papa, you will not be vexed at my having allowed the wounded men . . . .”

“To be sure not,” said the count vaguely. “That is not the point; you will have the goodness, each and all of you, to have done with idle nonsense and to pack for we must be off to-morrow, and as fast as possible.” And the count repeated his instructions to every one he met.

At dinner Pétia reported what he had heard : during the morning the people had fetched arms from the Kremlin, and in spite of Rostoptchine's declarations that he would give the alarm two days beforehand, it was known in the town that orders had been issued that every one should go in a body next day to the Three Hills, where there was to be a desperate fight. The countess looked at the boy's eager face with dismay, knowing that if she begged him not to go he would answer with some extravagant absurdity that would be fatal to her hopes ; so thinking she might yet induce Pétia to leave town with them, as their protector, she said nothing. After dinner, however, she besought her husband, with tears in her eyes, to start if possible that very evening ; and with the artless cunning of affection she, who until this moment had been perfectly cool, assured him now that she should die of fright if they did not get away at once.

Mme. Schoss who had been to see her daughter, added to the countess' terrors by history of her experience. In the Miasnitskaïa, outside a large spirit store, she had been obliged to take a coach to escape from the drunken crowd who were roaring and shouting all round her ; and the driver had told her that the mob had staved in the barrels, having been ordered to do so.

As soon as dinner was over all the family returned to their packing with vehement ardor. The old count hovered about between the house and the court-yard, hurrying the servants till he completely bewildered

them. Pétia, too, gave orders right and left; Sonia lost her head and did not know what to do first under the count's contradictory instructions. The servants squabbled and shouted and hurried from room to room. But suddenly Natacha threw herself into the fray. At first her intervention was looked on with suspicion; no one thought she could be in earnest, so they would not attend to her; however, she persisted with a steadiness that convinced every one that she really meant it, and at last got herself obeyed. Her first achievement, which cost her immense labor but which made her authority paramount, was the packing of the carpets; the count had a very fine collection of Persian rugs and Gobelins tapestry. There were two large cases open before her, one containing these carpets, the other china-ware. There was still a quantity of porcelain to pack, and more was being brought out of closets and pantries; there was nothing for it but to pack a third case full, and one was to be fetched.

"But look, Sonia," said Natacha, "we can get everything into these two cases."

"Impossible, Mademoiselle," said the butler, "we have tried already."

"Just wait, you will see." And Natacha began taking out the plates and dishes that had been carefully packed in. "We must wrap the china-ware in the rugs," she said.

"But then we shall want three cases only for the rugs," said the butler.

"Wait, only wait," cried Natacha. "Look, we

need not take that," and she pointed to the commoner Russian ware. "That is quite unnecessary, while that can go with the carpets," and she pointed to a Dresden service.

"Let it all alone," said Sonia reproachfully. "We can manage it all without you."

"Oh! Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle!" lamented the butler.

But in spite of their remonstrances Natacha decided that they need not take the old carpets or the common service; so she went on with her task, leaving out everything that was of no value, and packed all over again. By this arrangement everything worth saving found a place in the two cases; still, do what they would, the box of rugs could not be shut. Natacha, determined not to be beaten, altered, pushed and squeezed, and made the butler and Pétia — whom she had enlisted on this arduous service, weigh down the lid with all their strength.

"You are right, Natacha, everything will go in if you take out one rug."

"No, no, press with all your weight! Press hard Pétia. — Now, on your side, Vassilitch!" and with one hand she wiped the perspiration from her face, while with the other she, too, threw all her weight upon the case.

"Hurrah!" she suddenly exclaimed. The lid was closed, and Natacha clapped her hands in triumph. Having thus conquered the distrust of the family she set to work at once on another box. Even the old

count was resigned now when he was told that this or that arrangement had been made by Natalie Ilinichna. Still, in spite of their united efforts, the packing could not be finished that night; the count and countess, having definitely decided not to start till the morrow, went to their room; the girls lay down on sofas.

That evening Mavra Kouzminichna admitted another wounded man into the house. She supposed, she said, that he must be an officer of high rank, though he was completely hidden by the hood and apron of his travelling-chaise. An elderly man-servant of great respectability rode on the box by the coachman, and a doctor and two orderlies followed in another carriage.

"This way, if you please, the family are leaving at once and the house is as good as empty," said the old woman to the servant.

"God only knows whether he is still alive!" said the man. "We have our own house too in Moscow; but it is some distance off and there is no one in it."

"Come in, you are very welcome here. Is your master very bad?" The man gave a despairing shrug:

"No hope," he said — "but I must let the doctor know."

He went to the second carriage.

"Very good," said the doctor.

The man peeped into the chariot, shook his head and bid the coachman turn into the court-yard.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the housekeeper, as the carriage drew up, "carry him into the house;

the family will not object — ” and as it was important to avoid going up stairs they carried the wounded man into the left wing, to the rooms which Mme. Schoss had occupied till to-day.

The wounded officer was Prince André Bolkonsky.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE day of doom dawned on Moscow. It was a Sunday — a bright, clear autumn morning; the cheerful clang of bells from all the churches bid the faithful, as usual, to prayer.

No one, even now, would allow that the fate of the city was sealed; the covert anxiety which was fermenting silently only revealed itself in the high prices asked for certain commodities, and the unusual number of the poorer class who were wandering about the streets. A crowd of factory workmen, peasants and servants, soon to be joined by students, civil officials and men of all grades, had begun at daybreak to make their way towards the Three Hills. Having reached this point the mob waited for Rostoptchine; but when he did not arrive, being convinced that Moscow was about to be handed over to the enemy, they presently dispersed and found their way into the taverns and low resorts of the city. In the course of that day the price of weapons, carts, horses and gold coin rose constantly and steadily; while paper money and articles of luxury



were to be had cheaper and cheaper as the hours passed. A wretched horse would be sold by a peasant for 500 roubles while mirrors and bronzes were to be had for a mere trifle.

The excitement and confusion that seethed outside was scarcely felt under the patriarchal roof of the Rostovs. Three of their servants vanished, it is true, but nothing was stolen. The thirty vehicles brought in from the country were in themselves worth a fortune so scarce was every form of vehicle, and several people came to offer the count enormous sums for one of them. The court-yard was still crowded with soldiers sent in by officers who had found refuge in the neighborhood, and with poor wounded creatures who implored the steward to ask the count to allow them to ride on a cart, just to get safe out of Moscow. Though he was moved to compassion by these hapless beings the steward gave the same answer to all: "He could not dare," he said, "to trouble his master with such petitions. Besides, if he gave up one cart why not all, why not even his own carriages? Thirty carts would do nothing towards saving all the wounded, and in such a general catastrophe it was every man's duty to think first of those nearest to him . . . ."

While this functionary was thus representing his master, the count had got up, had left his room on tip-toe so as not to disturb the countess, and had come out on the steps, where he presently became a conspicuous object in a violet silk dressing-gown. It was still very early; all the carriages were packed and standing

outside; the steward was talking to an old military servant and a pale young officer with his arm in a sling. As the count came out Vassilitch sternly signed to them to go.

“Well, is everything ready?” said the count passing his hand over his bald head and bowing kindly to the officer and the orderly.

“Nothing remains to be done, Excellency, but to put the horses to.”

“Capital! the countess will wake presently and then by God’s mercy . . . ! And you, gentlemen,” he went on, for he was always attracted by new faces, “you will find shelter, at any rate, under my roof.” The young officer stepped forward; his face, white with pain, suddenly flushed.

“Monsieur le Conte, for God’s sake let me find a corner in one of your baggage-waggons. I have nothing of my own, so I shall manage very well.”

He had not finished his sentence when the old orderly preferred the same request in the name of his master.

“Of course, of course, only too glad,” said the count. “Vassilitch just see that one or two of the waggons are unloaded — you see they are really wanted.” And without explaining himself more clearly he looked another way. A bright look of gratitude lighted up the officer’s face, while the count, much pleased with himself, looked round the court-yard. Wounded men were crowding in and the windows on

both sides suddenly were lined with ghostly faces, looking at him with painful anxiety.

“Would your Excellency just step into the gallery,” said Vassilitch uneasily. “Nothing has yet been settled about the pictures.”

The count went indoors, but he first repeated his instructions that the wounded were to be helped to get away. “After all, we may very well leave a few cases behind,” said he in a low voice, as if he were afraid of being heard.

The countess woke at nine, and Matrona Timofevna, a pensioned lady’s-maid, who now fulfilled the duties of her domestic police agent, came to say that Mme. Schoss was very angry, and that the young ladies’ summer dresses were being left behind. When the countess enquired as to the cause of Mme. Schoss’s wrath she was informed that it was because her trunk had been taken off one of the carts, and that other waggons were being unloaded and the cases piled in a corner of the yard, as the count had given orders that they were to carry wounded soldiers instead.

The countess sent for her husband.

“What is going on, my dear? They tell me that you are having the luggage unloaded.”

“I was just coming to tell you, my dear. — Well, the thing is, you see, little Countess, some officers came and entreated me to lend some of the carts for the wounded. And all those things are not in the least necessary — what do you say? — Besides, how can we

leave them here, poor souls? We offered them shelter you know and I think that therefore we really ought . . . Why not take them with us? But we need not decide in a hurry. . . .”

The count had jerked out his broken explanation in a timid voice—the voice he spoke in when talking over money matters. His wife, who was used to it and knew it always precluded a confession of some great piece of extravagance, such as the building of a gallery in an orangery, or the arrangement of a party or of amateur theatricals, had made it a rule to thwart him whenever he asked for anything in that tone. So she put on a victimized air and spoke.

“Listen to me, Count. You have managed so cleverly that at last you are not to be trusted with a kopeck, and now you are doing your best to sacrifice what is left of your children’s fortune. Did you not tell me yourself that our furniture and effects are worth 100 million of roubles? Well, my dear, I do not intend to leave it behind; you must do as you choose of course, but not with my consent. It is the business of government to look after the wounded!—Look over there, at the Loupoukhine’s house; they have carried away every stick. That is what any one would do, with a grain of common sense!—but we, we are idiots!—Have mercy on your children if you have none on me!”

The count hung his head and left the room, a melancholy man.

“Papa, what is the matter?” said Natacha, who had

stolen into the room at her father's heels and heard the debate.

"Nothing — nothing that concerns you," said her father.

"But I heard it all, Papa. — Why does Mamma refuse?"

"What can it matter to you?" said the count crossly and Natacha shrank back into a window-bay, disconcerted.

"Papa!" she exclaimed. "Here is Berg!"

Berg, the count's son-in-law, now a colonel wearing the orders of St. Vladimir and St. Anne, still held his snug and pleasant post under the head of the staff of the second division. He had come to Moscow that very morning (the 1st–13th September) without any particular motive. But as every one was going to Moscow he did as every one did, and asked leave "on private business." Berg, who had driven up in his elegant droschky with two handsome horses — the counterpart of a pair he had seen belonging to Prince X. — got out and crossed the court-yard, staring with much curiosity at the vehicles which crowded it. As he went up the steps he drew out a pocket-handkerchief of immaculate whiteness and tied a knot in it. Then, hastening his pace, he rushed into the drawing-room, threw himself on the count's neck, kissed Natacha's hand and Sonia's, and eagerly asked after his "Mamma."

"Who has time to think of health?" the count

growled dolefully. "Tell us what is going on. Where are the troops? Is there to be a battle?"

"God only knows, Papa," replied Berg. "The army is full of heroic spirit and the generals are sitting in council; the result is not yet known. All I can tell you, Papa, in general terms, is that no words can do justice to the really antique valor displayed by the Russian troops in the fight of the 7th. I can tell you this, Papa," and he slapped his chest, as he had seen a general of his acquaintance do whenever he spoke of the Russian troops. "I can tell you frankly that we officers never once had to urge our men forward; it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep back those — those. . . . Well, Papa, they were really heroes of antiquity," he hastily concluded. "General Barclay de Tolly did not shirk risking his life; he was always in the front. As to our corps, which was placed on the slope of a hill, as you may imagine. . . ." And Berg went off into a long story, a compilation of all he had picked up from hearsay during the last few days.

Natacha's eyes, fixed on his face, as though seeking there the answer to some question in her own mind, visibly disturbed the speaker. "The conduct of the troops was heroic; it is impossible to laud it too highly," he repeated, trying to win Natacha's good graces by a smile. "Russia is not in Moscow but in the hearts of her children! Heh Papa?"

At this moment the countess entered the room; she looked tired and cross. Berg leaped to his feet, kissed

her hand, asked her fifty questions about her health, shaking his head sympathetically.

“Ah! yes, Mamma, very true; these are cruel times for a Russian heart. But what are you uneasy about? You have plenty of time to get away.”

“I really cannot think what every one is about,” said the countess turning to her husband. “Nothing is ready, no one gives any orders. — It is enough to make one wish for Mitenka back again! There will be no end to it!”

The count was about to reply, but he thought better of it and made for the door.

“Papa, I have a great favor to ask.”

“Of me?”

“Yes. As I was passing the Youssoupow’s house just now, the steward came running out to ask me to buy something. I had the curiosity to go in, and I found a very pretty *chiffonier* — you remember I dare say that Vera particularly wished for one, and that we even had quite a little quarrel over it. If you could imagine what a pretty thing it is. . . .” Berg went on gleefully, as his thoughts went back to his elegant and well-kept little home, “full of little drawers with a secret division in one of them — I should so like to take it to her as a surprise. — I saw a troop of serfs down in the court-yard; let me have one of them — I will give him a handsome *pourboire* and. . . .”

But the count frowned: “You must ask the countess,” said he drily. “I do not give the orders.”

"Of course, if it is not convenient, I can do without," said Berg. "It was only because Vera. . . ."

"Devil take it. — Devil take you all!" exclaimed the count, out of patience. "You are turning my brain among you, upon my soul you are!" and he left the room.

The countess melted into tears.

"Oh! the times are desperately hard," Berg began again.

Natacha had followed her father, but a fresh idea struck and she flew down the stairs four steps at a time. Pétia was on the outside steps, very busy distributing arms to all who were leaving Moscow. The carts were still standing there with the horses ready harnessed, but two had been unloaded, and in one of them an officer had ensconced himself with the help of his servant.

"Do you know what it was about?" asked Pétia of his sister, alluding to the squabble between his parents. She did not answer. "I suppose it was because Papa wanted to let the wounded men have the waggons," the boy went on. "Vassili told me, and in my opinion. . . ."

"In my opinion," exclaimed Natacha, suddenly flaring up as she looked at her brother. "It is so mean, so shameful, that it maddens me! Are we Germans?"

She stopped, choked with sobs, and as no one was at hand on whom she could vent her passion she hastily fled.

Berg, seated by his step-mother, was pouring out a



stream of respectful consolations, when Natacha, angry and tearful, rushed in, like a hurricane, and went resolutely up to her mother.

“It is horrible, disgraceful!” she said. “You never can have given such an order, it is impossible!” Berg and the countess looked up quite scared. The count, who was at the window, said nothing.

“Mamma, it is impossible! Do you know what is going on in the court-yard? They are to be left behind!”

“What is the matter? Who are to be left?”

“The wounded.—Oh! Mamma, it is not like you.—Dear Mamma, dear little dove of a mother, forgive me, I ought not to speak so — but what do we want with all those things?”

The countess looked in the girl's face and understood the cause of her excitement and of her husband's bad temper; the count would not look round.

“Well, well, do as you please.—I do not prevent you,” said she, not yielding entirely.

“Mamma, will you forgive me?”

But the countess gently pushed her aside and went to her husband.

“My dear, settle it just as you like; have I ever interfered. . . .?” But she cast down her eyes like a criminal.

“The eggs giving a lesson to the old hen!” said the count, and he kissed his wife with tears in his eyes, while she hid her confusion on his shoulder.

“Oh Papa! may we? — And we shall have plenty

of room for all that is necessary. . . ." The count nodded assent, and Natacha was gone, with one bound to the stairs and another down into the court-yard.

When she gave the order to unload the vehicles the servants could not believe their ears; they gathered round her and would not do it till the count told them that it was by their mistress's desire. Then they were no less convinced of the impossibility of leaving the wounded than they had been, a few minutes before, of the necessity of carrying away all the property, and they set to work with a will. The sufferers dragged themselves out of the rooms and crowded about the waggons with pale but satisfied faces. The good news soon spread to the surrounding houses, and all the wounded men in the neighborhood flocked into the Rostow's court-yard. Many of them would have managed to find room among the trunks and cases, but, when once the unloading had begun who could stop it? And after all, what matter whether the whole or only a part of the things were left behind? The yard was littered with half-open boxes, containing rugs, china and bronzes,—all that had been so carefully packed the day before; and every one was busy trying to reduce the amount of luggage so as to convey as many of the wounded as possible.

"We still have room for four," said the steward.  
"They can have my cart."

"And take the one that has my trunks," said the countess. "Douniacha can sit by me."

The order was immediately carried out, and some

more wounded were sent for from two doors off. All the servants, and Natacha too, were in a state of extreme excitement.

“How can we fasten on this case?” said some men, who were trying to tie a certain box on to the back of a carriage. “It really wants a cart to itself!”

“What is in it?” asked Natacha.

“The books out of the library.”

“Leave them; we don’t want them.”

The britzska was quite full; there was not room even for Pétia.

“He will ride on the box. You will go on the box, won’t you, Pétia?”

Sonia meanwhile had never ceased toiling; but, unlike Natacha, she was putting the things in order that were to be left behind, writing labels for them, by the countess’s desire, and doing her best to get as much taken as possible.

At last, by two in the afternoon the four carriages, packed and loaded, stood, horses and all, in a row in front of the steps; while the waggons full of wounded men made their way out of the court-yard. The travelling-chariot in which Prince André was lying, caught Sonia’s attention as she and her lady’s-maid were busy trying to arrange a comfortable corner for the countess in the roomy carriage.

“Whose is that chariot?” asked Sonia, putting her head out of the window.

“Do not you know, Mademoiselle?” said the woman.

"It is the wounded prince — he spent the night here, and now he is coming on with us."

"What prince? What is his name?"

"It is our old *fiancé*, Prince André Bolkonsky," said the maid with a sigh. "He is dying they say."

Sonia sprang out, and ran off to the countess, who was walking about the rooms, dressed for the journey, with her bonnet and shawl on, waiting till all the party should have assembled to close the doors, and to say a short prayer before starting.

"Mamma," said Sonia, "Prince André is here, wounded and dying."

The countess stared in astonishment.

"Natacha!" was all she said.

In her mind as in Sonia's the fact had at first suggested but one idea; knowing Natacha as they both did, the feelings she must experience at this news were more present to them than the sympathy they had always felt for the prince.

"Natacha knows nothing about it, as yet. . . . But his carriage is coming with ours, that is the thing," said Sonia.

"And he is dying, you say?"

Sonia bowed her head and the countess, clasping her in her arms began to cry.

"The ways of the Lord are past finding out," thought she. She felt that the omnipotent hand of Providence was plainly visible in all that was going on around her.

“Well, Mamma, is everything ready?” asked Natacha, gaily. — “But what is the matter?”

“Nothing. Everything is ready.”

“Well, then, come —” and the countess held her head down to hide her tears.

Sonia kissed Natacha, and Natacha looked enquiringly into her face.

“What is it? What has happened?”

“Nothing, nothing.”

“Something wrong, and concerning me . . . ?” asked Natacha who was as susceptible as a sensitive plant.

The Count, Pétia, Mme. Schoss, Mavra Kouzminichna and Vassilitch came into the drawing-room; the doors were shut, and all sat in silence. In a few seconds the count rose, sighed deeply and crossed himself conspicuously in front of the holy image. All followed his example; he embraced Mavra Kouzminichna and Vassilitch who were to stay and take care of the house; while the two old servants seized his hand and kissed his shoulder, he patted them kindly on the back, bade them take care of themselves and said good-bye with vague benevolence. The countess had taken refuge in her room where Sonia found her, again on her knees in front of the images; though some of them had been removed, as the countess clung to those which were most precious as family heir-looms.

At the entrance and in the court-yard, those who were leaving — their high boots pulled up over their trousers, their coats strapped round the waist with leather belts, armed with daggers and swords dealt out

to them by Pétia — were taking leave of those who were to remain behind. As usual, at the last moment several things had been forgotten or badly packed, and the two running footmen stood for a long time at the doors of the carriage, ready to help the countess in, while the maids were still rushing to and fro for pillows and parcels of all sizes.

“They always forget something,” said the countess. “You know very well, Douniacha, that I cannot sit like that.” And Douniacha, clenching her teeth to keep silent, once more indignantly arranged the countess’s cushions.

“Oh, Servants! Servants!” muttered the count, shaking his head.

“Yéfime, the countess’s coachman, the only man she would trust to drive her, sat perched on his high box and did not even condescend to look back at what was going on. Long experience had taught him that it would be some time yet before he was told: “Drive on and God be with us!” and that even after that he would be stopped at least twice, while some forgotten article was sent for; not till then would the countess put her head out of the window and implore him in Heaven’s name to be careful going down hill. He knew it all well; so he waited with imperturbable coolness, and patience far greater than that of his horses, for the near horse pawed and champed his bit. At last every one was seated in the great coach, the step was put up, the door shut, the dressing-case that had been forgotten was put in and the countess gave the old

coachman the usual injunctions. Yéfime solemnly took off his hat and crossed himself; the postilion did the same.

“God be with us!” said Yéfime as he replaced his hat. “We are off!”

The postilion whipped up the leaders, the near shaft-horse put his collar to the work, the springs creaked and the heavy vehicle swayed. The footman sprang on the box as soon as they had fairly started and then the other carriages, jolting over the stones as they turned into the street, followed in procession. All the travellers crossed themselves as they passed the church opposite, and the servants who were to remain behind escorted them a little way, hanging about the carriage doors. Natacha had not for a long time felt so happily excited as at this moment; seated by her mother, she saw the houses and walls of Moscow, which they were abandoning to their fate, slowly circle past. From time to time she put her head out of the window and looked at the long file of waggons which led the way — Prince André’s chariot at its head. She had no idea of what that closed hood concealed; but as it was the first of the long line she kept her eyes fixed on it.

As they progressed endless files of the same kind turned out from so many of the cross streets that in the great high street — the Sadovaïa — they formed two lines. In front of the Soukharew Tower, Natacha, who was eagerly watching the passers-by, suddenly exclaimed with joyful surprise :

“Mamma, Sonia, it is he!”

“Who? Who is it?”

“Why, it is Bésoukhov —” and she leaned out of the window to make sure that she recognized a tall big man wearing a coachman’s *caftan*; it was easy to see at a glance that it was a disguise. Close behind him walked a little old man with a yellow, beardless face wrapped in a cloak with a frieze collar.

“It certainly is Bésoukhov,” said Natacha.

“What an idea! You are mistaken!”

“I will wager my head that it is he. — Stop. — Wait!” she cried to the coachman.

But it was impossible to stop; the drivers of vehicles in both directions shouted to him to go on and not to check the tide of traffic. However, the Rostovs could clearly make out the tall figure, though some way off; if it was not Pierre it was some one strangely like him. The person in question was walking on the foot-way with his head bent and a grave face; the old man who looked like a servant, noticing the party in the carriage who were gazing at him so inquisitively, gently and respectfully touched his master’s elbow. Pierre, lost in thought, did not immediately understand what he wanted; but presently looking round to the spot to which his aged companion was pointing, he caught sight of Natacha, and by an involuntary impulse ran towards the coach. He went about ten steps, and stopped short. Natacha, still leaning out, hailed him with a friendly smile.

“Pierre Kirilovitch, come here and speak to us.



You really seem to know me again! It is very surprising that you should. — And what are you doing in that queer costume?" she added, holding out her hand.

Pierre took her hand and kissed it awkwardly, walking along by the side of the carriage, for it had not been able to stop.

"What are you doing now?" said the countess with kindly intent.

"I — nothing. — Why? Ask me no questions, pray," he replied, feeling the bewitching charm of Natacha's bright face sinking into his soul.

"Are you going to stay or to leave Moscow?"

Pierre was silent for an instant.

"Moscow?" said he. "Yes, to be sure; I shall stay. Good-bye."

"How sorry I am that I am not a man! I should have stayed with you," said Natacha. "For you are right, I know. — Mamma, if you would only let me stay . . ."

"You were at the battle — you saw the fighting?" asked the countess, interrupting the girl.

"Yes," said Pierre, "I was there. There will be another to-morrow."

"But what is wrong with you?" Natacha persisted. "You are not like your usual self."

"Oh! ask me no questions. — I do not know — to-morrow. — Not another word! Good-bye, good-bye!" he repeated. "What dreadful times . . .!" He let the coach pass on and got back to the foot-

way; while Natacha still gazed after him with her friendly, but slightly satirical, smile.

## CHAPTER XV.

PIERRE, since his disappearance, had been living in the rooms that had belonged to his deceased friend Bazdëïew. This was what had happened.

When he awoke that morning, after his interview with Rostoptchine, he was for a few minutes too bewildered to know where he was or what was being said to him; but when his servant mentioned among the names of those who were waiting to see him, that of the Frenchman who had delivered his wife's letter, one of those fits of gloom and despair to which he was so liable came over him with crushing weight. His brain was utterly bewildered and confused; he felt as if he had nothing left to do on earth — that his whole existence had crumbled into nothingness, and that life had come to a dead-lock. Murmuring to himself with a forced smile, he sat on his sofa, altogether lost; now and then he peeped through the key-hole at the people waiting in the adjoining room, or took up a book and tried to read. His butler came a second time, to say that the French gentleman urgently begged for an interview, if only for a few moments, and that a man had come from Mme. Bazdëïew, who was obliged to go into

the country, with a message begging him to take charge of her deceased husband's library.

"To be sure, of course — at once. — Go and tell him I am coming, that will be best," said Pierre ; and as soon as the servant had left the room he snatched up his hat and slipped away by a back door.

He met no one in the passage, and got down to the lower landing. There he saw the porter on guard at the front entrance, so he turned off down a back staircase leading to the court-yard and stole across it unperceived. However, in going out of the carriage gate he was obliged to go past the gate-keepers and coachmen in waiting, who all bowed respectfully. To escape their enquiring eyes Pierre did as the ostrich does, hiding its head in the sand ; he looked away and walked off as fast as he could go.

On mature reflection it seemed to him that the most pressing need was to go and look over the papers and books which were entrusted to him. He called the first hackney-coach he met, and directed him to drive to the widow's house, near the "Patriarch's Pools." He looked about him as he drove on, at the lines of conveyances carrying away fugitives ; and he held on tightly, in order not to tumble out of his own ramshackle vehicle which jolted slowly along, creaking with rust ; he felt as happy as a boy playing truant from school. He began to talk to the driver, who told him that arms were being distributed at the Kremlin, that all the populace were to be sent out on the morrow beyond the gate by the

Three Hills, and that a great battle was to be fought there. When they reached the Pools Pierre had some difficulty in recognizing the house, for he had not been here for some time. When he knocked at the door, Gherassime, the little wrinkled old man whom he had first seen at Torjok five years since, opened the door.

“Is any one at home?” asked Pierre.

“My mistress and the children have been compelled by circumstances to take refuge in their country-house at Torjok.”

“Let me go in all the same. I must look through the books.”

“Yes come in, come in, Sir. His brother — my master’s, God rest his soul — is here still; but as you know, he is very feeble.”

Pierre also knew that he was half idiotic, for he drank like a fish.

“Well, let us see. . . .” said Pierre, and he went into the anteroom, where he found himself face to face with a tall, bald, old man shuffling about in a pair of slippers with no stockings on, while his rubicund nose bore testimony to his habits. On seeing Pierre he growled out a few dissatisfied remarks, and vanished down a dark passage.

“A powerful mind once, but very feeble nowadays,” said the servant. “Will you come into the library?”

Pierre followed him. “Seals have been placed on everything you see. Sophia Danilovna said we were to give you the books.”

Pierre was in the very room which, during the

Benefactor's lifetime he had entered once with such anxious trepidation. Since the old man's death the room had not been used, and the dust which lay on all the furniture made it look doubly forlorn. Ghérassime opened a shutter and went away. Pierre went to a cabinet which contained various manuscripts and took out a packet of very precious documents: the Constitution of the Scotch Lodges, ennobled and elucidated by Bazdéïew. He laid them out on the table, glanced over them, and then forgot everything in a brown-study.

Ghérassime opened the door and peeped in once or twice, but found him still in the same attitude. Two hours slipped by; then the old servant allowed himself to make a little noise; but it was in vain, Pierre heard nothing:

"Is your driver to be sent away?" asked Ghérassime at length.

"Ah! yes," exclaimed Pierre, rousing himself. "Listen," he added, holding the man by a button of his coat and looking at him with moist and glistening eyes. "There will be a fight to-morrow, you know. — Do not betray me, and do as I tell you."

"Very well," said Ghérassime shortly. "Shall I bring you something to eat?"

"No — I want something else. Bring me a complete peasant's outfit and a pistol."

"Very well," repeated Ghérassime after a moment's thought.

Pierre spent the rest of the day alone in the library,

walking up and down it incessantly ; and the old servant heard him talking aloud to himself several times. At night he went to rest in a bed that had been made ready for him. Ghérassime, in a long life of service, had seen many strange things ; so he was not particularly astonished by Pierre's eccentricity, and was very well content to have some one to wait upon. He had got the peasant's coat and cap by the evening without any difficulty, and promised to procure him the pistol next morning. The old drunken idiot came as far as the door of the room twice in the course of the evening, shuffling about with his shoes down at heel ; he would stand a few minutes gaping at Pierre, but as soon as Bésoukhow looked round he crossed the skirts of his dressing-gown over his shanks, and made off as fast as he could go.

Pierre, in his costume as a driver, was going in search of a pistol, with Ghérassime, when he met the Rostows.

## CHAPTER XVI.

DURING the night of September 13th, Koutouzow gave the order that the army was to retire towards Moscow, by the Riazan road. The march began at night ; the first regiments led the way in good order and without hurry ; but when, at daybreak, they reached the Dorogomilow Bridge, and saw in front of them an in-

numerable multitude, crowding the bridge, covering the heights, and thronging the streets till progress was impossible; when, at the same time, they were hemmed in behind by a less compact mass of men pushing them forward, the ranks were reduced to disorder. The soldiers rushed on to the bridge, jumped into boats, and many of them even into the water. Koutouzow himself made his way across the town by the back streets. By ten in the morning, of the 14th, however, only part of the rear guard remained in the Dorogomilow suburb: the rest of the army had made its way across.

At that same hour Napoleon, on horseback in the midst of his troops, was standing on the Poklonnaïa Hill,\* and gazing at the splendid panorama before him. During the memorable and eventful week—from the battle of Borodino on the 7th till the entrance of the enemy on the 14th—Moscow had enjoyed the lovely autumn weather which is always taken with gratitude as an agreeable surprise; the sun, though low on the horizon, seems to fill the air with sparkling light, dazzling the eye and giving a more genial warmth than in the spring; the lungs expand and dilate as they inhale the perfumed breeze; the nights are not yet cold, and the darkness is made glorious by showers of golden stars—a mysterious splendor that frightens some and enchants others.

On this day the morning light shed fairy-like beauty

\* "Salutation Hill about two miles from Moscow on the Smolensk road." *Murray's Handbook*. This interesting guide-book gives an excellent historical sketch of the invasion, and of the burning of Moscow. It also contains a small map of the city. (*Translator*.)

on Moscow. It lay at the foot of the hill, with its gardens, its churches, its river, its cupolas glistening like domes of gold, its fantastic and unique architecture—and everything looked as though life were moving there as usual. Napoleon, as he contemplated the scene, felt that mixture of uneasy curiosity and covetousness which stirs a conqueror as he stands face to face with unknown and alien types. He felt that this great city was instinct with life; nay, he could see ample evidence of that from the height on which he stood: it was as though he heard the panting breath of a vast living body. Every Russian heart as it turns to Moscow idealizes the old capital as a Mother; and every foreigner, though its maternal attributes may not come home to him, is struck by its essentially feminine character. — Napoleon felt it.

“This Eastern city with its numberless churches, Moscow the holy! — At last I see the famous spot! It was time!” thought he; he dismounted, had the map of Moscow laid before him, and sent for his interpreter, Lelorgne d’Ideville.

“A town held by an enemy is a dishonored maiden!” he had said to Toutchkow at Smolensk.

But as he admired the Oriental beauty, prone at his feet, it was chiefly in amazement at finding a dream realized which he had so long cherished and thought so difficult of attainment. He was excited, almost tremulous, at the certainty of possessing her, and he looked about him comparing the details of the scene with the plan of the city.



“ There lies the proud capital, at my mercy! And where is Alexander, and what are his feelings?—I have but to speak the word—to give a sign—and the capital of the Czars is destroyed forever. But my clemency is always great to the conquered! I will be merciful. Messages of justice and conciliation shall be written on those ancient monuments of despotism and barbarism. I, sitting in the Kremlin, will dictate words of wisdom: From me they shall learn what true civilization means, and future generations of Boyards will be obliged to remember the name of their conqueror with gratitude: ‘Boyards’—I will say to them—‘I do not wish to take advantage of my triumph to humiliate a sovereign I esteem; I will offer you terms of peace worthy of you and of my peoples!’—And my presence will elevate them, for I will speak plainly and magnanimously, as I always do.”

“Bring me the Boyards!” he said aloud, turning to his staff; and a General officer rode off in search of them.

Two hours went by; Napoleon breakfasted, and then returned to the same spot to await the deputation. His address was prepared—a speech full of dignity and majesty, at least in his own opinion. Carried away by the generosity he intended heaping on the capital, he already saw himself in fancy in the Palace of the Czars, surrounded by the magnates of the Russian court meeting those of his own. He was appointing a Prefect who should gain him the hearts of the people, distributing largess to the benevolent foundations of the town,

thinking that — as in Africa he had felt it his duty to drape himself in a *burnous* and perform his devotions in a mosque — so here he ought to be open-handed after the traditions of the Czars.

While he thus indulged his fancy, growing somewhat impatient at the delay in the arrival of the Boyards, his generals were debating in an undertone; for the emissaries charged to fetch these representatives had returned in consternation, announcing that the city was empty, that every one was leaving. How was this news to be communicated to his Majesty without making him ridiculous — the most distasteful issue conceivable? How was he to be told that, instead of the expected Boyards, there was not a soul to be found but the drunken mob? — Some said that a deputation of some sort must be got together at any cost; others recommended that the Emperor should be told the truth, with all circumspection and delicacy. It was a critical case.

“Impossible!” — said they. “And yet he must know it sooner or later.” But no one would be the first to tell him.

Napoleon, who had been so long content to indulge in his dream of magnificence, felt at last, with the subtle instinct of an accomplished actor, that the situation was losing its solemnity by dint of sheer lengthiness. He gave a sign, and a cannon was fired. At this signal the troops assembled in front of Moscow rushed in through the various gates at a double quick march, outstripping each other in the midst of clouds of dust, while the

streets rang with their deafening shouts. Napoleon, sympathizing in their enthusiasm, rode forward as far as the Dorogomilow Gate; there he stopped and dismounted, proceeding on foot, in confident expectation of meeting the deputation he had sent for.

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Moscow was deserted. There was still a spasmodic semblance of life no doubt; but it was practically empty and moribund, like a hive that has lost its queen. At a little distance it may still seem busy, but if you go close to it you cannot be deceived: this is not how it looks when the bees fly home to it; there is not the fragrance, the hum of life. A tap on the hive does not produce the general and immediate revolt of thousands of little creatures, curling themselves round to sting, buzzing and fluttering with rage, and filling the air with the stir of busy labor, though here and there, in its depths a feeble hum may be heard. At the entrance there is no heavy aromatic, scent of honey, no warm odor of gathered stores! No watchful guards are there ready to give a trumpet call of warning and then to sacrifice their lives in defending the commonwealth. There is no peaceful regular toil betraying itself in a steady murmur; only a fitful and broken buzz. The working bees are no longer to be seen setting forth, light of wing, to forage in the fields for their fragrant booty; only thieving drones creep in and out, all clammy with stolen sweets. Instead of swarming

bunches of honey-laden bees, clinging to each other, or brushing off the pellets of gathered wax, only a few torpid and half-dead insects are to be seen at the bottom of the hive, or wandering idly and vaguely about the fragile partitions. Where once there was a smooth floor, clean-swept by the fanning of their wings, the seams neatly caulked with wax, lie scattered crumbs of wax, broken ruins, a few dying creatures with legs still quivering, or corpses left unburied. The upper chambers are no less ruinous; the cells, built up with such exquisite skill, have lost their virgin beauty; everything is desolate, crushed and defiled. Robber wasps invade the abandoned works and the dismayed inhabitants — shrivelled, limp and decrepit, drag themselves about, listless and hopeless, with scarcely a spark of life; while flies, hornets, and butterflies come fluttering or blundering round the ravaged treasury. Sometimes one or two may be found faithful to their old habits, cleaning out a cell and instinctively removing a dead bee, while, close by these, two others are fighting or encouraging each other in idleness. A few survivors, finding a feebler victim, crowd round and suffocate it; here an invalid, no heavier than a tuft of down, flies slowly away, but soon falls, one more on a heap of dried-up dead — and where, not long since, thousands of bees stood in circles, and back to back, watching the mysteries of hatching broods, there is only a sprinkling of exhausted workers, and in the cells the hapless dead, who, even in their last sleep seem to be guarding the desecrated and violated sanctuary. It is a realm of death and decay!

The few that survive climb, try to fly, cling to the master's hand and are too weak even to sting ere they die.— He seals up the door, marks it for destruction, and presently takes out the fragments of remaining comb.

This was precisely the appearance of Moscow on that 14th of September. Those who had been left behind came and went as usual with mechanical regularity, making no change in the routine of life; while Napoleon, anxious and fuming, was pacing to and fro at the gate, waiting for the deputation to meet him — an empty ceremonial that he held indispensable. When at last they told him with every conceivable circumlocution that Moscow was empty, he scowled furiously at the man who had dared to utter the words, and continued his walk in silence. "The carriage!" he said; he got in with the assistance of the aide-de-camp in waiting and drove into the town. Moscow deserted! What an incredible climax! Without attempting to go to the heart of the city he alighted at an inn in the Dorogomilow suburb. The grand effect had missed fire.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE Russians poured through Moscow from two in the morning till two in the afternoon, closely followed by the wounded and the last remaining inhabitants.

While they remained immovably locked on the Stone Bridge, the Moskva Bridge and the Yaouza Bridge, quite unable to move forward, a mob of soldiers took advantage of the halt to steal back along Vassili-Blaggennoi as far as the "Red Square,"\* where they fancied they could help themselves to other people's property without any very great difficulty. The alleys and passages leading to the Gostinnoi-Dvor\*\* were also thronged with men prompted by the same desire.

No invitations to buy were to be heard; the itinerant merchants and their barrows had disappeared with the motley crowd of buyers and haggling women; the mob was exclusively composed of soldiers who had laid down their arms, and were going into the houses empty-handed to come out loaded with spoil. The few owners who had remained on the spot were wandering about in dismay, opening and closing their shops, bringing out whatever they could first lay hands on and giving it to their men to carry to some place of safety. On the square in front of the bazaar drums were beating a call to arms, but their rattle was ineffectual to restore discipline among the plundering soldiers, who, on the contrary, made off as fast as they could, while, through the seething mob, a few men in grey coats with shaven heads were moving to and fro.

Two officers — one wearing a scarf and riding a wretched iron-grey nag, and the other in a cloak and on foot — were talking at the corner of a street; they were presently joined by a third, also on horseback.

\* Place Rouge.

\*\* The Bazaar of Moscow.

“The general says they are all to be driven out, come what may — half the men have deserted. — Where are you off to?” he shouted to three infantry privates who were sneaking past to rejoin the ranks, holding up the skirts of their great coats.

“How on earth are we to get them together again? . . . . We must make those we have march in double quick time to prevent their joining the others.”

“But they cannot get forward; there is a dead-lock on the bridge.”

“Come — go forward and drive the mob in front of you,” said an old officer.

The man with the scarf dismounted and called the drummer, and they took their stand together under the arcade. A few soldiers began running with the crowd. A fat shop-keeper, with flushed, bloated cheeks and a look of satisfied greed, went up to the officer, gesticulating eagerly.

“Highness,” he said with a free and easy air, “you must grant us more protection. As far as we are concerned it is a mere trifle; and if all that was expected was just enough to satisfy a gentleman like you, we should be only too glad, — a couple of pieces of cloth are always at your service; for, of course, we know. — But this is sheer pillage! If there were a patrol at any rate, or if we had had notice in time to shut up . . . .”

Some other shop-keepers had joined the group.

“What is the use of lamenting over such a trifle?” said one of them very gravely. “Who thinks of crying for his hair when his head is cut off? — They may take

what they please!" he added to the officer, with a gesture of despair.

"It is all very well for you to talk so, Ivan Sidoritch," said the other angrily. — "Come, Highness, come this way."

"I know what I am saying," said the old man. "Why, have not I three shops and above a hundred thousand roubles in goods? But how can we hope to save our property when the troops are taken away? God's will is stronger than ours!"

"Only come," repeated the other, bowing to the officer who looked undecided. "But, after all, what do I care!" he added suddenly, and he strode off.

A great noise of fighting and swearing was audible inside a shop where the door stood half-open. He was on the point of going in to see what was happening when one of the men with shaved heads, in a grey coat, was flung violently out. The man sprang up very nimbly, and stooping almost double, threaded his way between the officer and the shop-keepers, and was lost in the crowd, while the mob flew at the soldiers who were forcing their way into the shop.

At the same moment a tremendous outcry came up from the Moskva bridge.

"What is the matter? What is it?" cried the officer rushing to the spot with his companion.

Two cannon, removed from their permanent position, were placed at the end of the square, which was full of carts that had been overturned, and of infantry marching down on the people who were running like



mad creatures. Some soldiers were roaring with laughter as they stared at a huge waggon loaded with a mountain of furniture; on the top of it a woman was clinging with desperate shrieks, to a child's arm-chair with its legs in the air; four dogs fastened to the waggon, were huddled together in alarm. From what the officer could learn the shrieks of the crowd and the woman's screams had their origin in a sudden panic. General Yermolow, hearing that the soldiers were pillaging the shops, and the inhabitants thronging the ways to the bridge, had had two guns brought down from their positions to make the people believe that he was going to clear the square by firing. Frenzied with terror, the mob had scrambled on to the carts and waggons, had upset them, pushing and yelling, and so had actually left the passage open for the troops which had marched on.

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In the heart of the city the streets were quite empty; private houses and shops alike were closed; near the taverns, here and there, drunken songs or shouting might be heard, but there was no sound of carriages or horses, and only the footfall of some rare passer-by echoed through the dismal silence. The Povarskaïa was as still as the other streets; trusses of hay, ends of rope and pieces of board littered the wide courtyard of the Rostows' house — abandoned now, with all its splendid fittings; not a soul was to be seen, but the jingling of a piano came from the drawing-room:

Michka, Vassilitch's grandchild, who had been left behind, was amusing himself with strumming on the keys; while the gate-porter, with his hand on his hip, was standing in front of a long glass, and smiling graciously at his own reflection.

"How clever I am! Uncle Ignace," cried the boy, patting with his hands on the key-board.

"Wonderful!" replied Ignace, still gazing at the broad face that beamed at him from the mirror.

"Oh! idle! Shamefully idle!" said the voice of Mavra Kouzminichna suddenly coming behind them. "I have caught you! — Look at that great face, grinning at its own teeth, while nothing is put away, and Vassilitch can hardly stand, he is so tired."

The porter looked grave at once, pulled down his belt and left the room with submissive eyes.

"I am resting, little Aunt!"

"I daresay, indeed, you little imp! Be off and get the samovar ready for your grandfather."

Then the old woman dusted the furniture, shut the piano, sighed deeply, and took care to lock the drawing-room door behind her.

She was standing in the court-yard, considering what she should do next — should she go and take tea with Vassilitch, or finish her work in the store-room? — when hasty steps clattered down the deserted street and stopped at the gate; then some one rattled violently at the latch of the door, trying to open it.

"Who is there? What do you want?" cried the old housekeeper.

“The Count — Count Ilia Andréievitch Rostow ?”

“Who are you ?”

“I am an officer, and I want to see him,” answered a pleasant voice.

Mavra Kouzminichna opened the wicket gate and saw in fact an officer, a lad of about eighteen, whose features were remarkably like those of the Rostow family.

“But they are gone — they went yesterday evening,” she said, quite affectionately.

“Oh, what ill-luck ! I ought to have come yesterday,” said the young fellow regretfully.

Meanwhile the old woman had been looking with sympathetic curiosity at the face — so like those that were familiar to her, at the youth’s ragged cloak and worn boots.

“What did you want of the count ?”

“Oh ! it is too late,” said the lad somewhat crest-fallen, as he turned to go ; but he paused in spite of himself as it seemed. “I am a sort of relation of his ; he has always been very kind to me — and you see,” he added with a frank smile, as he pointed to his boots and his cloak — “I have not a farthing, and I wanted to ask the count . . . .”

Mavra Kouzminichna did not wait till he had finished.

“Wait a moment,” she said shortly, and she trotted off to the side-court where her rooms were. The officer stood looking at his boots with a melancholy smile.

“What a pity I have missed my uncle. — And what a good old body! — Where has she vanished to? I must ask her which is the shortest way to pick up my regiment, which by this time must have got to the Rogojskaïa gate.”

He saw Mavra Kouzminichna coming back with a determined though somewhat timid look; she had a checked handkerchief in her hand which, as she came near him, she untied, and taking out a twenty-five rouble note which she awkwardly offered him.

“If his Excellency had been at home, he would, of course . . . . But as it is . . . .”

She paused in confusion while the young fellow gladly grasped the money and thanked her effusively.

“God be with you,” said she, as she showed him out. The young officer darted off, along the abandoned streets, to rejoin his regiment as soon as possible by the bridge over the Yaouza. Mavra Kouzminichna watched him go, and stood for a few minutes outside the gate which she had carefully closed. Her eyes were bright with tears; he was long since out of sight, but she was still full of the motherly pity and feeling that had been stirred in her soul by the sight of this young fellow, who was a perfect stranger to her.

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The ground floor of an unfinished house in the Varvarka was occupied by a tavern ringing at this moment with drunken shouts and songs. Ten or more work-

men were seated round the tables in a low dirty room — all tipsy, with coats unbuttoned and blood-shot eyes — and singing at the top of their voices; but it was easy to see that it was not out of jollity. Their faces streamed with perspiration; it was mere rollicking bravado and defiance. One of them, a fair, tall, young fellow, in a blue smock, might have been thought good-looking if his pointed lips which twitched incessantly, and his gloomy, glassy eyes had not given his face a strange and sinister expression. He seemed to lead the chorus, beating time with great gravity, and waving his arm right and left above their heads; his sleeves were rolled back and the white skin showed almost to the shoulder.

Suddenly, in the midst of the song a sound as of fighting fists was heard, and he abruptly stopped, saying in a tone of command :

“That will do boys; they are fighting outside; and rolling up his sleeve, which kept tumbling down over his wrist, he went out followed by his companions.

They, like himself, were workmen, whom the tavern-keeper was treating in payment for some leather of various kinds which they had brought from the factory where they worked. Some blacksmiths, fancying from the noise within that something extraordinary must be going on, had tried to get in; but the tavern-keeper and a shoeing-smith had come to blows in the doorway; the smith was thrown, and went reeling into the middle of the street, where he fell face downwards. One of his comrades immediately flew at the tavern-keeper,

got him down and knelt on his chest with all his weight; but at that instant the young orator of the rolled-up sleeve appeared on the scene, and dealing the smith a tremendous blow, shouted vehemently: "Come on lads, they are killing our man!"

The shoeing-smith lifted up a blood-stained face, and cried out in a doleful voice:

"Help this way, Help! A man is killed — Help!"

"Lord have mercy! they have killed a man!" bleated a woman, putting her head out of the gate next door.

A crowd had gathered round the fallen man.

"You are not content with robbing the poor wretches and fleecing them of their last rag, but you must kill a man, you rascally cellarman!"

The fair man standing in the doorway turned his dull eyes from the tavern-keeper to the shoeing-smith, as if doubtful which he should quarrel with.

"Villain!" he suddenly yelled, flying at the tavern-keeper. "Tie his hands, boys."

"What! Tie my hands?" cried the man; he shook off his enemies with a violent effort, and snatching off his cap, flung it on the ground. It might have been supposed that this action bore some mysterious and ominous meaning, for the men instantly stood quiet. "I am for law and order, lads; and I know what order means better than any of you . . . I have only to go and fetch the police. . . What! you think I shall not go? You will see. Any row in the streets is particularly forbidden to-day, do you understand?" And he picked

up his cap. "Well, come on," he added, and he walked off, followed by the fair man, the shoeing-smith, the workmen and all the crowd, shouting and yelling with excitement. "Come on, come on!"

At the corner of the street a score of journeymen-shoemakers were standing in front of a house with closed shutters and a boot-maker's sign-board swinging in the wind; their clothes were shabby, and their dejected faces bore the marks of exhaustion from hunger.

"Now, ought not he to have paid us our wages?" said one, with a scowl. "Not a bit of it; he has drained our blood and thinks the score is settled; he has fooled us all the week, and now he has bolted?" Then, seeing the other party approaching he broke off, and he and his comrades joined the new-comers out of mere restless curiosity.

"Where are we going? Oh! we know; we are going to find the police."

"Is it a fact, then, that we are getting the upper hand?"

"Why, what did you suppose?— Listen to what they are saying."

While every one was asking questions or answering at random, the tavern-keeper took advantage of the hub-bub to make himself scarce and stole home again. The young workman, not noticing the disappearance of his foe, continued his harangue, waving his bare arms and so attracting the attention of the little mob who eagerly hoped to hear some explanation that might encourage them.

“ He says that he knows what law is, that he knows what order means!—But have we not the authorities to tell us that?—Don’t you say that I am right, boys? How can the world get on without the authorities? Why, every one will be robbed—and then!—”

“ Stuff and nonsense!” said a man in the crowd. “ Do you believe they would all leave Moscow like that? Some one has been laughing at you and you have taken it for gospel!—Why, you can see what a lot of soldiers there are in the streets; do you think they will let ‘him’ just march in!—The authorities are there to prevent it. Listen to what he says!” he added, pointing to the fair man.

Near the wall of the Kitāi-Gorod a group had gathered round a man who was reading a paper aloud.

“ He is reading the ukase — listen, the ukase!” said one and another, and the whole party moved in that direction. The man with the paper, seeing himself the centre of a crowd, seemed somewhat embarrassed; but, at the workmen’s request, he began again, in a rather tremulous voice: it was Rostoptchine’s last proclamation, dated August 31st (September 12th)

“ I am going to-morrow to see his Highness ” — “ his Highness,” the fair man repeated in a solemn tone, but with a smile — “ to consult with him that we may act in concert and help the troops to destroy these ruffians and send them to the devil. I shall be back to dinner, and set to work once more, and then we will act decisively and give ‘him’ a thorough licking.”

The last words were received in total silence. The



young workman stood with his head bent, looking very gloomy; it was evident that no one had quite understood, but that the phrase 'I shall be back to dinner' had produced an unpleasant impression. The feeling of the populace was at such a high pitch of tension that this commonplace platitude rang false in their ear. Any one might say such a thing as that; in an ukase from a high authority it was quite out of place. No one broke the gloomy silence — not even the fair lad, though his lips quivered spasmodically.

"Let us go and ask him. — Hallo! There he is! He will tell us himself —" cried a number of voices; their attention was attracted to an official personage whose carriage with an escort of dragoons, had just appeared in the square. It was the chief commissioner of police, who had just been to set fire to the shipping in the river by Rostoptchine's orders. He had brought back a considerable sum of money which, at the moment, was snugly deposited in his pockets. Seeing a crowd moving towards him he desired the coachman to pull up.

"What is the matter?" he asked of the foremost, as they timidly approached. "Well, what is it?" he repeated, getting no reply.

"Your Excellency, it is — it is nothing," said a man in a cloak; "They are all ready to obey your Excellency and to do their duty and to risk their lives. — It is not a riot, Excellency, but as the count has sent word . . ."

"The count has not gone. He is here, and you

shall not be forgotten! — Drive on," he added to the coachman.

The crowd had stood quiet, pressing closely round those who were supposed to have heard what the representative of power had said; but still, it allowed him to drive off. The Commissioner looked back in alarm, and said a few words to the driver, who flogged his horses to their utmost speed.

"We are being deceived boys! Let us go to the count himself — and don't let that one go! He shall be called to account for this! Stop him, stop him!"

And they all rushed, helter skelter, in pursuit of the Chief Commissioner of Police.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

DURING the evening of the 13th Rostoptchine had had an interview with Koutouzow, and had come away deeply offended. As he was not a member of the council of war his proposal to assist in defending the city was not even noticed; he was also extremely astonished at the faith in the tranquility of Moscow which prevailed in the camp, some high personages seeming indeed to regard its loyalty as a secondary and unimportant factor.

On his return, after eating his supper he lay down, without undressing, to rest on a sofa; between midnight and one in the morning a servant woke him with a let-

ter from Koutouzow, which had come by an express messenger. This announced that the army was to retire behind Moscow, by the Riazan road, and begged him to be good enough to send the police force to facilitate the march of the regiments through the town. This was not news to the count; he had foreseen this issue even before his meeting with Koutouzow, nay, the very day after Borodino. In fact all the generals had agreed that a second pitched battle was out of the question, and consequently all the treasure and crown valuables had been conveyed out of the city. Nevertheless this command, in the form of a mere note from Koutouzow and brought at night to rouse him out of his first sleep, annoyed him to the last degree.

After the event, when he amused his leisure by writing an explanation of all he had done at this crisis, Count Rostoptchine stated in several passages in his memoirs that his object throughout had been to keep Moscow quiet, and induce the inhabitants to quit it. If this was, in fact, what he aimed at, his conduct was above reproach. But, if so, why was not the wealth of the capital saved — arms, stores, powder and corn? Why were millions of inhabitants cheated and ruined by being told that Moscow would not be evacuated? — “To preserve tranquility,” says Count Rostoptchine. Very well; then why were masses of worthless documents removed, and Leppich’s balloon, and fifty other things? “In order that nothing should be sacrificed,” says the count again. — But if these views are equally admissible everything he did may be justified.

All the horrors of the Reign of Terror in France were, in the same way, intended to secure public tranquillity. What could have given Count Rostoptchine any ground for fearing a revolution at Moscow when the inhabitants had left, and the army had retired? Neither there, nor on any other spot of Russian ground, did anything take place which had the faintest resemblance to a revolt.

On the 13th and 14th of September there were still above ten thousand men left in Moscow, and excepting at one moment when the crowd collected in some excitement, by the governor's orders in the court-yard of his residence, there was no sign of a riot. Nor would there have been any reason to fear one, even if it had been announced after Borodino that the city must be abandoned instead of asserting the very contrary, distributing arms, and, in short, taking every step which could conduce to keeping up the effervescence of the mob.

Rostoptchine was a man of sanguine and irritable temperament; he had always lived and moved in the higher circles of official administration; consequently, in spite of his very genuine patriotism, he knew nothing of the people though he flattered himself he could manage them. Ever since the enemy had crossed the frontier he had assumed that he could play the part of supreme and active ruler of the national movement in the heart of Russia. He fancied that he not only governed the actions of the inhabitants, but influenced their impulses by means of his "posters" — proclamations written in a style of vulgar familiarity which the

populace hold cheap even among themselves, and which they feel to be derogatory from the pen of a superior. But the part was to his fancy; he had thrown himself into it and, the necessity for laying it down before he could find an opportunity for some heroic exploit took him by surprise. The ground was cut from under his feet and he did not know what line of conduct to pursue.

Though he had so long foreseen the catastrophe, he resisted the conviction that Moscow must be sacrificed to the very last moment, and would do nothing with a view to such a result. It was against his wish that the inhabitants were quitting the town, and it was extremely difficult to persuade him to authorize the steps necessary to secure the safety of the archives of the law courts. All his energies and all his actions were devoted to keeping alive in the citizens that patriotic hatred of the foe and that self-confidence with which he himself was so thoroughly imbued. As to any measure of the extent to which this energy was understood and shared by the populace no estimate has ever been possible. But when, in the course of their development, events assumed their true historical proportions — when words were too feeble to express the hatred of the nation for the invader, though it was not possible to give it vent in the fury of battle — when self-reliance was no longer sufficient to defend Moscow — when the people rushed away like a torrent, carrying their property with them, displaying by this act of negative determination the strength of their national feeling — then Rostopt-

chine's attitude suddenly became an absurdity; he felt deserted, helpless and ridiculous, and all the more annoyed because he was consciously guilty. Everything that Moscow contained had been entrusted to him — and everything that could be carried away had been taken! “And who is answerable?” he asked himself. “Certainly not I. All was in readiness, I held Moscow in my two hands and this is what they have chosen to do. — Traitors! Scoundrels!” he cried out in his rage, not identifying the traitors and scoundrels against whom he was railing, but stung with an impulse of hatred towards those who, in his opinion, had placed him in this ridiculous position.

He spent the night in giving orders which every one came to ask for; his friends and household had never seen him so morose and unmanageable.

“Excellency here is a message from the Consistory — from the University — from the Senate House — from the Foundling Hospital. . . .” “The Firemen — the Governor of the Prison — the Director of the Lunatic Asylum want to know what is to be done!” — And so it went on all night.

The count's answers were short and stern, and simply intended to convey that he declined to take upon himself any responsibility for the instructions he gave but threw it all on those who had nullified his efforts.

“Tell the idiot to take proper care of his archives — and the other one not to worry me with silly questions about his firemen . . . If they have horses let them go to Vladimir. Does he want to leave them for the French?”

“ Excellency, the Inspector of Lunatic Asylums is here, what is he to do ? ”

“ To go, of course ; to go at once, and turn the madmen loose in the town. Since the army is commanded by madmen it is only fair that those who are shut up should be set free. ”

When he was asked what was to be done with the prisoners the count flew in a rage. “ Do you expect me to give you two battalions to escort them out of the city ? There are no troops you know. — Well then, set them at liberty. ”

“ But, Excellency, there are the political prisoners— Metchkow and Verestchaguine. ”

“ Verestchaguine ? Is not he hung yet. Bring him here. ”

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By about nine in the morning, when the troops began marching through the town, the count had ceased to be importuned with vexatious questions ; those who were leaving and those who were staying no longer needed his advice. He had ordered his carriage to go to Sokolniki, and while waiting for it lay down with his arms crossed and a scowling brow.

In times of peace, when the humblest administrator complacently believes that the lives of those to whom he administrates depend solely on his care, he finds the rich reward of his pains in the consciousness of his own indispensable utility. So long as the calm lasts, the pilot who leads the way in his frail boat, showing the

bulky man-of-war the line along which it must steer, firmly believes — as is but natural — that his personal efforts are moving the huge hulk; but if a storm should rise and the surges drive the ship out of her course, she rides the waves in majestic independence, and the pilot, who before was apparently omnipotent, is now feeble and useless. — This was what Rostoptchine felt, and he was deeply aggrieved.

The chief commissioner of police — the official who had been stopped by the crowd — came into the count's room at the same time as the aide-de-camp who announced that the governor's carriage was ready. Both men were pale, and the commissioner, after reporting to the governor as to the results of his errand, went on to say that the court-yard was full of a great crowd who were asking to see him. The count, without saying a word, went into the drawing-room and laid his hand on the latch of the glass door that led out on to the balcony; but, changing his mind, he went to another window, from which he could watch what was going on outside. The tall, fair man was still haranguing and gesticulating; the shoeing-smith, covered with blood, stood at his elbow in sullen anger, and the sound of voices came through the closed panes.

“The carriage is ready?” asked Rostoptchine.

“Quite ready, your Excellency,” said the aide-de-camp.

“And what do those fellows want?” asked Rostoptchine, going towards the balcony.



“They have assembled, they say, to march against the French by your orders. — They talk of treason too; they are a riotous crew, and I only just escaped from them. — Allow me to suggest to your Excellency . . . .”

“Have the goodness to withdraw; I know what I have to do —” and he still stood looking out. “This is what they have brought the country to, this is what they have brought me to!” he went on, his passion against those whom he held guilty rising to a pitch of savage fury beyond his control. “There they are — the mob, the very dregs of the people, that they have brought to the top by their folly! — They want a victim perhaps,” thought he, as his eyes fell on the young ring-leader, and he wondered to himself on whom he could pour out the phials of his rage.

“Is the carriage quite ready?” he asked once more.

“Yes, Excellency. — What orders have you to give with regard to Verestchaguine; he is below.”

“Ah!” cried Rostoptchine, struck by a new idea; he opened the glass door and stepped out on to the balcony. The crowd uncovered their heads and all turned to look at him.

“Good day, my children,” he said loudly and hurriedly. “Thank you for coming. I will be among you in a moment; but first I have to settle with the wretch who has lost us Moscow. — Wait.” And he went back into the room as suddenly as he had come out.

A murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd.

“You will see — he will make everything right, — and you would have it that the French —” and so on — reproaching each other for their want of confidence.

Two minutes later an officer made his appearance at the front door and said a few words to the dragoons who formed in a line; the crowd, eagerly curious, pressed forward towards the portico, where Rostoptchine now came out.

“Where is he?” he said wrathfully.

Just then a young man appeared upon the scene, coming round the corner of the house; his neck was thin, his head half-shaved and he wore a blue caftan, once an elegant garment, and a convict's dirty, shabby trousers; he walked slowly between two dragoons painfully dragging his shrunken legs and heavy chains.

“Put him there,” said Rostoptchine, pointing to the bottom step; but he did not look at the prisoner. The young man stepped up with difficulty and the clank of his fetters was heard; he sighed and dropping his hands, which were not at all like those of a workman, he stood with them folded in a submissive attitude. During this little scene not a sound was heard but a stifled cry here and there in the background where the people were crushing each other in their anxiety to see. The count, frowning, waited till the prisoner was in his place.

“Children!” he then began in a sharp, ringing voice. “This is Verestchaguine, the man who has lost Moscow!”

The prisoner, whose pallid features expressed utter prostration of mind and body, held his head down; but, as the count spoke, he slowly raised it and looked at him from under his brows; he seemed anxious to speak, or perhaps to catch his eye. All down his slender throat a blue vein swelled like whip-cord, and his face flushed. Every one turned to gaze at him, and he smiled sadly, as though he felt encouraged by a belief in their sympathy; then his head fell again and he tried to stand steady on the step.

“He has betrayed his sovereign and his country; he sold himself to Bonaparte; he is the only man of us all who has disgraced the name of Russian. — It is through him that Moscow is perishing!” said Rostoptchine in a steady hard voice. Suddenly, with a glance at his victim, he added in a louder voice. “I give him over to you to judge. — Take him!”

The crowd, still speechless, packed closer and closer; the press was intolerable, and it became agony to breathe in the malodorous atmosphere while awaiting something awful and unknown. The men in the front ranks, who had seen and understood, stood open-mouthed, their eyes staring with fright — a barrier to the surging of the throng behind them.

“Kill him! Let the traitor perish!” cried Rostoptchine. “Put him to the sword — I order it!”

An universal cry rose up in response to the furious tone in which the words were spoken, though they were scarcely articulate; there was a general forward movement, but it was instantly checked.

“Count,” said Verestchaguine, timidly but solemnly, during this brief lull, “Count, the same God judges us both . . . !” and he stopped.

“Kill him! I command you!” repeated Rostoptchine, white with rage.

“Draw swords,” cried the officer in command.

At these words the crowd heaved like a billow, pushing the front ranks against the portico steps. Thus the fair-haired orator was brought quite close to Verestchaguine; his face looked stony — he still held his arm in the air.

“Get it done!” said the officer in a low tone to his men, and one of the dragoons hit Verestchaguine violently with the flat of his sword.

The poor wretch cried out with sheer terror; he hardly felt the blow. A thrill of horror and pity ran through the crowd.

“Oh Lord! Oh Lord!” pleaded a voice; but Verestchaguine shrieked, and that shriek sealed his fate. The human feeling which till now had held the frenzied mass in suspense suddenly gave way, and the crime, already half done, could no longer be averted. A dull roar of rage and revenge drowned the last murmurs of pity; like the fatal ninth wave which destroys a sinking ship, a human wave rolled irresistibly onward; the hindmost of the crowd bore down among the front rows, and all were mingled in indescribable disorder. The dragoon who had already hit Verestchaguine raised his hand for a second stroke. The miserable wretch, covering his face with his hands, flung himself among

the people. The young ringleader, against whom he fell, gripped him by the throat, and with a yell like a wild beast, fell with the prisoner in the middle of the mob, which rushed upon them both. Some pulled or hit Verestchaguine, others fell upon the lad, and their cries only incited the rage of their enemies. It was long before the dragoons were able to rescue the young workman, who was half dead; and, in spite of the violence they put into their bloody deed, the murderers could not beat the life out of their hapless and hardly breathing victim, for the dense mass crushed and squeezed them as in a vise, so that they had not room to do their hideous work.

“Finish him off with an axe!— Is he well pummelled?— A traitor! a Judas!— Is not he dead yet?— He has been paid his score!”

Not till the poor wretch had ceased to struggle, and his chest scarcely heaved with the death rattle, did the mob make way round his bleeding body: then all came in turn to stare, and turned away shuddering and shocked.

“Good God! What a wild beast a mob is! How could he possibly have escaped!— And he is quite a young fellow, too! Some shop-keeper’s son, no doubt! Oh! the mob!— And now they say he was not the right man after all; they gave another a good beating!— How can they be so little afraid of such a sin?—” They could all say this now, as they looked at the mangled body and the face all disfigured with dust and blood. A zealous soldier in the police service, think-

ing that the body ought not to be left to cumber the court-yard of the governor's house, ordered that it should be thrown into the street, and the dragoons dragged it out without ceremony, the head, half wrung from the body, knocking against the stones, while the people shrank back in dismay as the corpse went by.

At the first moment, when Verestchaguine fell and the crowd flew at him, Rostoptchine had turned as pale as death, and instead of making for the side door where the carriage was waiting for him, he hurriedly ran into the rooms on the ground floor, he himself knew not why. His teeth were chattering as if with ague.

"Excellency, not that way! Here!—" cried a scared servant.

Rostoptchine mechanically followed, found his carriage, jumped in, and told the coachman to drive to his country residence. He could hear the yells of the mob in the distance; and as he went further away from it, the recollection of the excitement and alarm he had allowed himself to display before his inferiors annoyed him excessively. "The mob is terrible, hideous!" said he to himself in French. "They are like wolves that can only be appeased with flesh!"

"Count, the same God judges us both!" surely a voice had repeated the words in his ear; a cold chill ran down his spine. But it was only for an instant, and he smiled at his own weakness. "Come, come," thought he, "I had a duty to fulfil. The people had to be pacified! . . . Public good is merciless on individuals!" and he reflected on his duty to his family, to

the capital entrusted to his keeping, and to himself—not as a private resident, but as his sovereign's representative. "Had I been no more than a private gentleman my line of conduct must have been quite different, but under existing circumstances I was bound, at any cost, to protect the life and dignity of the Governor-General!"

Comfortably rocked in his chariot, his body recovered by degrees, while his mind suggested the most flattering arguments to soothe his spirit. They were not new ones; ever since the world was created and men began to kill each other, no man that has ever committed a crime of this character has failed to hush his remorse by reflecting that he was forced to it by his regard for the good of the public. Only those who do not allow their passions to get the upper-hand refuse to admit that the good of the public can require such deeds. Rostoptchine did not for a moment blame himself for Verestchaguine's death; on the contrary, he formed a hundred reasons for being satisfied with his own tact in thus punishing a malefactor, and at the same time pacifying the mob.

"Verestchaguine was tried and condemned to death," said he to himself—but, in fact he had only been condemned to penal servitude—"He was a traitor, and I could not let him go unpunished. Thus I killed two birds with one stone."

As soon as he reached his destination he proceeded to various other occupations, and so put to rout any further doubts he might have had.

Half an hour later he was driving across the open ground of Sokolniki, having quite forgotten all previous incidents; thinking only of the future, he made his way to speak with Koutouzow who, as he was told, was to be found at the bridge over the Yaouza. As he rode along he prepared a speech of extreme severity, denouncing the commander-in-chief's disloyal conduct, by which he hoped to make that old 'court-fox' feel that he alone was answerable for the woes of Russia and the loss of Moscow. The open plain was quite deserted, excepting that at the opposite side, in front of a large yellow house, a number of persons dressed all in white were moving about, some of them shouting and gesticulating. When the count's chariot came in view one of these men ran forward to meet it. The coachman, the dragoons, and Rostoptchine himself looked with interest, mingled with alarm at this party of mad creatures who had just been liberated, and particularly at the man who was coming towards them with an unsteady gait, his long white dressing-gown flying behind his lank legs. He kept his eyes fixed on the count, and shouted to him unintelligible words, while he signed to him to stop. His haggard and gloomy face was covered with tufts of hair; his eye-balls were yellow, with large, jet-black pupils, and they rolled with a scared and restless glare.

"Stop! Stop!" he shouted, panting for breath; and then he went on with his harangue and his extravagant gesticulations. At last he reached the carriage and ran on by the side of it as it went.



“I have been killed three times, and three times have I risen from the dead! . . . They stoned me, they crucified me. — But I shall rise again — I shall rise again! Three times must the Kingdom of God be overthrown, and three times shall I re-establish it!” and his voice rose almost to a scream.

Count Rostoptchine turned pale, as he had done when the mob had flung itself on Verestchaguine.

“Go on—faster, faster!” he cried to the coachman, quaking with fear.

The horses dashed onward; but still the madman’s cries rang in his ears, as he left him further and further behind; and before him rose the blood-stained form of Verestchaguine in his fur-trimmed caftan. Time, he knew, could never dim the clearness of that vision; the fearful traces of that scene, he felt, would sink deeper and deeper into his soul, and haunt him till his dying day. He could hear himself say it: “Kill him — on your heads be it if you do not.”

“Why should I have said that?” he involuntarily wondered. “I might have held my tongue and nothing would have happened.” He could see the dragoon’s face with its sudden change from terror to ferocity, and the sad look of timid reproach in his victim’s eyes: “But no — I could not do otherwise — the mob — the traitor — the safety of the public. . . .”

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The bridge over the Yaouza was still crowded with troops; the heat was intense. Koutouzow tired

and anxious was sitting on a bench close by and mechanically tracing figures in the sand, when a general in a cocked hat with an enormous plume of feathers got out of a carriage at a short distance off and addressed him in French with a mixed air of irritation and hesitancy. It was Count Rostoptchine and he explained to Koutouzow that he had come in search of him, since, as Moscow had ceased to exist, there was nothing left but the army.

“Matters would have turned out differently,” he said, “if your Highness had told me that Moscow would be deserted without a struggle!”

Koutouzow looked at him, not paying any particular heed to his words, but simply trying to read the expression of his face, and Rostoptchine, abashed, said no more. Koutouzow quietly nodded his head, and without taking his eyes off him said: “No, I will not abandon Moscow without a struggle!”

Was he thinking of something else, or did he speak in full consciousness that the words were meaningless? Rostoptchine withdrew, and strange to say this proud man, Governor-General of Moscow, found nothing better to do than to proceed to the bridge and stand there cracking a whip to drive on the carts that crowded the road.

## CHAPTER XIX.

AT four o'clock in the afternoon Murat's army entered Moscow, preceded by a detachment of Wurtemberg Hussars, and accompanied by the King of Naples and his numerous suite. Having reached the Arbatskaïa Murat waited for information from the van as to the state of the fortress known as the Kremlin. A few idlers gathered round him, staring in amazement at this foreign commander with his long hair, his coat blazing with gold, and his many-colored plume of feathers.

"I say, is that their king?" said one.

"I should say so."

"Then take your cap off!" said another.

An interpreter came forward, and speaking to an old gate-keeper, asked him whether it were far to the Kremlin. Puzzled by the Polish accent, which was strange to him, the man did not understand the question, and slunk behind his companions. At this moment an officer came up from the front to tell Murat that the gates of the citadel were shut, and that no doubt those within were preparing to defend it.

"Very good," he said, and he ordered one of his aides-de-camp to bring up three guns. The artillery set out at a trot, and Murat, passing the column which was to follow, crossed the Arbatskaïa. When they

reached the end of the street the column stopped. Some French officers directed the placing of the guns and examined the Kremlin through a field-glass. Suddenly the bells began to ring for vespers; believing it to be an alarm they took fright and some infantry men ran forward to the Koutafiew gates which were barricaded with beams and planks. As they approached two shots were fired. The general in command of the artillery shouted a few words, and all, officers and soldiers alike, turned back. Three more shots were fired and a soldier was wounded in the foot. Seeing this, a determination to fight it out and face death became visible on every face, taking the place of the calm and easy expression which till this moment they had worn. All, from the Field Marshal to the humblest private, understood that this was not merely a street in Moscow, but a field of battle — where a bloody struggle was perhaps imminent. The guns were pointed, the gunners lighted their slow matches, the officer shouted: "Fire!" Two sharp whistles rent the air at once, the grape-shot rattled and sank with a sharp noise into the beams, the stone-work and the barricade, while two puffs of smoke hovered over the pieces. The echo of their discharge had hardly died away when a strange noise was heard in the air: an enormous number of ravens flew up from the walls and soared in a circle, croaking and beating their wings heavily as they rose. At the same moment a solitary shout was heard behind the barricade, and in the midst of the smoke, as it cleared away, the figure of a man stood revealed, bare-

headed, wearing a caftan, and aiming at the French with a musket.

“Fire!” repeated the artillery officer, and the crack of the musket rang out at the same moment as the roar of the cannon. A cloud of smoke hid the gate; there was not another sound; the foot soldiers again went forward. Three wounded men and four dead lay in front of the entrance, while two men fled along under the wall.

“Clear away!” said the officer, pointing to the beams and the bodies.

The French finished off the wounded and threw the bodies over the wall. Who were these men? No one ever knew. M. Thiers alone has even mentioned them. “These wretches had taken possession of the sacred stronghold, seized some muskets out of the arsenal and fired on the French. Some were cut down and the Kremlin was purged of their presence.”\* Murat was now told that the way was open. The French entered the gates and bivouacked on the square in front of the Senate House, while the soldiers invaded the premises and threw the chairs out of windows to make their fires. The different detachments followed in files, marching through the Kremlin to find empty and deserted houses where they established themselves, as it were in camp.

Their uniforms were worn out, their faces haggard and hungry, they were reduced to a third of their original strength, but they nevertheless entered Mos-

\* “The wretches” as M. Thiers calls them were the convicts.

cow in good order. But as soon as they dispersed through the abandoned city the army, *quâ* army, ceased to exist, and the soldier was lost in the marauder. These marauders, when they left Moscow five weeks later, carried off loads of objects which they regarded as necessary or valuable. Their aim was no longer conquest but the preservation of what they had stolen. Like a monkey who, after having plunged his hand into a narrow-necked jar and grasped a quantity of nuts will not open his fist for fear of losing his plunder and so risks his life, the French increased the perils of their retreat by dragging after them an enormous mess of booty; which, like the monkey, they would not relinquish.

Within ten minutes of their dispersal soldiers and officers were indistinguishable. Men might be seen inside the houses, passing across the windows, to and fro, in gaiters and uniforms, examining the rooms with a look of satisfaction, and rummaging the cellars and ice-houses for provisions. They tore down the planks which had been nailed up to close the stables and coach-houses, and turning up their sleeves to the elbows, lighted the stoves and cooked their dinners, amusing some of the inhabitants that had lingered behind, frightening others, trying to win over the women and children. This sort of men swarmed everywhere — in the shops and in the streets, but of soldiers in the true sense there were none.

It was in vain that repeated orders were sent to the different heads of divisions desiring them to keep the

men from running about the town, from using any violence towards the inhabitants, and from pillage; quite in vain was the rule that the roll was to be called daily. In spite of every precaution these men, who only yesterday were an army, were scattered throughout the deserted city, seeking the abundant stores of food and means of enjoyment which it still contained; and they were soon lost, as water is lost which trickles away through sand. The cavalry quartered in a large warehouse, which had been abandoned with all contents, found adjoining stables of far greater extent than they really needed; but they nevertheless could not be kept from overflowing into the next house which they fancied was more commodious. Some, indeed, took possession of several houses at once, and made haste to write on the doors with a scrap of chalk the names of the occupants; so that finally the men of different corps fell to quarrelling and abusing each other. Even before they settled into their quarters they ran about to inspect the town, and rushed off to the places where, from hearsay, they expected to find articles of value. Their chiefs, after vainly trying to check them, allowed themselves to succumb to the temptation to commit similar depredations. Even the generals crowded to the coach-makers' ware-houses to choose, one a chariot and another a travelling-carriage. The few inhabitants who had not been able to get away offered free quarters to the superior officers, in the hope of thus escaping pillage. Wealth was abundant; there seemed no end to the plunder, and the French fancied that

they would find even greater treasure in the parts of the town that they had not yet explored. And thus the occupation of a rich city by an exhausted army led to the destruction of that army, as well as of the city itself: pillage and conflagration became inevitable.

The French ascribe the burning of Moscow to Rostoptchine's savage patriotism; the Russians attribute it to the barbarity of the French; but, in point of fact neither Rostoptchine nor the invaders can be held responsible for it. The condition of the town itself was the real cause. Moscow was burnt, as any town might have been which was built of wood — quite apart from the state of the fire engines and whether there were any left or no — like any village, or factory, or house deserted by its owners and seized by the first comer. If it is in any sense true that Moscow was burnt by the inhabitants, it is not less certain that it was not by those who had remained there, but by the fact that so many had left. Moscow was not treated by the French with such respect as Berlin and Vienna because its inhabitants did not welcome the invaders with bread and salt and the keys of the gates, but preferred to leave it to its hapless fate.

It was not till the afternoon of the 2d — 14th September that the tide of invasion reached the quarter where Pierre was living. He had spent two days in total solitude and in a very strange manner, and he was in a state little short of insanity. One thought alone so entirely possessed him that he no longer knew how and when it had first come to him. He remem-



bered nothing of the past and understood nothing of the present. All that he saw going on around him seemed but a dream; he had fled from his own house to escape the intolerable complications of daily life, and had sought, and found a shelter in the house of Bazdéïew, whose memory was associated in his mind with a whole world of eternal peace and solemn calm, the very opposite of the feverish excitement which crushed him under its irresistible influence. Leaning on his dead friend's dusty desk, in the deep silence of his study, his imagination painted with clear accuracy the events he had witnessed during the last few weeks, among them the battle of Borodino; and he again felt an indefinable pain as he compared his own moral failure and life of falsehood with the mighty simplicity of the men whose image was stamped on his soul, and whom he thought of as "Them."

When Ghérassime roused him from his meditations, Pierre, who had made up his mind to take part with the people in defending Moscow, asked him to procure him a disguise and a pistol, and announced his intention of remaining there, in concealment in the house. At first he found it impossible to fix his attention on the masonic manuscript; it reverted irresistibly to the cabalistic connection of his own name with that of Bonaparte.

Still, the idea that he was predestined to put an end to the power of the "Beast" had as yet only occurred to him as a vague reverie, crossing his brain without leaving any trace. It was when chance had thrown

him in the way of the Rostows and Natacha had exclaimed: "You are staying in Moscow! Ah, that is right — very right!" that he had understood that he would do well not to go away — even if the town were given up to the enemy — so as to fulfil his destiny.

Next day, full of the thought that he must prove himself worthy of "Them," he made his way to the barrier of the Three Hills; but when he had seen that Moscow would certainly not be defended, the execution of the scheme he had been vaguely cherishing for some days rose before him as an inexorable necessity. He must keep out of sight and try to come within reach of Napoleon; then he must kill him — die with him perhaps — but at any rate deliver Europe from the man who, in his opinion, was the cause of all her miseries.

Pierre was familiar with all the details of the attempt made on Napoleon at Vienna in 1809 by a German student. He knew that the student had been shot; but the danger he must run in fulfilling his providential task only excited him to greater zeal. Two feelings acted on him with equal strength: the first — the wish to sacrifice himself and suffer, which had been roused in his heart by the sight of the general misery, had carried him to Mojaïsk and under fire, had driven him to quit his house, to give up the ease and comfort of his ordinary life, to sleep without undressing on a hard couch, and share Ghérassime's meagre fare. The second was that essentially Russian contempt for the accepted formulas of life and all that in the eyes of an immense majority goes to constitute its highest joys in this world.

Pierre had felt that intoxication for the first time at the Slobodski palace, where he had understood, too, that wealth, power, all that men most value, is in reality worthless but for the satisfaction of giving them up. It is the same instinct which leads the recruit to drink his last copper coin, and the drunkard to break windows and mirrors for no apparent reason, though he is well aware that he must drain his purse to pay for the damage; it is this which makes a man commit the most absurd actions, as if to prove his strength; and which is at the same time plain evidence of a superior Will, guiding human energy wheresoever It listeth.

Pierre's physical condition corresponded to this mental state. The coarse food he had eaten during the last few days, the quantity of brandy he had drunk in his abstinence from wine and cigars, the impossibility of procuring any change of linen, his uneasy and sleepless nights on a sofa that was too short for him all helped to keep him in a state of excitation bordering on frenzy.

It was now two o'clock — and the French were in Moscow. Pierre knew this, but instead of acting he only brooded over his scheme, thinking out the minutest details. It was not on the deed itself that his dreams centred, nor on the possible death of Napoleon, but on his own death and his heroic courage, on which he dwelt with melancholy pathos. "Yes, I must do it!" he thought to himself. "I alone, for all! — I will go up to him — so, and suddenly. — Shall I take a dagger or a pistol? — It matters not. It is not my hand but the hand of God that will deal the blow! . . ." And he

thought of what he should say as he killed Napoleon—: “ Well, take me, lead me away to death !” he said firmly, and holding his head high.

As he stood indulging in these foolish fancies the door of the room opened, and he saw on the threshold the usually placid face of Makar Alexéievitch, now hardly recognizable. His dressing-gown hung loosely about him, his hot, bleared look betrayed that he was drunk. As he caught sight of Pierre his expression was one of dull confusion, but he plucked up courage as he saw that Pierre too seemed embarrassed, and went towards him, tottering on his weak shanks.

“ They were afraid,” he said in a husky, good-humored voice. “ I said to them: ‘ I will never surrender !’ — I did right didn’t I ?” Then seeing the pistol lying on the table he suddenly seized it and rushed out of the room.

Ghérassime and the porter ran after him to disarm him, while Pierre looked on with disgust and pity for the half-crazy old man who, setting his face, held the weapon with all his might, calling out in a hoarse voice. “ To arms ! Board her, board her ! — It is a lie ! — You shall not have it !”

“ Come, come, be quiet, pray. Be quiet !” Ghérassime was repeating as he tried to take him by the elbows and get him into a room.

“ And who are you ? Bonaparte ? — Go, wretch ! Do not lay hands on me. Do you see that ?” cried the madman brandishing the pistol.

“ Seize it !” cried Ghérassime to the dvornik.

They had succeeded in pushing him into the vestibule, when a fresh shriek, a woman's shrill cry mingled with the noises they were all making — above them all the drunkard's hoarse voice — and the cook rushed in, dreadfully scared.

“Oh! Father — there are four of them — four men on horse-back!”

Ghérassime and the porter left hold of Makar Alexéievitch, and in the sudden silence they heard steps coming towards the front door.

Pierre — who had made up his mind that until he had executed his project he would reveal neither his name and rank, nor his knowledge of French, and that he would, if need should arise, vanish at the first approach of the enemy — remained standing at the door of the study. The Frenchmen came into the house and Pierre's curiosity kept him riveted to the spot.

There were but two: a tall and handsome officer and a soldier, evidently his servant, a lean and weather-beaten fellow with hollow cheeks and a stupid face. The officer, who limped, came forward a little way leaning on his stick. He glanced round him, and finding the appearance of things to his liking no doubt, he turned to some men who had stayed outside the door and told them to bring up the horses. Then, twirling his moustache with a swagger, and lifting his hand to his cap in brief salute, he said with a jolly ring: “Good day to the company generally!” No one made any reply. “Are you in charge here?” he went on to

Ghérassime, who looked at him with anxious enquiry.

“Quarteer, quarteer, lodgings!” repeated the officer, good-naturedly slapping him on the shoulder.

“The French are jolly good fellows I can tell you! “Come, what is the good of being angry, my worthy friend. — I say, can no one speak French in this shop?” he asked, his eye happening to catch that of Pierre.

Pierre drew back a step and the officer again addressed Ghérassime, asking to see the rooms.

“My master is not here — I do not understand,” said Ghérassime, trying to make himself clear in these few words of French.

The Frenchman smiled with a half comic gesture of despair and again looked towards Pierre, who was about to withdraw altogether when he suddenly perceived, through a half open door, Makar Alexéïévitch with the pistol in his hand; with the cunning that often characterizes madness, he was quietly taking aim at the Frenchman:

“On board!” cried the lunatic, pressing the trigger.

At this shout the French officer suddenly turned round, as Pierre rushed upon the madman to seize the pistol. Makar Alexéïévitch had time to fire with his trembling fingers; the crack deafened them, and the room was filled with smoke. The officer turned pale and started back, while Pierre, forgetting his purpose of seeming not to know French, eagerly enquired whether he were wounded.

"I do not think so, but I had a narrow escape that time," said the officer, feeling himself all over and pointing to the scraps of plaster that had fallen from the wall. "Who is that man?" he added, looking sternly at Pierre.

"Oh! I am really distressed beyond measure," said Pierre, entirely forgetting his part. "He is a wretched madman who does not know what he is doing."

The officer stepped up to the drunken wretch, and seized him by the collar, Makar Alexéïévitch hung his lip, and swayed heavily, leaning against the wall.

"Rascal, you shall pay for it!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "We can be merciful after a victory, but we do not forgive a traitor!" and he shook his fist in energetic threat.

Pierre, still speaking French, implored him not to take vengeance on a poor wretch who was half idiotic. The officer listened in silence, still scowling at the foe; but presently he smiled, and turning to Pierre he looked at him for a few minutes and then held out his hand with an excess of benevolence.

"You have saved my life. — You are a Frenchman!" he exclaimed.

That was the Frenchman all over: only a Frenchman could do a great action; and this was beyond question one of the very greatest — to have saved the life of M. Ramballe, captain of the 13th dragoons. But, notwithstanding all the flattery implied by this opinion Pierre hastened to contradict it

"I am a Russian," he said shortly.

"Tell that to those who will believe it," said the captain with an incredulous wave of the hand. "You shall tell me all about it by-and-bye. — I am charmed to meet a fellow-countryman. — But what are we to do with this fellow?" he went on, addressing Pierre as a comrade; for since he himself had pronounced that he was a Frenchman there was nothing more to be said. Pierre again explained who and what Makar Alexéïévitch was and how he had possessed himself of a loaded pistol; and he once more entreated him not to attempt to punish him.

"You have saved my life!" replied the French officer swelling with majesty. "You are a Frenchman — you ask his pardon, and I grant it you! — Lead this man away!" he added, and taking Pierre's arm he went with him into the study.

The soldiers, who had come in on hearing the report of the pistol, seemed very ready to execute justice on the guilty man, but the captain stopped them sternly:

"You will be sent for when you are wanted. — Go!"

The men went off, and the orderly who had been paying a visit to the kitchen came up to his master.

"They have a leg of mutton, Captain, and some soup. Shall I bring them up?"

"Yes, and find some wine."

Pierre thought it his duty to renew his assurances that he was not a Frenchman, and he wished to retire, but his companion was so polite, amiable and genial



that he had not the heart to refuse his invitation, and they sat down together in the drawing-room. The captain declared once more, with much hand-shaking, that he was bound to him for life by feelings of eternal gratitude, in spite of his strange fancy to pass for a Russian. If he had been gifted with the faculty of guessing other men's secret thoughts, Pierre's at that moment would probably have struck him dumb; as it was his deficient penetration betrayed itself in an unceasing flow of chatter.

"Whether you are a Frenchman or a Russian prince in disguise," he said, glancing at Pierre's fine though dirty shirt, and the ring on his finger, "I owe you my life, and I offer you my friendship. A Frenchman never forgets an insult or a service."

There was so much kindness and magnanimity — at any rate from the French point of view — in the tone of his voice and the expression of his face and movements, that Pierre involuntarily responded by a smile and pressed the hand he held out to him.

"I am Captain Ramballe of the 13th dragoons, and decorated for the affair of the 19th. Will you do me the honor to inform me with whom I have the pleasure of conversing so agreeably at this moment instead of lying in hospital with a bullet in my body?"

Pierre colored as he replied that he could not tell him his name, and tried to invent some plausible excuse for refusing to satisfy his curiosity.

"Pray, pray —" interrupted the Frenchman. "I can quite understand your reasons; you are no doubt

some officer of superior rank. It is no concern of mine. I owe you my life and that is enough. I am yours to command. — You are a gentleman —” he added with a shade of interrogation. Pierre bowed.

“Your Christian name? Monsieur Pierre—nothing can be better; that is all I ask to know.”

When the mutton was served, with an omelette, the samovar was brought in and some wine and brandy that had been found in a neighboring cellar; Ramballe begged Pierre to share his meal, and he himself set to work with a will like a hungry and healthy man, smacking his lips and eating with an accompaniment of satisfied exclamations: “Capital, delicious!” His face had gradually flushed. Pierre, who was equally hungry, also did honor to the food. Morel, the orderly, brought in a pan of warm water in which he stood a bottle of red wine, placing on the table a bottle of kvass; the French had already invented a name for this national drink calling it “Pigs’ lemonade.” Morel sang its praises, but as the captain had some good wine before him he left the kvass to his man. He wrapped his napkin round the bottle of Bordeaux and poured out a large glassfull for himself and for Pierre. As soon as his appetite was satisfied and the bottle empty he began to talk again with fresh vehemence.

“Yes, my dear Monsieur Pierre, I owe you a votive offering for having saved me from that maniac. You see I have enough bullets in me already; here is one — I got that at Wagram,” and he touched his side; “number two I got at Smolensk,” and he showed a

scar on his cheek. "And this leg which doesn't work is a souvenir of the fight on the 19th at the Moskva. — By G —, that was something like! You should have seen it; a deluge of fire. You gave us an uncommonly tough job; and you may boast of that by G——! — And, upon my word, in spite of the smashing I got I would begin all over again to-morrow! I pity those who did not see it!"

"I was there," said Pierre.

"No! Were you really? So much the better! And you are a noble enemy, say what they will. The great redoubt held firm, by heaven! and you made us pay for it handsomely. Three times we were right upon the guns and three times you knocked us over like a pack of cards. Oh! It was grand, Monsieur Pierre! Your grenadiers were superb, by thunder! I saw them close up six times, and march as if it were a review. What fine men! Our King of Naples cried bravo! and he knows what's what. — Soldiers to match our own!" he added after a moment's silence. "Well, well, so much the better. Terrible in battle and gallant with the ladies — that is your Frenchman, heh, Monsieur Pierre?" and he winked his eye. The captain's high spirits were so naif and frank, and he was so perfectly pleased with himself that Pierre could hardly help winking in return.

The word gallant no doubt reminded the captain of the state of Moscow, for he went on: "By the way, is it true that all the women have left the city? What a monstrous idea! What had they to be afraid of?"

“And would not the French ladies leave Paris if the Russians marched in?” asked Pierre.

“Ha ha!” the Frenchman shouted with laughter as he slapped him on the shoulder, “Ha ha! That is a good one. — Why, Paris, Paris . . . .”

“Paris is the capital of the world?” said Pierre finishing the sentence.

The captain’s laughing eyes were fixed on him.

“Well,” he said, “if you had not told me that you were a Russian I would have bet that you were a Parisian. You have the air, the manner . . . .”

“I have been to Paris, I lived there several years,” said Pierre.

“Oh! that is very evident. — Paris! — Why, the man who does not know Paris is a savage. You can smell your Parisian two leagues off. Paris is Talma, la Duchesnois, Pottier, the Sorbonne, the Boulevards . . . .” then, perceiving that the end of his sentence had no connection with the beginning, he hastily added: “There is but one Paris! — And you have lived in Paris and can remain a Russian? Well, I think none the worse of you for that.”

Under the influence of wine, and after the lonely days he had just spent with no company but his own gloomy thoughts, Pierre involuntarily found real pleasure in his gay companion’s small talk.

“To return to the ladies; the Russians are said to be beautiful! What an idiotic notion to go and bury themselves in the steppes when the French army is at Moscow. They have lost a chance I can tell you.

Your moujiks of course are mere dolts; but you of the civilized classes ought to know us better than that. We have occupied Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Naples, Rome, Warsaw, all the capitals in the world. — We are feared, but we are loved! We are capital company. — Besides, the Emperor . . .” But Pierre interrupted him with a gloomy and bewildered look.

“The Emperor,” he repeated. “Is the Emperor?”

“The Emperor is generosity, clemency, justice and genius itself — that is the Emperor. And I, Ramballe, say it. I — as you see me — was his sworn foe eight years ago. My father was a count and an *émigré*. — But the man conquered me, swept me before him! I could not resist him when I saw the greatness and glory he heaped on France. When I understood what he was aiming at, when I saw that he was making us a perfect bed of laurels, you see, I said to myself: This is something like a sovereign! And I gave myself up to him. — And here I am! Yes, my dear fellow, he is the greatest man of any age past or to come!”

“Is he in Moscow?” asked Pierre hesitatingly in the tone of a guilty man.

“No, he will make his entry to-morrow,” replied the Frenchman going on with his story. Their conversation was interrupted at this point by a noise of voices at the outer gate, and Morel came in to explain to his master that the Wurtemberg hussars insisted on putting their horses into the same yard as theirs. The cause of the dispute was the fact that the men could not under-

stand each other. Ramballe sent for the German quartermaster and asked him sternly to what regiment he belonged, and how he dared to take possession of quarters that were already occupied. The man gave him the name of his regiment and that of his colonel; and as he knew very little French, and did not understand Ramballe's last remark at all, he broke out in voluble German, interlarded with a few doubtful words of French, in which he sought to explain, that he was the quartermaster-sergeant of his regiment, and that his commander had desired him to find quarters in this street. Pierre, knowing German, served as interpreter on both sides; the Wurtemberger was finally overruled and led his men elsewhere.

When the captain came back again, after leaving the room for a moment to give his orders, he found Pierre with his elbows on the table, and his head in his hands. His expression was one of suffering; but, painful and bitter as the immediate state of affairs could not fail to be to him, his real grief was not that Moscow was taken and that its fortunate conquerors were making themselves at home there, but in the consciousness of his own weakness. A few glasses of good wine, a few words with this jolly fellow, had been enough to clear his mind of that dark and determined mood which had so entirely possessed him during the last few days and without which he could not carry out his project. His disguise, his dagger, were ready; Napoleon was to enter Moscow on the next day; the killing of the "villain" was no less useful, no less heroic than it

had been yesterday, but Pierre no longer felt capable of committing the deed. Why? He could not have said; but he felt vaguely that strength failed him, and that all his dreams of revenge, murder, and personal devotion had vanished like smoke at the living contact of the first comer. The Frenchman's chatter, which before had amused him was now intolerable. His manner, his gesticulations, his moustache as he curled it, the tune he whistled between his teeth—everything worried him:

“I will go away, I will not speak to him again,” said Pierre to himself; but even though he thought it, he did not move. A strange feeling of impotency rooted him to his place; he wanted to rise, and he could not. The captain, on the contrary, was radiant; he paced up and down the room, his eyes glistened, and he smiled at some comical fancy of his own.

“A charming fellow, the Wurtemberg colonel,” he said, “and a brave man if ever there was one but—a German.” He sat down opposite Pierre. “Regular brutes the Germans—don't you think so, Monsieur Pierre?—Another bottle of this Moscow Bordeaux. Morel will warm us another bottle.”

Morel placed it on the table with the candles, and by their light the captain observed his companion's disturbed expression. Genuine sympathy led him to make advances. He took his hand kindly: “We are very sad?” he said.—“Have I hurt you in any way? Have you any bone to pick with me?” Pierre's reply was a glance which told the Frenchman on the contrary how

deeply he appreciated his sympathy. "On my honor, quite apart from the gratitude I owe you, I feel the warmest regard for you. In what can I serve you? You have only to command me.—It is for life or death!" he added striking his chest.

"Thank you," said Pierre. "Nothing."

"Well then, I drink to our friendship!" cried the captain and he poured out two glasses of wine. Pierre took one and swallowed it at a gulp. Ramballe followed his example, pressed his hand once more, and then propped his elbow on the table with a melancholy look.

"Yes, my dear fellow," he began. "These are the freaks of fortune. Who could have ever foretold that I should turn soldier and be a captain of dragoons in Bonaparte's service—as we used to call him then.—And here I am with him at Moscow! I must tell you, my dear fellow," he went on, in the sad even tone of a man who has a long story to tell, "that our name is one of the oldest in France. . . ." And the captain went on to relate, with a frank ease that bordered on conceit, the whole history of his ancestors, the principal events of his early youth, his boyhood and his riper years, omitting nothing of his family connections and relationships. "But all that is the petty side of life; the real foundation of it is love!—Love, don't you think so, Monsieur Pierre?—Come, another glass!" he added, cheering up a little.

Pierre drank a second glass and poured himself out a third.



“ Oh ! women, women ! ” the captain went on, and his eyes assumed a languishing expression as he recalled his adventures with the ladies ; he must have had a great many by his own account, and his conquering air, his handsome face, and the enthusiasm with which he spoke of the fair sex might have made them seem probable. Though his confidences had the licentious taint which, in a Frenchman’s eyes, constitutes all the poetry of love, he spoke with such entire conviction, and attributed such powerful charms to women, that it seemed as though he were the only man who had ever really appreciated them.

Pierre listened curiously. It was quite clear that love, as the Frenchman understood the word, was not that sensual passion that Pierre had once felt for his wife, nor yet the romantic sentiment which he cherished for Natacha, — two kinds of love which Ramballe held in equal contempt. “ The one,” he would say, “ is all very well for carters, and the other for nincompoops.” To him the chief charm of love lay in odd coincidences and unnatural situations.

Thus the captain narrated a dramatic episode of his double passion for a fascinating marquise of five and thirty, and her innocent daughter of seventeen. They had vied with each other in generosity, and their rivalry had ended in the mother’s sacrificing herself and offering him her daughter as his wife. This reminiscence, though of the remote past, still agitated the captain. Another story was that of a husband who had played the lover’s part while he, the lover, took that of the

husband. Then came a series of comical anecdotes relating to his stay in Germany, where the husbands eat too much *sauer kraut*, and the young girls are too colorless. And finally his latest romance, in Poland, of which the impression was still fresh in his mind, to judge by the expression of his mobile countenance when he described the gratitude of a Polish gentleman of rank whose life he had saved—a detail which was not wanting in any one of the captain's gasconades. This gentleman had entrusted his wife, a most enchanting creature—a Parisian at heart, to the captain's keeping when he found himself obliged to leave her and serve in the French army. Ramballe was within an ace of being made happy, for the fair Pole had agreed to elope with him, but a chivalrous sentiment had made itself heard; he had restored the lady to her husband, saying: "I saved your life once, and now I have saved your honor."—As he quoted himself, he passed his hand over his eyes with a little shudder, as though to throw off an emotion which was too much for him.

Pierre, who was feeling the effects of the wine and the late hour, as he listened to the captain's recollections, linked with them a whole series of memories of his own. His love for Natacha suddenly rose before him in a succession of pictures which he compared with those described by Ramballe. When the captain enlarged on the struggle between love and duty, Pierre was reminded of every detail of his last meeting with the young girl he loved—though at the moment, it

must be owned, that meeting had not particularly impressed him ; in fact, he had forgotten it, but now poetical significancy seemed to lurk in every detail. " Pierre Kirilovitch, come here, I recognized you ! " He fancied he could hear her voice, see her eyes, her smile, her little travelling-hood and a lock of hair blown back by the wind—the vision touched and moved him deeply.

When the captain had finished his description of the charms of his Pole he asked Pierre whether he too had sacrificed love to duty, or had ever been jealous of a husband's rights. Pierre looked up, and led on by a craving to pour out his heart, he explained that he looked at love from a quite different point of view : that in all his life he had never loved but one woman, and she could never be his. " Bless me ! " said the captain. Then Pierre confided to him how he had loved her from childhood without daring to think of her because she was too young ; that he was a natural son, with no name nor fortune ; and that since a name and fortune had been given him he loved her so entirely, and regarded her as so far above all the world, and himself included, that he thought it impossible to win her love. At this point in his confession Pierre interrupted himself to ask the captain if he understood him. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and bid him go on.

" Platonic love ! Moonshine ! " he muttered to himself.

Was it the effect of the wine that led him to

open his heart, or the need to express himself, or the certainty that this man would never know any of the people of whom he was speaking? The fact was that he told him his whole history, with a heavy tongue and his eyes fixed on vacancy; his marriage, Natacha's love for his dearest friend, her inconstancy and their still ill-defined position towards each other. Nay, under a little pressure from Ramballe, he ended by acknowledging his rank and even his name. And in all the long story what chiefly struck the captain was the fact that Pierre owned two fine palaces in Moscow which he had abandoned to their fate to remain in the town in disguise.

The night was mild and clear, and at a very late hour they went out of doors together. On the left the first lurid gleams were rising of the fire that was to devour Moscow. On the right, high up in the sky, shone a new moon, and opposite to it, on the brink of the horizon, blazed the comet which was so mysteriously associated in Pierre's mind with his love for Natacha. Ghérassime, the cook, and the two Frenchmen were standing outside the gate; they could hear their loud laughter and noisy conversation in two languages. Their attention, too, was directed to the glare now spreading in the distance, though as yet there was no immediate threat in those remote flames.

As he gazed at the starry sky, the moon, the comet, the ruddy glare, Pierre was deeply moved.

"How beautiful!" he thought. "What more can one want?" — And then he suddenly remembered his

scheme ; he turned giddy, and must have fallen if he had not clung to the paling. Then turning away from his new friend, without even bidding him good night, he made his way with uncertain steps to his own room, lay down on the sofa, and fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE light of the first fire on the 14th September was seen from many sides at once, and produced very different effects on the inhabitants who were escaping and the troops who were forced to retreat.

In consequence of the numerous articles they had forgotten, and had sent back for in succession, the Rostow's had not got fairly off till the afternoon ; they were consequently obliged to spend the night at about five versts out of town. Next day, having risen rather late, and meeting with obstacles at every turn in the road, they only reached the village of Bolchaïa-Mytichtchi at ten in the evening ; there the family and the wounded men found quarters for the night in the peasants' huts. As soon as their work was done all the servants, coachmen, and officers' servants, supped themselves, fed their horses, and gathered in the village street. In one of the huts was Raïevsky's aide-de-camp ; his wrist had been smashed and he suffered horribly, and his groans were dismally audible in the calm, dark autumn night. Countess Rostow, who had occu-

plied the room next to his the previous night had not slept a wink, and she had now chosen an isba further away from the hapless sufferer.

One of the servants suddenly perceived a second blaze on the horizon; the first they had already ascribed to Mamonow's cossacks who — it was said — had set fire to the village of Malaïa-Mytichtchi.

“Look out, lads; there is another blaze,” he said. They all looked round.

“Yes, so there is! — They say that Mamonow's cossacks have set the place on fire.”

“Not a bit of it! That is not the village, it is much further off; it might be Moscow.”

Two of the men made their way round a carriage which hid the horizon, and perched themselves on the step.

“It is more to the left — there, do you see the flames dancing up? That is Moscow, my friends, Moscow is burning.”

No one took the matter up and they stood gazing at the fresh glare which was spreading rapidly. Daniel, the count's old valet, came out and called Michka. “What are you staring at, Gaby? The count will call and there will be no one to answer. — Go and put his clothes away.”

“I only came out for some water.”

“What do you think about it, Daniel Térentitch? Is not that Moscow?”

Daniel did not reply and no one spoke; the flame rose with increasing violence and spread rapidly.

“Lord have mercy upon us! — The wind and this drought —” said a voice.

“Lord, Lord! how it is growing! You can see the ravens fly up. Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners!”

“Don’t be afraid; they will put it out.”

“Who will put it out?” said Daniel Térentitch suddenly in a solemn voice. “Yes, that is Moscow burning sure enough, my children, Moscow, our white-walled mother.”

His voice broke with a sob; and then — as if they had only been waiting for this terrible sentence to understand the fearful meaning of the red glare in the sky — groans and prayers rose from the whole assembly.

The old valet went to tell his master that Moscow was on fire; the count slipped on his dressing-gown and went out to assure himself of the fact, accompanied by Sonia and Mme. Schoss who were not yet undressed. Natacha and her mother were left alone in their room. Pétia had parted from them that morning to join his regiment on the way to Troïtsk. At the news of the conflagration the countess began to weep, while Natacha, sitting, with a fixed gaze, on a bench in the corner near the Images, paid no heed to her father’s words. She was listening involuntarily to the lamentations of the hapless aide-de-camp, which she could hear distinctly though there were three or four cottages between them.

“Oh! what a fearful sight!” cried Sonia coming in

horror-stricken. "All Moscow is on fire I believe; the blaze is stupendous. — Look, Natacha, you can see from here."

Natacha turned round without seeming to understand what Sonia was saying, and then fixed her eyes on the corner of the stove. She had fallen into a sort of lethargy ever since the morning when Sonia, to the astonishment and great annoyance of the countess, had thought proper to inform her that Prince André was among the wounded who were travelling with them, and had told her what serious danger he was in. The countess had been more furious with Sonia than she had ever been in her life. Sonia, in floods of tears, had implored her forgiveness, and been doubly attentive to her cousin to repair the mischief.

"Do look, Natacha, how it is burning!"

"What is burning?" said Natacha. "Ah! to be sure, Moscow!" and simply to satisfy Sonia without offending her she looked out of the window, and then resumed her former attitude.

"But you could see nothing."

"I saw it all, I assure you," she said in beseeching tones which seemed only to crave that she might be left in peace. The countess and Sonia understood indeed that she could just now take no interest in anything. Her father withdrew behind the partition and went to bed. The countess came up to her daughter, felt her head with the back of her hand as she was wont to do when she was ill, and pressed her lips to her forehead to see whether she was feverish.



"You are cold," she said as she kissed her. "You are shivering; you ought to go to bed."

"To bed? — Oh! yes, I shall go to bed by-and-bye," she replied.

When Natacha had heard that Prince André had been dangerously wounded and that he was travelling in their company, she had asked endless questions as to how and when it had happened, and whether she might not see him. She was told that this was impossible, that the wound was a serious one, but that there was no immediate danger. Being fully convinced that, urge it as she might, she would learn nothing more, she had sat silent and motionless in the back of the carriage, as she was now sitting on the stool in the corner of the room. As she saw her wide open eyes and fixed gaze the countess felt sure from long experience that her daughter was hatching some scheme in her brain; and the decision it might lead to — to her unknown — caused her extreme anxiety.

"Natacha, my child, undress; come to bed with me." Only the countess had a bed; Mme. Schoss and the girls had a heap of hay on the floor.

"No, Mamma; I will lie there on the ground," said Natacha impatiently; she rose, went to the window and threw it open.

The wounded man was still moaning; she put her head out into the damp night-air, and her mother could see her shaking with convulsive sobs. Natacha knew that this sufferer was not Prince André, she knew, too, that he was in the hut next their own; but these inces-

sant plaints moved her irresistibly to tears. The countess glanced at Sonia. "Come, my child, come to bed," she repeated, laying her hand gently on Natacha's shoulder.

"Oh! yes, at once!" exclaimed Natacha, snatching off her clothes and breaking her strings to be quicker. She put on her sleeping-jacket and sat down on the bed that had been arranged for them; then throwing her hair down over her shoulders she began to undo it. While her slim fingers unplaited and replaited it, her head mechanically following their movement, her eyes dilated with fever still stared at vacancy. Having finished, she gently dropped on to the sheet which was laid over the hay.

"Natacha, go into the middle!"

"No, lie down," she said. "I shall stay where I am," and she buried her head in the pillow.

The countess, Sonia and Mme. Schoss all undressed and ere long the pale glimmer of a night lamp was the only light in the room, though outside the blazing village, only two versts away, shone on the horizon. Confused sounds came up from the village tavern, and the aide-de-camp was still groaning. Natacha listened for a long time to all these noises, taking care not to stir. She heard her mother sighing and praying, and the bed creak under her weight; Mme. Schoss's piping snore; and Sonia's soft breathing. Presently the countess spoke her daughter's name, but Natacha did not answer. "Mamma, I think she is asleep," said Sonia.

A few minutes later the countess spoke again,

but this time Sonia even did not answer, and very soon Natacha knew from her mother's deep breathing that she, too, was asleep. She did not move, though the little bare foot peeping out now and then from under the clothes, shivered at the touch of the cold floor. A cricket's shrill chirp was audible from some chink in the beams; he seemed quite proud of being awake when all the rest of the world was asleep. A cock crowed in the distance; another answered close at hand; the shouts in the tavern had ceased — only the wounded man was still moaning.

From the moment when Natacha had heard that Prince André was of their party, she had made up her mind to see him; but while she felt this to be inevitable she also knew it must be painful. The hope of seeing him had kept her up all through the day, but, now that the moment was come, she was a prey to nameless terrors. Was he disfigured or altered, as she pictured the wounded man whose cries haunted her so persistently? Yes, he must be — for in her fancy this heart-rending wailing had got mixed up with the image of Prince André.

Natacha sat up.

“Sonia, are you asleep? Mamma?” she whispered.

No answer. She rose very softly, crossed herself, and setting her light foot on the boards stole softly across the dirty floor which creaked under her weight, and reached the door as nimbly as a kitten. There she grasped the latch. It seemed to her that the partitions of the cottage rang with blows hit in steady

rhythm, while it was her heart that was beating almost to bursting with terror and passion. She opened the door, crossed the threshold and set her naked feet on the damp floor of the covered way between the two houses. The cold chill roused her; her bare foot just touched a man lying asleep on the ground, and then she opened the door of the hut in which Prince André was lying.

It was dark; behind the bed, which stood in a corner and on which she could make out a vague form, a candle was burning on a bench, and the tallow had guttered into a sort of hood. As she caught sight of the shapeless mass — taking the feet, which stuck up under the counterpane, for the shoulders — she fancied it something so monstrous that she stood still in horror; but then an irresistible impulse urged her forward. Stepping with great care she reached the middle of the room which was crammed with luggage of all kinds, in a corner under the Images a man was lying on a bench: this was Timokhine, who had also been wounded at Borodino. The doctor and valet were sleeping on the floor. The valet turned over, muttering a few words. Timokhine, who was suffering from a wound in the foot, was not asleep; he fixed his astonished eyes on this amazing apparition of a young girl in a sleeping-jacket and night-cap. His faintly murmured words of alarm: "What is it? Who is there?" only made Natacha move quicker, and she found herself standing by the object that had filled her with terror. However dreadful it might

be to look at, she felt that she must see it. At that moment the smoky candle flared up a little, and she distinctly saw Prince André, his hands lying on the coverlets, looking just as she had always known him; but that the bright flush of fever, the glittering eyes that looked at her with rapture, and the delicate throat, like a young boy's, in its setting of a turned-down shirt-collar, gave him an appearance of candid youthfulness that was new to her. She went forward quickly, and with a swift and graceful impulse fell on her knees by his side. He smiled and put out his hand.

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Seven days had passed since Prince André had first come to himself in the hospital tent after the operation. The fever and inflammation of the intestines, which had been injured by a fragment of shell, would prove almost immediately fatal, in the doctor's opinion; so that he was amazed on the seventh day to see him eat a few mouthfuls of bread with real enjoyment, and to be able to note a perceptible diminution in the inflammatory symptoms. Prince André had quite recovered his senses.

The night after their start from Moscow had been terrible, and he had not been moved from his travelling-carriage; but as soon as they reached this village he had himself begged to be carried into a house and to have some tea; but the anguish of being lifted, only

from the chariot into the hut, had brought on a fainting fit. When they laid him on his camp-bed he remained for some time motionless, with his eyes shut — then he opened them again and asked for the tea. To the surgeon's astonishment he remembered the minutest details of life; and on feeling his pulse the doctor found it more regular — to his great regret, for he knew by experience that Prince André was irrevocably doomed, and any extension of his days could only result in prolonged and acute suffering, to end after all in death.

A glass of tea was brought to him and he drank it greedily, while his eyes, fastened on the door, seemed trying to recover the chain of some confused reminiscences.

“No more,” he said. “Is Timokhine there?” The man dragged himself along his bench within sight of his master. “Here Excellency.”

“How is your wound going on?”

“Mine? Oh, it is a trifle. How are you feeling?”

Prince André lay thinking as if trying to remember what he had to say.

“Could they get me a book?” he asked

“What book?”

“The New Testament — I have not got one.”

The doctor promised him a New Testament and asked him how he was feeling. Though he answered reluctantly he was perfectly clear. He begged them to place a pillow under his loins to ease his pain. The

doctor and valet raised the cloak which covered him to examine the fearful wound, of which the smell made them feel sick. The inspection was not satisfactory; the doctor dressed the wound and turned the sufferer over a little but this made him again unconscious, and he then became lightheaded; he insisted on having the book at once and that it should be placed under him.

“What harm can it do you?” he said plaintively. “Give it me, put it there if only for a minute.”

The doctor left the room to wash his hands.

“Good Heavens!” he said to the man-servant who poured out the water. “How can he live through such torture?”

When the carriage had stopped at the village of Mytichtchi Prince André had been, for the first time, in full possession of his senses: had a clear recollection of the past and understood the state he was in. Then the pain of being lifted into the cottage had clouded his mind again till the tea had recovered him, and memory brought back the various scenes of the last few days, especially the delusive mirage of calm bliss which had floated before him in the ambulance tent while listening to the cries of the man he so detested. The same vague and confused thoughts took possession of him once more: he was conscious of the same pervading sense of ineffable happiness, with a feeling that he should find that happiness only in the Gospel he had so eagerly implored to have given to him.

Under the pain of having his wound dressed and of

being moved into a fresh position he again lost consciousness, and he did not recover it till shortly before midnight. All were sunk in sleep; he heard the chirp of the cricket in the adjoining *isba*; a drunken voice was singing in the street; cockroaches were rustling as they scampered over the table, the Images, and the wainscot; a large fly buzzed and blundered into the guttering candle.

A man in health can reflect, and feel and remember a thousand things at a time, and select certain facts or ideas on which to fix his attention. He can, at need, rouse himself from deep absorption to speak politely to any one who addresses him, and then resume the course of his ideas; but Prince André was not in this normal condition. While his moral powers had become more active and keener than of old, they acted without any control from his will. The most dissimilar thoughts and visions crowded on his mind; for a few minutes his thoughts had a clearness and depth which they had never had when he was in health, and then suddenly all sorts of fantastic and unlooked-for images ruthlessly wrecked the work of his brain which he was too weak to begin again.

“Yes — a new type of happiness was revealed to me,” he thought, and his eyes, glittering with fever, sounded the gloom of the quiet cottage room, “happiness of which nothing can henceforth deprive me — independent of all earthly influences. The happiness of the soul, of love! All men are capable of knowing it, but God alone has the power of bestowing it on them. How



came He to make this law of love? Why did the Son. . . ?” The thread of his ideas was suddenly broken; he thought a voice was humming a tune incessantly in his ear — was it reality or delirium?

As he listened to the confused sounds, he felt a structure, as it were, rising from his face, of fine needles and airy shavings, and he devoted his whole effort to preserving his balance so as to save his aerial edifice from falling; though it vanished now and then to rise once more in rhythm to the cadence of that mysterious murmur.

“It is rising! I see it!” he said to himself; and without taking his eyes off it he could see, flitting across it, the ruddy flame of the half-burnt candle, and he could hear the scuttering cockroaches on the floor, and the buzz of the big fly that bounced against his pillow. Each time the fly brushed his cheek it burnt him like a hot iron, and he wondered how it was that the touch of its wings did not demolish the strange fabric of needles and shavings that rested on his face. — And out there, by the door — what was that sinister shape, that motionless sphinx which seemed to smother him?

“It is a white towel, no doubt, that has been left on the table! But then how is it that everything is swelling and spreading and spinning round me? Why that monotonous voice singing in time?” said the hapless sufferer in aggravated anguish — and on a sudden his thoughts and ideas were clearer and stronger than ever. “Yes— Love! Not selfish love, but love such as I then knew it for the first time in my life, when I saw my enemy

dying by my side and could love even him! It is the very essence of the soul which does not cling to only one object of its affection — and that is what I now feel. Love of one's neighbor, of one's enemy, of each and all, is the love of God in all His manifestations! To love those near and dear to us is human love; but to love one's enemy is almost divine. That was the reason of my gladness when I found that I loved that man.— Where is he? Is he still living? — Human love may turn to hatred, but divine love is perennial. How many people I have hated in the course of my life! And did I not hate most of all her whom I had loved most of all? . . .”

The image of Natacha rose before him, not in the fascination of her external charms alone; he saw into her soul, he understood her anguish, her shame and repentance; and he reproached himself for his own cruelty in having thrown her off.

“If only I might see her,” thought he. “If only I could look into her eyes once more and tell her . . . Oh! that fly!” And fancy again bore him away into the world of hallucination mingling with reality, in which he saw, as through a mist, the structure built up from his face, the candle burning in a red halo, and the sphinx watching near the door.

Presently he heard a slight noise, a breath of cooler air fanned his face, and another white figure, a second sphinx, appeared in the doorway. Its face was pale and its eyes shone like the eyes of Natacha.

“ Oh! how weary I am of this delirium !” thought Prince André trying to shake off this vision.

But the vision did not vanish — it came nearer — it seemed to be real. Prince André made a great effort to distinguish what he really saw, but his delusions were too strong for him. The murmuring voice still hummed on ; something weighed on his chest — and that strange figure was still gazing at him. Collecting all his strength to recover his wits he moved — there was a ringing in his ears, he saw no more and lost consciousness. When he came to himself Natacha — Natacha in the flesh — she whom he most longed to love with that pure, divine passion that had just been revealed to him was there, on her knees, by his side. He recognized her so completely that he felt no surprise only a sense of ineffable gladness. Natacha was too terrified to dare to move ; she tried to smother her sobs and her pale face quivered.

Prince André gave a deep sigh of relief, smiled and put out his hand.

“ You ?” he said. “ What happiness !”

Natacha eagerly went closer, took his hand very gently and touched it with her lips.

“ Forgive me,” she murmured, looking up. “ Forgive me.”

“ I love you,” he said.

“ Forgive me.”

“ What have I to forgive ?”

“ Forgive me for what I did,” said Natacha in a low voice and with a painful effort.

“I love you better than I did before,” replied Prince André, lifting her head to look into her eyes, which were timidly fixed on his, swimming with tears of joy but luminous with love and pity. Her pale, thin features, and lips swollen with crying had, at this moment no trace of beauty; but Prince André saw nothing but her beautiful eyes radiant through tears.

Pierre, his valet, who had just woke up shook the doctor. Timokhine was not asleep; he had seen all that had happened, and now tried to hide himself under his sheet.

“What is the meaning of this?” said the doctor sitting up. “You must have the goodness to withdraw, Mademoiselle.”

At this moment a maid knocked at the door; she was sent by the countess to find Natacha. Natacha walked out of the room like a sleep-walker who is suddenly roused, and as soon as she got back to their own quarters fell sobbing on the bed.

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From that time at every stage or resting-place on their journey Natacha went in to see Bolkonsky, and the doctor was forced to confess that he never could have expected to find in a young girl so much steadiness or apprehension of the care needed for a wounded man. However shocking the countess might deem it that Prince André should die — as the doctor prognosticated — in her daughter’s arms, she could not resist

Natacha's determination. Their revived intercourse would certainly under any other circumstances have led to a renewal of their old engagement; but the question of life and death that hung over Prince André's head was no less in suspense for Russia itself; and every other consideration fell into the background.

## CHAPTER XXI.

ON the 3rd-15th of September Pierre rose late. His head ached; his clothes, which he had not taken off, hung heavy on his limbs, and he had a vague impression that he had done some shameful act the evening before: This was his overflow of confession to Captain Ramballe. It was eleven o'clock, the weather was gloomy; he rose, rubbed his eyes, and seeing the pistol, which Ghérassime had replaced on the desk, he remembered at last where he was and what he was to do that day: "Am I not too late?" he wondered. "No, for he was not to enter the city till mid-day."

Pierre gave himself no time to think of what he had to do; he hastened to act. He brushed down his coat with his hand, snatched up the pistol, and was just going out when it occurred to him to ask himself where he should hide the weapon. He could not stick it in his belt, nor carry it under his arm, nor conceal it in the folds of his caftan; and, finally, he had forgotten to load it. "A dagger will be better after all," thought he,

though he had more than once blamed the German student who in 1809 had tried to stab Napoleon. So he took the dagger, which he had bought at the same time as the pistol, though it was all jagged at the edge, and slipped it inside his waistcoat. He seemed to be eager not so much to execute his plan as to prove to himself that he had not given it up. Then tightening his belt and pulling his cap low over his eyes, he crossed the passage, trying to walk noiselessly, and went down into the street, without meeting the captain.

The conflagration, which he had viewed last evening with so much indifference, had gained ground rapidly during the night. Moscow was burning at several points at once. The Gostinnoï-Dvor, the Povarskaïa, the boats on the river, the timber stacks by the Dorogomilow bridge, were all in flames. Pierre went by the Arbatskaïa to the church of St. Nicolas; this was the spot which he had long since fixed upon for the great deed he was meditating. Most of the houses had their windows and doors closed and nailed up. The streets and alleys were deserted; the air was full of smoke and the smell of burning. From time to time he met a few scared and anxious Russians, and Frenchmen of military aspect who took the middle of the street. They all looked inquisitively at Pierre: his breadth and height, and the set expression of pain on his face puzzled them. The Russians stared at him, unable to decide to what rank of life he belonged, and the French, accustomed to be themselves an object of astonishment

or alarm to the natives, also followed him with puzzled eyes, for he paid not the slightest attention to them. Outside the gate of a large house three French soldiers, who were striving to ineffectually make some Russians understand them, stopped him to ask him whether he spoke French. He shook his head and went on his way. A little further on a sentinel in charge of a caisson shouted in warning, and it was not till he had called out a second time: "Out of the way there!" in threatening tones — with the click of the gun he was cocking — that Pierre understood that he was to go to the other side of the street. He had no thought but for his sinister project, and in his fear of forgetting it again he saw and understood nothing.

But his dark resolve was destined to come to nothing; even if he had not been stopped on his way it was now impossible to carry it into execution, for the simple reason that Napoleon had already been installed for some hours in the Imperial palace in the Kremlin. At this very moment he was sitting in the Czar's private room, in a very bad temper, giving orders and taking measures for checking the conflagration and pillage, and for reassuring the inhabitants. Of this Pierre knew nothing; absorbed in his one idea and completely preoccupied, as a man always is who is bent on an impossible enterprise, he was worrying himself, not over the difficulty of carrying it out, but over the fatal hesitancy which, at the critical moment, would perhaps come upon him, paralyze his action, and deprive him for ever of all self-respect. However, on he went instinct-

ively, without looking before him, and he thus came straight to the Povarskaïa. The further he went, the thicker was the smoke; he already was aware of the heat of the fire and tongues of flame were dancing up from the neighboring houses. Here the streets were full of an excited crowd. It dawned upon his mind that something extraordinary was going forward; but still he did not fully understand the state of things. But as he followed a beaten foot-path across a plot of open ground, bordered on one side by the Povarskaïa and on the other by the gardens of a large mansion, he suddenly heard, close to him, a woman's cry of despair; he stopped short, as if roused from a dream, and looked up.

At a short distance on one side all the furniture of a house was piled in confusion on the dry and dusty grass-plot; feathers, quilts, samovars, and baggage of every description. By the side of one of the trunks crouched a young woman, very thin and with projecting teeth, wrapped in a black cloak and wearing a shabby cap. She was wailing and crying bitterly. Two little girls of ten and twelve, as thin and as frightened as their mother, dressed in wretched little petticoats and cloaks to correspond, stared at her in consternation, while a little boy of seven, with a cap twice too big for him, was crying in his old nurse's arms. A maid of all work — as she seemed — barefoot and dirty, sitting on one of the cases, had undone her dirty drab plait and was pulling out the hair in handfuls, while a broad-shouldered man with clipped whiskers, and his hair



neatly brushed over his temples, dressed in the uniform of a humble civil official, was stolidly sorting out his clothes from the general muddle. As Pierre passed close to her the woman threw herself at his feet.

“Oh! Father—good orthodox Christian! Save me and help me!” she said between her sobs. “My little girl, my youngest baby has been burnt!—Oh God!—Oh God!—Was it for this that I nursed you and. . . .”

“That will do, that will do Marie Nicolaïevna,” said her husband coolly; he seemed anxious to make the best of himself before this stranger. “Our sister has taken care of her, no doubt.”

“Monster! Stony-hearted wretch!” cried the woman, ceasing to cry in her rage. “You have no heart even for your own child. Any other man would have snatched her from the flames!—But he is not a man—not fit to be a father!—For mercy’s sake,” and again she turned to Pierre, “listen to me: the fire caught our house from the next one; that girl there called out: ‘we are on fire;’ we flew to save what we could, and ran away with what we could carry, and all we could save you see there, with that Image and our wedding-bed; everything else is destroyed. — Suddenly I discovered that Katia was not with us—oh! my child, my child is burnt!”

“But when did you leave her?” asked Pierre, and his sympathetic face showed the poor woman that in him she had found help and comfort.

“Oh! for God’s sake,” she went on, “be my deliv-

erer. — Aniska, you little slut, show him the way," and as she spoke she showed her long teeth.

"Come along," said Pierre, "I will do all I can."

The little maid came forth from behind the trunk, put up her hair, sighed and went along the path. Pierre, eager for action, felt as though he had been roused from some long lethargy; he raised his head, his eyes sparkled and he strode along, following the girl who led him to the Povarskaïa. The houses were hidden behind a dense black cloud of smoke, rent now and again by shafts of flame. An immense throng stood round, at a respectful distance from the blaze, and a French general was addressing those nearest to him in the middle of the street. Pierre, guided by the girl, approached him, but the soldiers stopped him.

"You cannot pass this way."

"Here, here, Little Uncle," cried the little maid. "Down the side-alley, come."

Pierre turned about, hurrying to catch her up; she turned to the left, passed three houses, and went into the gate-way of the fourth.

"It is here — quite close."

She crossed the yard, opened a little door, and paused on the threshold, pointing to a small house that was wrapped in flames. One wall had already fallen in, the other was still blazing and the flames were pouring out at every opening — the windows, and the roof. Pierre involuntarily drew back, suffocated by the heat.

"Which of these houses was yours?"

“That one, that one, shrieked the girl. “That is where we lived. — And are you burnt my darling treasure, my Katia, my pet!” cried Aniska, reminded by the sight of the fire that she was bound to express some feeling.

Pierre went towards the blazing ruins but the heat drove him back; he retired a short distance and found himself in front of a larger house where the roof was as yet only burning on one side. Some Frenchmen were prowling about. At first he could not imagine what they were doing there; however, he presently saw one hit a peasant with the flat of his sword to snatch away a pelisse of fox-skin, and then he understood that they were plundering; but the idea only passed through his mind. The crash of falling walls and ceilings, the roar of the flames, the cries of the crowd, the dark twirls of smoke rent by showers of sparks and wreaths of flame which seemed to lick the walls, the feeling of suffocation and heat, and the extreme rapidity with which he was forced to move, all worked up Pierre to that intensity of excitement which is the usual concomitant of such catastrophes.

The effect was so sudden and violent as to deliver him at once from the ideas that had possessed him. He was young, prompt and nimble once more; he went all round the blazing house but, just as he was about to try to enter it, he was startled by a shout and the thud of something heavy falling on the ground at his feet. He looked up and saw some Frenchmen who had just flung out of a window a chest of drawers full of metal

goods. Their comrades, waiting below, at once gathered round it.

"Well, what does this fellow want?" exclaimed one of them angrily.

"There is a child in the house," said Pierre. "Have none of you seen a child?"

"What is he talking about? Take yourself off!" said several; and one of the soldiers, fearing lest Pierre should rob him of his share of the plate and bronzes, went up to him with a threatening air.

"A child?" cried a Frenchman from the upper story. "I heard something bleating in the garden. That was his brat very likely, poor fellow. — We must be humane you know."

"Where was it? Whereabouts?" asked Pierre.

"Out there," said the Frenchman, pointing to the garden behind the house. "Wait a bit; I will come down."

In point of fact, a moment later a Frenchman in his shirt sleeves jumped out of the ground-floor window, slapped Pierre on the shoulder, and ran with him into the garden.

"Look sharp, you fellows," he cried out to his comrades, "it is getting uncommonly hot!" and hurrying down the gravel path he pulled Pierre by the sleeve and showed him a bundle on a bench. It was a little girl of three, in a pink cotton frock.

"There is your brat — a little girl? Well, so that's all right. — Good-bye old boy. — We must be humane,

we are all mortal you see!" and the Frenchman went back to the others.

Pierre, quite out of breath, was about to pick up the child, who was as pale and as ugly as her mother, but she gave a desperate yell, slipped down and ran away. Pierre soon caught the little girl and took her in his arms, while she shrieked with rage and tried to fight free with her little hands, biting him viciously. Her struggles, reminding him of some small animal, revolted him to such an extent that it was only by a great effort that he kept himself from dropping the child. On making his way back towards the house he perceived that he could no longer pass by the way by which he had come. Aniska had vanished, and with a mingled feeling of disgust and compassion he found himself obliged to cross the garden and find another way out, carrying the child, who was still fighting like a little demon.

When, after various turns through courts and alleys, Pierre got out with his burthen at the corner of the Povarskaia and the Grouzinski garden, he could hardly recognize it; the square, usually so deserted, was crowded with people, and piled with objects of every description. Not to speak of the Russian families who had been driven out with all their possessions, there were numbers of French soldiers of various corps. He paid no heed to these, but searched anxiously for the child's parents, to restore her to them and then be ready, in case of need, to effect another rescue. The little girl, who by degrees had quieted down, clung to his caf-

tan, and crouching close to him like a little scared animal, looked about her in alarm, while Pierre smiled down at her quite paternally. He felt interested by the pale sickly little face; but he sought in vain in the crowd that surrounded him — he could see neither the functionary nor his wife.

At this moment his eye was attracted by a family of Armenians or Georgians, consisting of an old man of the noblest eastern type, tall and splendidly dressed, a matron of the same race, and a quite young woman whose finely-arched eyebrows, as black as a crow's wing, ivory skin, and calm, regular features gave distinction to her remarkable beauty. She was sitting on a bale of goods behind the older woman, surrounded by piles of their belongings; and in her rich wrapper of satin, with a violet kerchief on her head, and her large almond-shaped eyes whose silky lashes were persistently downcast, she looked like some delicate, exotic plant flung out among the snows: she evidently knew that she was beautiful and her beauty gave her alarms. Pierre gazed at her again and again. At length he reached the railings and looked round to get a general view of the scene; his strange appearance, carrying the child in his arms, soon attracted the attention of his neighbors who gathered round him asking him:

“Have you lost any one?” — “Are you a nobleman?” — “Whose is the child?”

Pierre replied that the child belonged to a woman whom he had seen on this very spot a short time since, who wore a black cloak and had three children with her.

"Could no one tell him which way she had gone."

"It must be the Anférows," said an old deacon addressing a woman who stood by — "Lord, Lord, have mercy upon us!" he murmured in a low bass.

"Where are the Anférows?" said the woman.

"They went away quite early in the day. — Perhaps it was Marie Nicolaïevna — or perhaps the Ivanows."

"A woman, he said; Marie Nicolaïevna is a lady," said a voice.

"You must surely know her," said Pierre; "a thin woman with long teeth."

"Yes, then it is Marie Nicolaïevna. — They ran away into the garden when these wolves came down on us!"

"Lord, Lord, have mercy upon us!" repeated the deacon.

"If you go that way you are sure to find her. She was crying, crying — Go on, you will find them."

But Pierre had ceased to listen to the peasant woman who was speaking to him; he was wholly absorbed by a scene that was being enacted by two French soldiers with the Armenian family. One of them, a brisk little man in a dark-blue great-coat fastened round his waist with a cord, and a foraging-cap on his head, had seized the old man by the legs, and his victim was making haste to take his boots off. The other, who was fair, lean and stunted and very deliberate in his movements, had a stupid face; his garments were a pair of blue trousers stuffed into high boots, and

a great coat; he stood rooted in front of the young woman, with his hands in his pockets, staring at her, speechless.

“Here, take the child and find her parents!—Do you understand?” said Pierre to one of the women; he set the child down and turned to the Armenians.

The old man was now barefoot, and the little Frenchman who had appropriated his boots was shaking them together, while the hapless owner murmured a few words with a piteous air. But Pierre only glanced at him; his attention was centred on the other Frenchman, who had come close to the lady and had put his hand round her neck. The fair Armenian did not move. Pierre had not time to rush forward before the robber had snatched off her necklace, and the young woman, roused from her absorption, was screaming wildly.

“Let this woman alone!” cried Pierre, shaking the man by the shoulders; he dropped, and then springing to his feet fled as fast as his legs would carry him.

His companion threw down the boots, drew his sword and marched up to Pierre; “Come, no nonsense!” he said.

Pierre, flying into one of those fits of fury which multiplied his strength ten-fold and made him unconscious of what he was doing, threw himself on the man, tripped him up, and then belabored him with his fists. The crowd shouted their applause, when, round the corner of the square, a patrol of lancers appeared on the scene; they came forward at a trot, and gathered



round the victor and the vanquished. Pierre knew only one thing, and that was that he was punishing his victim harder than ever and being beaten in his turn; then he presently found his hands tied, while a party of soldiers were emptying his pockets.

“He has a dagger, Captain!” These were the first words he distinctly understood.

“Ah! a weapon!” said the officer. “Very good; you will report all that to the council of war.— Do you speak French — you?”

Pierre, glaring with bloodshot eyes, made no answer, and his appearance was not probably such as to inspire confidence, for the officer gave an order in an undertone, and four lancers took him in charge.

“Do you speak French?” repeated the officer, standing at a respectful distance. “Call the interpreter.”

A little man in civilian's uniform came from behind the ranks, and Pierre recognized him as a French counter-jumper whom he had known in a shop in Moscow.

“He does not look like a common man,” said the interpreter, eyeing Pierre narrowly.

“One of the incendiaries, no doubt,” said the officer. “Ask him who he is.”

“Who are you?” said the interpreter. “It is your duty to reply to the authorities.”

“I will not give my name,” Pierre broke out in French. “I am your prisoner; lead me away.”

“Ah, ha!” cried the officer frowning. “March!”

A party of starers, including the woman with the child he had entrusted to her, had gathered round the group.

“Where are they taking you to, my pigeon? And what am I to do with the child if it is not theirs, after all?”

“What does the woman want?” asked the officer.

Pierre's excitement at seeing the child he had rescued quite turned his head: “What does she want?—She has got my child there, that I had just saved from the flames!” And without knowing in the least what had possessed him to tell this aimless lie, he walked on between the four lancers told off to guard him.

This patrol, and several others, had been sent out by Durosnel's orders to check pillage and to capture the incendiaries, who, as the French leaders believed, were setting fire to Moscow. But the only persons on whom suspicion had fallen were a shopman, two students, a peasant, a man-servant, and a few marauders. Pierre was the most unaccountable character they had yet seized and when the prisoners were taken to the house used as a guard-house, he was placed in a separate room under strict surveillance.

## CHAPTER XXII.

At this period a vehement struggle, in which all the drones of the court, as usual, took part, was being

fought in the fashionable world of St. Petersburg between the Roumiantzow party, the friends of France and the adherents of the Empress Dowager and the Czarewitch; while the ordinary round of luxurious living went on as before. For those who lived within the influence of this whirlpool of rivalry and competition of every kind it was difficult, if not impossible, to form any true idea of the critical position of Russia; here were only the regular official ceremonials, the same balls and French plays, the same sordid interests and court jealousies. Now and again, at most, were a few comments breathed as to the different conduct of the two Empresses under these grave circumstances. While the Empress-mother, thinking only of protecting the different institutions of which she was patroness, had already taken all the necessary steps for their transfer to Kazan, and had had all their possessions packed for removal, the Empress Elizabeth, with her wonted patriotism had answered to various applications from all sides that as the institutions of the government were in the Czar's hands she had no instructions to give on the subject; but that for her part she should be the last to quit St. Petersburg.

On the day of the battle of Borodino Mlle. Schérer was giving one of her little soirées, of which the crowning feature was to be the reading of a letter written to the Czar by the Metropolitan and sent with a gift of an image of St. Sergius. This letter was reported to be a supreme expression of patriotic and religious sentiment. Prince Basil, who flattered himself that he was a very

remarkable reader — he had occasionally read aloud to the Empress — was to give it the advantage of his talent. This consisted in raising and sinking his voice and passing from solemn to sweet without any regard for the sense of the words.

This reading, moreover, like everything that was done at Anna Paulovna's, was full of political significance; some influential personages were to meet there and were to be made to blush for shame because they continued to frequent the French theatre. Mlle. Schérer's room was already full, but she did not yet see those whose presence she deemed necessary before that letter could be read.

The latest subject of conversation was the illness of Countess Bésoukhov, who, for some time past, had ceased to be visible in the assemblies of which she was wont to be the ornament, who received no visits, and who, instead of putting herself under the care of a physician of repute, had placed herself in the hands of a young Italian doctor; this Italian was treating her with a perfectly new and unknown remedy. It was more than likely that the handsome countess' disorder arose from vexation at her inability to marry two husbands at once; but in Anna Paulovna's presence no one alluded even to this delicate dilemma.

“The poor countess is very ill I hear; the doctor talks of Angina.”

“Of Angina! but that is a fearful thing!”

“Bah! — And do you know that, thanks to this Angina, the rivals are reconciled? — The old count is

quite pathetic it seems; he cried like a child when the doctor told him that it was a serious case."

"Oh! she will be a dreadful loss — such a charming woman."

"You are speaking of the poor countess? I have just sent to enquire after her. They say she is a little better. — Oh yes, she is the most delightful creature in the world," replied Anna Paulovna, smiling at her own enthusiasm. "We belong to different parties, but that does not prevent my esteeming her as she deserves. — And she is so unfortunate!"

An imprudent youth, fancying that this remark raised a corner of the veil that shrouded the countess's secret woes, was so bold as to observe that the Italian quack was quite capable of administering dangerous remedies to his patient.

"You may, of course, be better informed than I am," said Mlle. Schérer, taking the young man up very tartly, "but I have heard on the best authority that this physician is a very learned and skilful man. He is private physician to the Queen of Spain!"

Having thus demolished him she turned to Bilibine, who was about to deliver himself of a witticism at the expense of the Austrians.

"It strikes me as really delightful!" he exclaimed, speaking of a certain diplomatic note which had accompanied some Austrian flags that had been taken by Wittgenstein — the hero of Petropolis as he was called at St. Petersburg.

"What is that?" asked Anna Paulovna to produce

a silence and so enable him to repeat the sarcasm, which she had already heard.

He hastened to take advantage of it, and quoted the very words of the despatch, which he had, in fact, concocted himself: "The Czar begs to return these Austrian colors—the flags of a friend which had lost their way when he found them."

"Charming, quite charming!" exclaimed Prince Basil.

"On the road to Warsaw perhaps," said Prince Hippolyte, quite loud: and every one looked round at him, for the words were pure nonsense.

He responded to the general surprise with a look of amiable complacency. He did not know what he meant any more than the others did; but in the course of his diplomatic career he had observed that phrases uttered in this style sometimes passed for wit; he had spoken at random, the first words that came to the tip of his tongue, thinking to himself: "Hit or miss. It may be something good; even if not, some one is sure to take the benefit of it!"

The awkward silence that ensued was broken by the entrance of the personage "who was deficient in patriotism," and whom Anna Paulovna proposed to convert to a better mind. Threatening Prince Hippolyte roguishly with her forefinger, she begged Prince Basil to come to the table, had candles placed in front of him, and handing him the letter, requested him to read it aloud.

“Most August Sovereign and Czar,” Prince Basil began in a solemn tone, and with a glance at the company which seemed to pronounce judgement by anticipation on any one who should dare to raise his voice against this beginning. No one breathed a word. “Moscow, the New Jerusalem, receives her anointed,” he went on, emphasizing the pronoun, “as a mother embracing in her arms her ardent sons; and, foreseeing the dazzling glory of your power through the growing darkness, she sings with rapture: ‘Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh!’” There were tears in Prince Basil’s voice as he read these words.

Bilibine sat looking at his nails; others looked somewhat embarrassed. Anna Paulovna, taking the lead, murmured in an undertone the next sentence, which she knew by heart: “What matter if this insolent and daring Goliath. . . .” while Prince Basil went on reading:

“What matter if this insolent and daring Goliath,, coming from the frontiers of France, should bring his murderous terrors to the confines of Russia; humble faith — the sling of the Russian David — shall strike the forehead of his pride thirsting for blood. — This image of the Blessed Saint Sergius, the ancient zealot of his country’s good, is hereby offered to your Imperial Majesty. I regret that the infirmities of age prevent my rejoicing in the sight of your Majesty. I offer my most fervent prayers to the Almighty that He may vouchsafe to add to the number of the righteous and fulfil your Majesty’s pious hopes!”

“What power! what style!” cried one and another praising the author and reader alike.

Anna Paulovna's guests fairly started by the eloquence of this epistle, remained for a long time after discussing the position of the Empire, and indulging in every variety of supposition as to the issue of the battle which must certainly be fought about this date.

“You will see,” said Mlle. Schérer, “to-morrow is the Czar's birthday and we shall have some news; good news—I have a happy presentiment!”

Her presentiments were realized. The next day, while the *Te Deum* was being chanted at the Palace, Prince Volkhonsky was called out of the chapel and received a despatch containing Koutouzow's report written on the day of the battle of Tatarinovo. The Russians, he said, had not yielded an inch; the enemy's losses were greater than theirs; and though time failed him to give more precise details, he could positively assure him that victory was on the side of the Russians. Then the *Te Deum* was sung all over again as an act of thanksgiving to the Almighty for His mercy shown to His faithful servants. Anna Paulovna was triumphant and the joys of a high festival were paramount for the whole morning. Every one believed in a complete victory; several even talked of the possibility of Napoleon's being taken prisoner, of overthrowing him and placing a new sovereign on the throne of France.

Remote from the scene, and in the midst of court life, it was difficult to estimate the real importance of events as they occurred, for under such conditions they



inevitably group themselves round some personal fact. Thus, in this case, the joy of the court at the announcement of the victory chiefly arose from the fact that the news had arrived on the Czar's birthday; it was like a pleasant surprise successfully carried out.

Koutouzow also mentioned the losses sustained; naming among the killed Koutaïssow, Touthkow, and Bagration; but regret again was concentrated on one alone: Koutaïssow, an interesting young officer, known to every one and a particular favorite with the Czar. All day the changes were rung on these phrases: "Is not it strange that the news should have come just during the *Te Deum*!—That poor young Koutaïssow! What a loss!—What a sad thing!"

"Well, what did I tell you about Koutouzow?" Prince Basil would repeat to all comers, wrapping himself, as it were, in the prophet's mantle. "Did I not tell you from the first, that he was the only man who could beat Napoleon?"

The following day passed without any news from the army, and the public mind began to be uneasy. The court was much hurt at the ignorance in which the Czar was kept: "His position is most painful," they said; and Koutouzow was already held guilty of causing him all this anxiety, though only yesterday they had lauded him to the skies. Prince Basil had ceased to trumpet the praises of his protégé and kept ominous silence when the commander-in-chief was mentioned.

That evening a fresh sensational incident added to the excitement which prevailed in aristocratic circles:

Countess Helen died suddenly of her mysterious disorder. It was officially reported that it was the result of her angina, but privately further details were discussed: the Queen of Spain's physician had prescribed some remedy which, in small doses, would have had a favorable effect; but Helen, tormented by the old count's jealousy, and the silence of her husband — that dreadful Pierre! — had taken a double dose of the medicine and died in fearful suffering before any antidote could be administered. It was said, too, that Prince Basil and the count had taken the Italian doctor severely to task, but that on reading certain autograph letters of the deceased lady's which the physician had been able to lay before them, they had given up the idea of prosecuting him. Be that as it may, drawing-room gossips had enough to occupy them that day with three such distressing themes: The Czar's uneasiness, the loss of Koutaïssow, and Helen's death.

On the day but one after the arrival of the great news a landed proprietor from Moscow brought the incredible and astounding story that the old capital had been abandoned to the French. "How shocking! — The Czar's position was intolerable! Koutouzow was a traitor!" — And Prince Basil assured those who came to condole with him on the death of his daughter that nothing better was to be expected of this blind and impotent old man: "For my part," he added, forgetting, no doubt, in his grief what he had said the day before, "I always was amazed to think that the fate of Russia should be entrusted to such hands!"

The news was not official, to be sure, and doubt was still admissible; but on the morrow the fact was confirmed by the following report from Count Rostoptchine:

“ Prince Koutouzow’s aide-de-camp has brought me a letter in which the commander-in-chief requests me to furnish him with a force of police to guide the troops across the city to the high-road to Riazan. He affects regret at being obliged to abandon Moscow. Sire, this act decides the fate of the capital, and of your empire. Russia will thrill with indignation on learning that the city which represents the greatness of Russia, and which enshrines the ashes of your ancestry, is in the hands of the enemy. I am following the army, and have sent away all that it was necessary to save.”

The Czar sent for Prince Volkhonsky and dictated the following note to Koutouzow:

“ Prince Michel Ilarionovitch, I have no news of you later than the 29th of August (10th of September). I have just received *via* Yaroslaw, under date of September 1st (13th), the painful news that you have abandoned our capital. You may imagine the effect it produced on me, and your silence adds to my amazement. General aide-de-camp Prince Volkhonsky is the bearer of this note, and is instructed to take information as to the situation of the army and the reasons which had led you to such an extreme course.”

Nine days after the abandonment of Moscow a messenger arrived from Koutouzow with official confirma-

tion of the fact. This envoy was a Frenchman named Michaud — “though a foreigner, in heart and soul a Russian,” as he himself declared. The Czar received him at once, in his private room at the palace in Kamennoi-Ostrow. Michaud, who had just seen Moscow for the first time in his life, and who did not know Russian, nevertheless felt greatly agitated, as he subsequently recorded, when he appeared before our very gracious sovereign to announce to him the burning of Moscow, which had lighted up his road. Though his grief may have had a different cause than that which weighed on the Russians, he looked so deeply distressed that the Czar at once said: “You are the bearer of bad news, Colonel?”

“Very bad, Sire!” he said, sighing and looking down: “The evacuation of Moscow.”

“Has my ancient capital been given up without a struggle?” And the angry color mounted to the Czar’s brow.

Michaud respectfully delivered Koutouzow’s message: “Seeing the impossibility of fighting under the walls of Moscow, there was only the alternative of losing the capital and the army both, or of losing the capital only; and he had been compelled to submit to the latter.”

The Emperor listened in silence without raising his eyes.

“And the enemy is in the city?” he asked.

“Yes, Sire. And by this time Moscow is probably a heap of ashes, for I left it in flames.”

Michaud was appalled at the effect of his words. The Emperor's breathing became oppressed and painful, his lips quivered, and his fine blue eyes filled with tears, but this was a transient emotion; the Czar frowned, seeming vexed with himself for his weakness.

"I see," he said, "from all that is happening that Providence still requires great sacrifices at our hands. I am prepared to submit to His will. — But tell me, Michaud, in what state you left the army which could thus look on without striking a blow while my ancient capital was abandoned? Did you see no signs of discouragement?"

Seeing that his gracious Majesty was calm, Michaud too recovered himself; but not being prepared with any exact information, he answered, in order to gain time :

"Have I your Majesty's permission to speak frankly, as a plain, honest soldier?"

"Colonel, that is what I always insist on. Conceal nothing; I want to know the exact truth."

"Sire," said Michaud, with the faintest suggestion of a smile, for he had had time to formulate his answer in the guise of a respectful jest, "Sire, I left the army, from the chiefs to the lowest recruit, in a state of extreme and desperate alarm."

"How is that?" said the Czar sternly. "Are my Russians cowed and crushed by disaster? Never!"

Michaud had made his point. "Sire," he went on with due submission, "their only fear is lest, out of the goodness of your heart you should be induced to make

peace. They are burning to fight, and to prove to your Majesty by the sacrifice of their lives how complete is their devotion!"

"Ah!" said the Czar with a grateful look. "You have relieved my mind, Colonel."

He bent his head and remained silent.

"Well then," he went on presently, drawing himself up to his full height with majestic dignity, "go back to the army. Tell our brave men — tell all my loyal subjects wherever you go — that when I have no soldiers left I myself will lead forth my beloved nobles, my gallant peasantry, and so fall back even on the last resources of my empire. I have many more at my command that my enemies suspect," he added, warming as he spoke. "Still, if it be written in the decrees of Providence" and he looked up to Heaven with a softened gaze — "that my dynasty is to cease to sit on the throne of my ancestors, then, after exhausting every means in my power, I will let my beard grow and sit down to eat potatoes with the humblest of my subjects rather than sign the disgrace of my country and of my beloved countrymen, whose sacrifices I can so well appreciate!"

He spoke with strong emotion and turned away as though to hide his tears. After walking to the end of the room and back he eagerly came up to Michaud and wrung his hand, saying, while his eyes flashed with wrath and determination: "Colonel Michaud, do not forget what I have said to you now; some day, perhaps, we may recall it with pleasure. Napoleon and I

can no longer reign together; I know him now and he will not deceive me again!"

Hearing these words and seeing the resolute expression which was legible on the Sovereign's face, Michaud — "though a foreigner, in heart and soul a Russian" — felt himself carried away by genuine enthusiasm (as he subsequently recorded).

"Sire," he exclaimed, "your Majesty at this moment seals the glory of your empire and the salvation of Europe!"

When he had thus given utterance, not merely to his personal feelings but to those of the Russian nation, whose representative at that moment he considered himself, the Czar dismissed him with a bow.

END OF VOL. I.

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“Among the poets who never overstep the limits of probability and yet aspire to realize the ideal, in whose works we breathe a purer air, who have power to enthral and exalt the reader’s soul, to stimulate and enrich his mind, we must number the Netherlander Vosmaer.

“The Novel ‘Amazon,’ which attracted great and just attention in the author’s fatherland, has been translated into our tongue at my special request. In Vosmaer we find no appalling incident, no monstrous or morbid psychology, neither is the worst side of human nature portrayed in glaring colors. The reader is afforded ample opportunity of delighting himself with delicate pictures of the inner life and spiritual conflicts of healthy-minded men and women. In this book a profound student of ancient as well as modern art conducts us from Paestum to Naples, thence to Rome, making us participators in the highest and greatest the Eternal City can offer to the soul of man.

“Vosmaer is a poet by the grace of God, as he has proved by poems both grave and gay; by his translation of the Iliad into Dutch hexameters, and by his lovely epos ‘Nanno.’ His numerous essays on æsthetics, and more especially his famous ‘Life of Rembrandt,’ have secured him an honorable place among the art-historians of our day. As Deputy Recorder of the High Court of Justice he has, during the best years of his life (he was born March 20, 1826), enjoyed extensive opportunities of acquiring a thorough insight into the social life of the present, and the labyrinths of the human soul. That ‘The Amazon,’ perhaps the maturest work of this author, should — like Vosmaer’s other writings — be totally unknown outside Holland, is owing solely to the circumstance that most of his works are written in his mother-tongue, and are therefore accessible only to a very small circle of readers.

“It is a painful thing for a poet to have to write in a language restricted to a small area; and it is the bounden duty of the lover of literature to bring what is excellent in the literature of other lands within the reach of his own countrymen. Among these excellent works Vosmaer’s ‘Amazon’ must unquestionably be reckoned. It introduces us to those whom we cannot fail to consider an acquisition to our circle of acquaintances. It permits us to be present at conversations which — and not least when they provoke dissent — stimulate our minds to reflection. No one who listens to them can depart without having gained something; for Vosmaer’s novel is rich in subtle observations and shrewd remarks, in profound thoughts and beautifully-conceived situations.”

*Extract from Georg Ebers’ Preface to the German Edition.*











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